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THE
RISH MONTHLY

A Magazine of General Literature

EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEARLY VOLUME

1907

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THE IRISH MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1907

A WORD TO BEGIN WITH

HERE we goes again." Have you ever heard of the hedgehog who uttered this ungrammatical exclamation? He challenged a hare to a racing match in a full-blown potato field. The competitors were to run up and down in two contiguous furrows—hidden from each other by the intervening ridge of luxuriant potato stalks—till one of the two should give up as fairly beaten. But the crafty hedgehog whispered to one of his brethren, an accomplice in the plot, to run off and plant himself at the other end of the furrow and to yelp out, "Here we goes again!" when the hare reached that end. And so, between them, without stirring an inch, they kept the poor deluded hare scampering up and down its furrow till it fell down exhausted and vanquished, while the ungrammatical hedgehog still called out cheerily, "Here we goes again!"

This veracious history is not quite equal to the dignity of the occasion, the opening of our thirty-fifth yearly volume. At any rate another milestone on our long journey is passed, and here we go again. In beginning a new stage of our journey we may fall back on a device which has long dropped out of use. A brief preface to a new volume has its advantages, even for a magazine which has long survived the perils of childhood and youth. There would indeed be a certain incongruity in so venerable a periodical stooping to such appeals as the printed page which lies here before us, a relic of our earliest days; and its remoteness is evident from the fact that it calls our publishers "M'Glashan & Gill, 50, Upper Sackville Street." It is an advertisement in an old Irish Catholic Directory, addressed

"To any Priest who may read this page." This is the first of its two paragraphs :—

Dear Reverend Father, if you are not already among our very many and very kind friends, I venture to take this way of begging your kind help for the IRISH MONTHLY of which I have charge. It cannot hope to be altogether suitable for your own use, though I trust some of its contents may interest you ; but I am sure you will be glad to encourage Irish writers, Irish printers, Irish paper manufacturers, and Irish publishers, by helping to give this sixpenny magazine an opportunity of amusing innocently and sometimes instructing and edifying a large circle of Irish readers. As "nothing succeeds like success," I think it well to add that this enterprise has succeeded beyond our hopes, and that there is no fear but that it will deserve and obtain much greater success.

A little later we put into print another appeal which we never put into circulation, as we ought to have done, since we had gone so far as to procure the signature of the Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. T. W. Croke, whose autograph is appended to the printed page that we have here preserved. Of this also we will rescue a fragment from destruction :—

The IRISH MONTHLY has appeared punctually on the first of each month since 1873. It has enlisted a good deal of Irish talent in its service and gained a large amount of public favour. Not only Catholic writers in the *Dublin Review*, the *Tablet*, the *Freeman's Journal*, etc., have borne testimony to its literary merit, but even the *Spectator*, the *Academy*, the *Whitehall Review*, *Public Opinion*, and other English journals. We are obliged to consult for many classes of readers, and the contents of the magazine have not always been so solid or of so directly religious a character as might be desired ; but it has, we believe, done good both directly and indirectly, and its utility will increase according as its position is more firmly established. It is likely to prove, by its permanence at least, an exception to most works of the kind heretofore undertaken in Ireland.

One of our objects in beginning the year with this unnecessary introduction is to bind ourselves to print as speedily as possible various letters and other interesting relics of Aubrey de Vere, Sir Samuel Ferguson, and many others, which in various ways have come into our keeping.

Two gifted women who often contributed to our pages have passed away during the year that is just over—Mrs. Bartle Teeling and Mrs. Carew Rafferty.

Mrs. Bartle Teeling (*née* Theodora Louisa Lane Clarke) died on the 8th of last November after a long and painful illness,

borne with great patience and resignation, and consoled by the special blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff. Her father was a Protestant clergyman. An intimate friend of her mother, Miss Susan du Boulay, had become a Catholic just before Theodora was born, and prayed that the child might in time do the same, much to the mother's indignation. After twenty years her prayer was granted, and a little later Mrs. Lane Clarke followed her daughter into the Church. Meanwhile Miss du Boulay had become a Dominican Nun at Stone in Staffordshire, where she did excellent work for Catholic literature under the guidance of Mother Raphael Drane, one of the most gifted women of her age. Miss Lane Clarke married Captain Bartle Teeling, grand-nephew and namesake of Wolfe Tone's secretary at a famous epoch of Irish history. He had fought for Pius the Ninth as a Papal Zouave. For the last twenty or thirty years she was a frequent contributor of historical and biographical articles to the magazines, especially in the United States—the *American Catholic Quarterly*, *Catholic World*, and *Ecclesiastical Review*—and also to *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, and *Temple Bar*. She also wrote three short novels, *Roman Violets*, *The Mission Cross*, and *My Zouave*. Her chief contribution to the IRISH MONTHLY was a long and interesting story running through our twenty-second volume (1894), entitled *Through Night to Light*, not to be confounded with Miss Attie O'Brien's admirable Irish story, *Through the Dark Night*, which also appeared in our fortunate pages. Just a week after Mrs. Teeling's death died her lifelong friend Mother Gabriel du Boulay, O.S.D., in the eighty-first year of her age and the fifty-third of her religious profession.

Mrs. Rafferty (*née* Louisa Carew) was born at Bath, and spent her childhood in the north of France and again (after her schooldays with the Faithful Companions of Jesus at Gumley House, Isleworth) during her mature years in the South at Nice or Arcachon. In 1881 she became the wife of Mr. W. A. Rafferty, J.P., of Springfield, Kilternan. Her continental experience gave a tone to much of her literary work. Her first leaning indeed was towards Art, and she began by devoting a good deal of time to painting, having inherited considerable talent from her uncle, John Carew, the sculptor of "The Death of Nelson" on the monument in Trafalgar Square. Besides a large number of short stories and graceful poems contributed to various periodicals she published *Lina's Tales*, and *Odile, a Tale of the Commune* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). Those who turn to these pretty volumes, will, however, not find her name on the title page, for she assumed the

pen-name of "Mrs. Frank Pentrill." We have here before us a fine anthology of criticisms on *Odile* from the *Academy*, the *Spectator*, the *Month*, and a score or two of journals, all giving it the highest praise. To our own pages Frank Pentrill's chief contribution was a delightful series of essays under the title of "Everyday Thoughts," treating very wisely and pleasantly on a great variety of topics, such as "Children and skylarks," "The Choosing of Wives," "Old Maids"—which essay, by the way, begins with the words "I love old maids"—"The World's Failures," "Midges," etc. We hope the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland keeps in print her contribution to their series of penny stories—*The Saddest Sin of All*, by Frank Pentrill, one of the most pathetic stories of the miserable effects of intemperance, of which life and literature are full. But, interesting as are these relics of our gifted friend, they will give to strangers no idea of her noble character and beautiful mind.

One of the objects for which we began these introductory words was to consult for new subscribers who will find the serial story, "Terence O'Neill's Heiress," advanced to its ninth chapter. That they may be able to take it up at this stage, let us give a summary of what has taken place in the eight chapters that belong to our preceding volume. Our winsome heroine, Elizabeth O'Neill, is as yet very far from justifying her title of "heiress." She was left a penniless orphan at birth, her mother dying the death of Rachel after hearing of her husband's death in a motor-car accident. In the family council none show pity for the poor babe except a married aunt and an unmarried uncle. The latter, Terence O'Neill, makes her his heiress and crosses the ocean to win a fortune for her. Mrs. Tiernan and her good husband make the child one of their family. As she grows up, she suffers a good deal from the two younger girls; but the oldest, Kathleen, almost divides our affectionate interest with the heroine who, of course, goes through many attractive stages of development and cherishes an unselfish love for the uncle who had claimed her as his own, but who has not been heard of for years. Meanwhile Mr. Tiernan becomes embarrassed in his circumstances, and Elizabeth, in order not to be a burden to him, becomes governess to the two young children of Mrs. Arrowsmith, a very rich lady who has come to live in Rathkieran, the ancestral home of the O'Neills, which its owner, another unmarried uncle of Elizabeth, was unable to keep up. They are preparing there for a great house-party for Christmastide. Among the guests is to be a certain wealthy Sybil Bindon, whom Punch, the *enfant terrible* of the house—so terrible that he has just been sentenced

to transportation to Clongowes after Christmas—has in his irresponsible chatter linked with Charles Arrowsmith, the eldest son who is already a rising solicitor. And now the new subscriber is perhaps qualified to take up the story of Elizabeth at the point at which the New Year finds it. Nothing remains for us but to wish a Happy New Year to Maga and all its writers and readers.

THE RETURN

I TURNED me to the North unkind ;
The northern skies were cold and grey.
There was a bleakness in the wind
As to the North I took my way.

I turned my oack upon the hills,
The dreaming hills against the South.
Somewhere amid those glens and rills
Lies my lost youth, lies my lost youth.

The wind that from the mountain blows,
It makes me glad and yet forlorn.
The thoughts of youth were like the rose,
And now my breast has got the thorn.

I go not to the North again,
But turn and take the southward track.
Oh, my lost heaven of sun and rain,
At last your wandering child comes back,

KATHARINE TYNAN.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S HEIRESS

A STORY

CHAPTER IX

AN hour later, the big square hall was pleasantly lighted by numerous tall, softly-shaded lamps. A large wood fire burned merrily in the open grate, with its wide stone hearth, and quaint, old finely wrought iron dogs. Handsome palms and feathery ferns stood in every corner. Across the windows heavy curtains of dark, red velvet were cosily drawn, whilst a little away from the fire, close to a comfortable sofa, was the tea-table, invitingly laid with a snowy white cloth, beautiful silver, fine china, home-made cakes, and dainty sandwiches of various kinds.

"I want to show Miss Bindon that we can do things well in the Emerald Isle," Mrs. Arrowsmith said, glancing about her approvingly. "I think it would be hard to beat this fine old hall. There is something very fascinating about its dear dark walls, and family portraits. Don't you think so, Betty?"

"Indeed, I do. You have made it delightful."

"I can't think how your Uncle John could bear to leave it. I'd rather live here, if it were really my own, of course, than in any town house, even with very little to eat and drink."

Elizabeth smiled, and looked round the noble room.

"It was not like this in Uncle John's time, Mrs. Arrowsmith. It was more like a lumber room than anything else, as I remember it. The sofas and chairs were covered up—all kinds of things stood in the middle of the floor."

"Oh, I know. Mr. O'Neill lived in a little den, at the far end of the house. But these portraits were always on the wall, Betty, and I must say the O'Neills were a good-looking race. I wonder which of them you are most like, child."

Elizabeth's eyes wandered round, examining the features of her handsome ancestors, a smile upon her lips.

"I think Aunt Magdalen says I am like my mother in features, my father in colour and character."

"A charming blend, little woman. Ah!" with a start, a nervous movement of her hands, and a shy change of colour, "there is the carriage. The first moments are always the worst, Betty, especially, when one has lived out of the world for some years, as I have done."

Elizabeth pressed her hand reassuringly. Her own knees were knocking together, and her heart was beating loudly. She would gladly have run away, and Mrs. Arrowsmith's sudden trepidation at the thought of meeting her guests did not tend to give her more confidence. But she bravely stood her ground, telling herself that, after all, these people were nothing to her, and that they would, in all probability, neither notice nor speak to her.

"Mother mine! Well, here we are," cried a clear, manly, affectionate voice, and Charles Arrowsmith walked in and took his mother in his arms. He kissed her over and over again, in a breezy, boyishly demonstrative fashion, that fairly took the little woman's breath away, and effectually banished all her feelings of shy nervousness. With Charles by her side Mrs. Arrowsmith was ready to face a multitude, with ease and self-possession.

In another moment the hall seemed to Elizabeth to be filled to overflowing. There was a rustle of silken skirts, a buzz of conversation, a sound of laughter and merriment, and, more and more confused and bewildered, the young girl withdrew to the tea-table, certain that no one wanted her, and anxious to do what she could to help Mrs. Arrowsmith in the entertaining of her guests.

Secure from observation, as she fancied, behind the big, old-fashioned tea-urn, the girl gradually recovered herself, and was soon busy pouring out the tea, as calmly as though there was not a stranger near.

But she was not left long in her quiet seclusion.

"Elizabeth," Mrs. Arrowsmith stepped over to the tea-table, a warm colour in her cheeks, a bright light in her kindly eyes, "you know Charles already, so I need not introduce him. But, Miss Bindon, Miss Loftus White," addressing her guests, "Miss Prudence Loftus White and Mr. John Loftus White—this is my dear little friend, Miss Elizabeth O'Neill."

The visitors bowed, and smiled, and declared themselves charmed to make her acquaintance, and blushing deeply, Elizabeth returned their salutations with grace and courtesy, quietly resuming her place as tea-maker.

As John Loftus White carried tea and cakes round the room, attending on his hostess, the handsome Miss Bindon and his sisters, with alacrity and admirable politeness, assisted by Punch and Lottie spotlessly immaculate, in every way gentle and subdued in manner for the moment, Charles Arrowsmith quietly slipped in behind the tea-table, and took a seat by Elizabeth's side.

"You have not forgotten me, I hope, Miss O'Neill," he said, his handsome eyes upon her face.

"Oh! no," looking round at him with her bright, frank glance. "I could not do that here, even if I tried," laughing gaily.

"You mean that the mother bores you by reciting my charms and virtues, from morning till night? I'm sorry, and will speak to her severely."

"Oh! please don't. I didn't quite mean that," Elizabeth cried, a wave of crimson dyeing her fair cheek, for a brief second. "And indeed, I ought to remember you well. You were so kind when I sprained my ankle—and the night of the ball, when you came to talk to me about Uncle Terence."

He laughed, and helped himself to a piece of cake.

"I carried you home, and I sat in the drawing-room, at Docwra, in the moonlight," he said in a low, musing voice, as though recalling all the various occasions upon which he had met her. "I remember."

"You were very kind," Elizabeth remarked gently.

"Not a bit of it—unless to myself. You had saved Punch and Lottie from the bull. I owed you a debt of gratitude. Then the ball here that night was dull; the drawing-room, moonlight and music at Docwra with you were charming. Only you wouldn't let me stay, just when I was happy, and you hunted me—yes, hunted me back to do my duty."

Elizabeth laughed, showing a row of pearly white teeth, and two delightful dimples.

"And so incurred Teddy's indignant wrath," she cried, "when he returned with a dish of hot kidneys and mushrooms that he and our old nurse, Bridget Gallagher, had cooked specially for you."

"Ye gods and little fishes, this is worse than I imagined." He threw up his hands. "Fancy missing all that for the sake of duty, and dancing with some half-dozen country damsels. I trust you'll never be so severe with me again, Miss O'Neill. The next time I come to visit you at Docwra on a moonlight night, you'll have to allow me to stay and accept Teddy's hospitality."

"Such a thing can never come again," she answered, sighing, her eyes cast down. "Poor Teddy is in a bank in Dublin, working hard as a clerk, and I live here—I am governess, you know, to Punch and Lottie."

"Yes, of course. And"—he looked at her anxiously, "you're happy here, I hope? The children don't worry you too much?"

She raised her head quickly, her eyes full of indignation.

"No, indeed. They are darlings, and I love them very much."

"I'm glad of that. But Punch must go to school."

"I suppose so. I am not clever enough to teach a boy all he ought to know."

"It's not that, believe me. I hear you are splendidly clever. But Punch is a bit of a Turk. I must get him away before he gets into any real mischief."

"He's much better since I came."

"I'm sure he is, or ought to be. But he's too fond of trying on experiments of various kinds, and he'll be better at school."

"I daresay. But I'll miss dear Punch."

"Lucky young beggar! But believe me you'll have more peace when he's gone. And now, tell me. Have you heard anything during the last two years of your Uncle Terence?"

The hot blood rushed over Elizabeth's face, and she bent her head, that he might not see the look of pain that his words had called into her eyes.

"No, not a word. But Uncle Michael has discovered that, some years ago, he was seen in Australia."

"Australia is a vast place. And yet," he paused for a moment, then turning towards her, said in a low voice. "But tell me—are you really anxious to discover your uncle—no matter what he may have become?"

Elizabeth started, and her colour faded.

"Oh! yes," she clasped her hands convulsively, "indeed, yes. But," gazing at him, her heart throbbing quickly, "have you heard—do you know anything about him?"

"No, I am sorry to say, I have never had an opportunity of hearing anything about him. But my sister's husband, Austin Gibbons, has fallen on evil days and has made up his mind to go to Australia. Poor Flora opposes him—but she'll give in—have to, poor soul. And then, I thought that perhaps Austin might make inquiries—find some trace of your uncle."

"Oh, if he could! I'd give worlds to know where he is, and what he is doing. If I had a little money of my own, I would leave no stone unturned, till I found him. But alas! I'm poor. We are all poor now, Mr. Arrowsmith. Uncle Michael may soon have to leave Docwra."

"So I heard, and I'm extremely sorry. But don't despair; your Uncle Terence may turn up, and make all right."

He smiled upon her encouragingly and kindly, thinking,

with a sudden thrill of admiration, that she had one of the most lovely faces he had ever seen.

"Charles dear," Mrs. Arrowsmith said suddenly, glancing somewhat nervously at her son, "Miss Bindon would like you to tell her about that portrait of the great General O'Neill over there. I always forget these things. What did he do?"

"Miss O'Neill knows more about him than I do," laughed Charles, but rising from his seat beside Elizabeth, and going over to Miss Bindon as he spoke. "He, and all these fine people," with a wave of his hand towards the portraits, "are her ancestors, not mine."

"Indeed?" Miss Bindon raised her strongly marked brows in surprise, and turned her large, handsome grey eyes upon Elizabeth. "I understood Punch to say that Miss O'Neill was his governess."

"So she is—for a time. But for all that, Miss O'Neill belongs to one of the best families in the county," he answered in a low voice, "compared to her and her's, we, every one of us, are mere *parvenues*, of purely mushroom growth."

Miss Bindon tossed her head, and shot an angry glance at the young man.

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Arrowsmith," she said, "I do not consider myself a mushroom by any means. My grandfather"—

"I beg your pardon, I, of course, spoke of myself and my own family, in particular," still bowing and smiling. "I think, however, 'tis useless to discuss the matter, as I see, you don't like it. But I must say that, in point of ancestors, we none of us can hold a candle to Miss O'Neill."

"Oh! Irish people are always like that—most of them descended from kings. Ancestors are all very well in their way if one had everything else, Mr. Arrowsmith, but they're of little use, it seems to me for a girl who has to earn her bread."

"Even to her,"—with a light laugh—"they are something to remember with satisfaction. Many people without ancestors have to earn their bread, and find it equally hard to do, Miss Bindon. Men and women"—

"Oh! men are all right," she exclaimed, looking him straight in the face. "If they only go the right way about it, they can always"—

"Make a fortune?" he interrupted quickly. "Not always—even with the hardest work, Miss Bindon. Some folks are very unlucky."

"Some folks pass things by, do not see what lies under

their very noses. But what about these portraits, Mr. Arrowsmith?"

"Would you care to walk round and look at them now, or wait till after dinner? You must be tired and need a rest after your journey."

"Tired? Not in the least, I would like to see them now," and rising she swept across the hall, her long dress floating gracefully behind her. Charles Arrowsmith followed her as closely as possible, and she listened with every sign of interest as he pointed out the most remarkable O'Neills, and told her their history.

Elizabeth from her corner watched them admiringly.

"She is handsome," she thought, "and very stylish. One would think she had just stepped out of one of those fashion papers that Mrs. Arrowsmith gets from London. No wonder he admires her. Dear me," with a sweet bright smile. "What a country girl I must seem to him! Poor little me! It's funny to think that all those fine looking men and women in those pictures were really relatives of mine. She looks far more their sort than I do. Well, Punch. What is it, dear?"

"Isn't Miss Bindon a stunner?" he asked in a stage whisper. "I think she's A1. I'm to call her Sybil, she says, straight off, and she's going to buy me a pen-knife to-morrow."

Elizabeth smiled at the eager boy.

"You have got on with her quickly," she answered, "and she seems very kind."

"Kind? Rather! But I'm going to be kind too. I'm going to show her the whole house in the morning. The secret cupboard, and that grand hiding place in the floor. She'll like it far better than those dark-faced old portraits, I know. But then, boys think of jollier things than men, and I don't believe Charles ever heard of that deep, dark hole in the floor of the cupboard. Now, did he?"

"I don't suppose he did," Betty laughed. "You've got that hole on the brain, Punch. Do you dream about it at night?"

"Not quite. But I'd love to have something to hide in it, just to see, if it was such a good place, after all."

"If you talk, and tell everyone where it is, it certainly won't be. Why, even the visitors will soon know all about it."

"Not they—only Miss—Sybil Bindon, and I'll make her swear to keep it a secret."

"She'd never do anything so unladylike," laughed Elizabeth. "But Mrs. Arrowsmith wants me, Punch. Run off

and see where Lottie is. You'll have to learn your lessons for to-morrow, before I go up to dress for dinner."

"Oh! Hang lessons!" exclaimed Punch. "They're a perfect nuisance," and he marched off, looking very sulky and annoyed.

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Arrowsmith stood alone in the big hall. Elizabeth had followed Punch to the schoolroom, and the visitors had gone to their rooms. Charles had vanished she knew not where.

"I had hoped for a few moments' conversation with the dear boy," she told herself, gazing into the heart of the glowing wood fire. "He seems in better spirits. Perhaps, things may not be, after all, as bad as he feared."

"A penny for your thoughts, mother mine," said Charles coming suddenly behind her, and slipping his arm round her waist. "What marvellous things are you seeing in the fire?"

She turned and smiled up into his face with loving eyes.

"Trying to read in it a happy future for you, dear boy. How are things going?"

"Badly, mother. It's up-hill work, and I'll never rest till I've paid back every penny of the money. Neither widow nor orphan shall suffer, please God, through having had confidence in my firm."

"You've heard nothing of him?"

"Oh! plenty. But the money's spent. He's been gambling, of course."

"'Twas a bad day for you, when you took Eric Thompson into partnership."

"Very." Charles paced up and down the room. "But, please God, I'll live it down yet, mother, and pay back every penny the rascal absconded with."

"Please God, yes. You'll prosecute him, Charles?"

"When he's found. I fear, I must. But for the sake of his poor mother, I'd spare him, if I could."

"You've a good heart, Charles," her eyes filling with tears, "and a merciful one."

"If I have," he paused in his walk, and kissed her affectionately, "I know who gave it to me."

"Dear boy! And, Charles, the poor mother? Mrs. Thompson—is she in want?"

"No. A little does her. But she has that little."

"From you? Oh! my son—you are forgiving. I thank God. I wish—oh! I cannot tell you how much I wish that it were in my power to help you in this difficult time, substanti-

ally. But, although I am well off, the money is so well tied up, that I cannot touch a big sum to give to anyone."

"I'm glad that it is tied up," he cried firmly. "Nothing would induce me to touch your capital. It is to be kept for the younger children."

"I always think your father should have left you more, Charlie."

"Nonsense. He left me a good business, and quite a respectable sum to start on. He could not foresee that I would unhappily meet with a scoundrel."

"No, dear. But if he were here"—

"But he's not. And now, don't fret about me, mother. I'll right myself in time."

"I'd like to see you without a millstone of debt round your neck, Charlie."

"And so you shall—some day. Meanwhile, business is better; and I'm going to give myself a real good time here. I'll be as jolly as a sand lark all these holidays. And I say, mother," with a sudden brightening of his eyes, a look of pleasure in his handsome, manly face, "those kiddies have improved. Miss O'Neill has them in splendid order. I spent a really enjoyable half hour, just now, in the school-room. Punch is, I declare, a reformed character."

"I'm glad you think so, though I could hardly endorse your statement. When Punch is quiet, he's generally brewing mischief. Still, taking him all round, he's not a bad boy, and he's very fond of Miss O'Neill."

"He'd be an ungrateful little beggar if he weren't. She's a perfect angel in her ways with those children."

"Yes, Elizabeth is wonderful. I don't know what I should do without her, Charles. She's just like a dear and devoted daughter to me. It is most fortunate that I got her to come here."

"Most fortunate. But," smiling, "she may be running away some of these days and leaving you, mother."

She started, and looked at him in alarm.

"Did she tell you that? Is the dear girl not content? Oh, Charles, I'd do anything I could to keep Elizabeth with me always."

"I dare say. But Miss O'Neill is a beautiful girl. She may marry."

She laughed softly, and gave a little sigh of relief. "Some day, perhaps. But this is a quiet place. She meets few people. And I'm glad you admire and like her, Charlie. I think her lovely."

He laughed and patted her hand. "You always were a person of taste, mother dear."

"Yes. But it does not require any great discernment or taste to see Betty's charms."

"Not when you know her, perhaps," he answered carelessly. "She's not of course the fine woman Sybil Bindon is. She is magnificent."

Mrs. Arrowsmith started. Her colour changed, and she looked quickly at her son.

"She is—magnificent—and I hear wealthy," she said thoughtfully. "She would make a good wife for you, Charles, under the circumstances."

Charles reddened to the roots of his hair, then turned away, with a little laugh.

"Oh! mother! How could I ask her? Miss Bindon will surely marry someone more suitable than me. With her beauty and her wealth"—

"If she loved you"—

"If she loved me. But she doesn't and won't. Besides, really, mother, I'm not a marrying man."

Mrs. Arrowsmith allowed her loving, motherly eyes to rest on his fine, manly figure, and handsome young face admiringly, and sighed.

"Come, come, mother," Charlie cried gaily. "Don't sigh for me. I am going to forget all my worries—of which, I assure you, Miss Bindon is not one. You must do the same."

"I will, dear boy, I will. And now," kissing him and glancing quickly at the clock, "we must both run off and dress for dinner."

CHAPTER X

IN a beautiful old room, the best amongst the many fine guest chambers at Rathkieran, Miss Bindon sat before a dressing-table studying her own face and head in the looking-glass. The table was strewn with diamonds, pearl necklaces, and bracelets of every imaginable shape. Upon chairs, bed and sofa lay lovely dresses. Some of rich brocade and satin, others filmy and diaphonous, gauze or old lace, exquisitely soft in colour and texture.

"Will Mademoiselle look round and choose what she will put on to-night?" Fifine said, coming across the room and standing behind her mistress's chair. "I have laid out for inspection here, every evening dress that Mademoiselle has told me to bring."

Sybil Bindon made no reply, but, her elbow on the table, her chin upon her hand, sat on, gazing in silence at her own reflection in the glass.

"Did you find out what Miss O'Neill was wearing this evening, Ffine?" she asked presently. "She wore white muslin, last night and the night before."

Ffine shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "And the night before that again. *Ma foi*, Mademoiselle—I think Miss O'Neill has no other dress to wear. For an heiress her wardrobe is"—with another and a contemptuous shrug, "a poor one—most limited."

"An heiress?" Sybil wheeled round upon her chair and faced her maid, with astonished eyes. "What on earth do you mean? Miss O'Neill is only a poor governess with an unusually pretty complexion and a talent for music. She plays the violin pleasantly. But an heiress? She's far from being that."

"Excuse me, Mademoiselle, pardon me if I contradict you; but in the servants' hall, they all say, Miss O'Neill will be rich some day. They call her Terence O'Neill's heiress. He is in Australia."

"And likely to remain there," cried Sybil, springing to her feet. "Don't talk nonsense, Ffine, I know all about these O'Neills. They're as poor as church mice, every one of them. Why, even the eldest son John cannot live at Rathkieran, but has to let it to Mrs. Arrowsmith. He's a spendthrift and a gambler, and I daresay his brother is the same. That sort of thing runs in the blood."

"In Australia men often make fortunes," persisted Ffine. "There's plenty of gold to be found there."

Sybil laughed scornfully. "If it depends on that sort of thing, Ffine, Miss O'Neill will probably go on wearing that white muslin some time longer. But since simplicity is the order of the day, give me that white gauze. It's the nearest thing to muslin I possess."

"Ah!" Ffine shook out the gauze dress, and looked at it, her eyes full of disapproval. "I like it not, and to my mind it does not suit Mademoiselle."

"Never mind. It will do for to-night. I've been too richly dressed since I came here."

"But richness is beautiful, and goes well with Mademoiselle's fine figure and dark hair. Do please wear this pink satin with the old lace, Mademoiselle."

Sybil Bindon frowned, and her foot tapped the carpet impatiently.

"The white gauze, Fifine. When did I allow you to interfere with my choice of a dress? You are extremely impertinent."

"Pardon, Mademoiselle." Fifine grew scarlet, and with nervous fingers she fastened the white bodice, and arranged the soft folds of the graceful, simple skirt. "And now," standing back a little, and eyeing the girl's slender figure critically, "what ornaments will Mademoiselle wear? Pearls or diamonds?"

"Neither." Sybil laughed and swept brooches, necklaces, and bracelets into a drawer, in hopeless confusion. "I've nothing quite suitable for this dress. And now you may go. After your supper put all these things back into their cases again. Meanwhile, they're all right here."

"Very well, Mademoiselle," she answered, her eyes still wandering up and down the unpretentious looking gauze.

"How you stare! Is there anything wrong? Do I look," glancing at herself in the glass, "a guy, Fifine?"

Fifine threw up her hands.

"Mademoiselle is too beautiful ever to look that. But—well, no one would think Mademoiselle was a person of wealth in that. But I'll say no more." And before Sybil had time to reply the girl was gone.

"Fifine grows saucy. I've encouraged her too much," she reflected as the door closed. "But I wonder if I am right. I do not look as well as usual. And yet—if he admires simplicity, what matter? And really, I feel sure I have been overdoing it. It's bad taste to be too much dressed, especially in the country. Elizabeth O'Neill looks charming in that poor muslin of her's. And I—why is it that I seem to require so much to set me off? I don't know I'm sure. Well, the magnificence hasn't succeeded, the simple may. Oh! Charles, had I known, I'd never have come here. I'd made up my mind that all was well—thought that here the happiness I desired would be mine. But now," she clenched her fists and set her teeth, whilst her eyes blazed angrily, "this little chit, this yellow-haired, penniless bit of a governess, seems to stand in my way. But you're a fool, Sybil Bindon. The thing is absurd. By fair means or foul (fair would be preferable) Elizabeth O'Neill, pauper or heiress, must be swept away. 'Twill be no easy task. But it is war to the knife, and must be done. All my life I have had what I wanted. I love Charles Arrow-smith, and have vowed to make him my husband. He must like me—I've seen it in his eyes—I'll see it there again."

Taking another long and critical look at her slim figure,

handsome face, and gracefully poised head, Sybil heaved a sigh of satisfaction. Her eyes were brilliant, her cheeks usually pale were tinged with a bright and most becoming colour, her well-shaped lips were rosy red. "Simplicity suits me, after all. Fifine may say what she likes, but it does."

Upon the stairs she met Julia Loftus White all in shimmering jet and soft black chiffon, a bunch of bright geraniums at her breast, and in the coils of her dark brown hair. Miss Julia paused, and smiled as her eyes took in, at a glance, the studied simplicity of the usually magnificent Miss Bindon.

"There's something under this," she thought. "Not a diamond—not a pearl. I wonder what it means?" But she kept her thoughts to herself, and with a murmur of "How charming!" asked, "Where did you get the gown, Sybille *ma belle*?"

"From Paris, of course," she answered, throwing back her head, "'tis merely a little *demi-toilette* affair, but—well, 'tis bad taste to be overdressed in a country house like this, and so"—

"Don't apologise, pray. Miss Bindon may wear what she pleases anywhere," and Julia swept on, downstairs.

Sybil laughed, but she looked annoyed, and the expression of her handsome face was less radiant than it had been in her room, as she followed Julia White into the drawing-room.

Standing near the piano, as she entered, her violin resting lightly on her shoulder, her bow poised above the strings, her eyes raised inquiringly to Charles Arrowsmith's face, was Elizabeth O'Neill. She wore her white muslin frock, its low bodice showing her snowy neck and throat, round which was clasped a single row of tiny pearls. Her golden hair was combed back in big waves from her brow, and gathered into a simple knot behind.

"Music before dinner? That surely is rather unusual," Sybil said, sinking into a sofa near the piano. "Such a surfeit of good things is surely too much, even for you, Mr. Arrowsmith?"

Elizabeth laid her violin upon the piano, and saying with a sweet, amused smile, "Just what I told you," glided away to look after Punch, who was roaming about, a particularly mischievous expression on his chubby face.

Charles Arrowsmith watched her for a moment, then turned to Miss Bindon, saying, "Miss O'Neill plays better—with more feeling, I think, when her audience is a small one. That is one reason why I enjoy half an hour or so, before dinner, when

we are practically alone, than a longer time afterwards, when everyone is here."

"Very delightful it must be, I am sure," she answered, controlling herself with some difficulty. "Miss O'Neill looked thoroughly well pleased with herself."

"Not with herself—with her violin and her music. Miss O'Neill is a musician, heart and soul, and thinks little of herself."

"How charming and how unsophisticated! Most people think more of themselves than of any other person or thing."

"Most people do. But Miss O'Neill is not like other people."

"So I hear. And then, there's a romantic story about her and a young uncle. Do you believe he'll pick up gold out there, and make her an heiress?"

Charles returned her glance with a look of amusement, and laughed.

"Stranger things have happened. But it is hard to form any very definite opinion upon the subject. I never knew Terence O'Neill. For her sake, I sincerely trust he may find gold."

"She is very poor?"

"As far as money goes, yes. But in friends she is rich. Look," he said gaily, "how Punch adores her. He'll grieve more for her, when he goes off to school next week, than for mother or sister."

"His youthful heart will soon heal. Do you take Punch to school?"

"Yes. But I'll be gone but a couple of days. You'll stay till I come back, Miss Bindon? Promise me you will."

"Oh!" with a little laugh, her heart giving a sudden throb of joy, "if you wish me to do so, I certainly will."

"Thank you," he answered, his eyes wandering after Elizabeth and the children. "The Loftus Whites have promised to stay. We'll have a pleasant time when I come back. But if you'll excuse me, I must speak to my mother for a moment." And he hurried away.

"The Loftus Whites," Sybil bit her lip, "pressed to remain also. So I need not take his anxiety that I should stay on, as anything particular to myself. I've a great mind to go, and shake off the dust of Rathkieran from my feet for ever. But no"——

"Quiet, glum, and depressed," said a cheery voice close by, and John Loftus White dropped into the seat just vacated by Charles Arrowsmith. "Dinner is not really so very late, Miss Bindon."

"Isn't it? You surprise me, for the *mauvais quart d'heure* seems longer than usual to-night."

"Hungry, I suppose? That's right. I'm not at all of Lord Byron's opinion. To my mind lovely woman should eat and eat well. A person—woman or man—is always better tempered and more amiable when she or he has a good digestion—and a good digestion gives a good appetite."

"How horribly prosaic and common-place you are," Sybil answered, her chin in the air.

"Am I? But I assure you, though from my babble I may seem so, I'm not. I've been thinking all kinds of poetic things of you in that sweet simplicity frock. Miss O'Neill will soon be appearing in laces, brocades and diamonds, I suppose. Are you"—a twinkle in his eyes—"eager to change places with her?"

"Now you talk nonsense. Why on earth should I?"

"Why, indeed?" an enigmatical smile hovering round the corners of his mouth. "And I don't at all think her place would suit you. You are not fit for it. Something higher in the social world would suit you better. It would pall and weary you, just," with an amused glance at the filmy gauze, "as that simple dress will weary you in one short evening. To-morrow night the gorgeous, richly apparelled Miss Bindon will be with us once more—queening it amongst the ladies. In the same way, you'll forgive me saying so, since we are old friends, did you obtain what now seems to be your strong desire, but apparently more likely to become pretty Miss O'Neill's property, you'd weary of it also, and soon, full of regret, besighing for the unattainable in some other quarter?"

Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes flashed unutterable things, as she turned them upon him.

"I don't understand you. You speak in riddles."

"If you think over my words, you'll understand. We are old friends, Sybil. I know you well—better perhaps than you know yourself. With your beauty and your wealth, you should look higher than a solicitor, who, though a good and handsome fellow, is—well, a bit down upon his luck."

Sybil rose to her feet.

"I cannot see that our friendship is an excuse for your speaking to me in such a way, Mr. White."

"Sybil, 'tis for your good," he cried passionately. "You know how I love you."

"I know," she said coldly, her figure drawn up to its full height, "that you are insolent and presume too far. Let me pass, Mr. White."

He stood quietly aside, his face white, his lips set.

"I've offended her now past all forgiveness," he muttered to himself. "But I felt bound to warn her. If only she could see things as I do, she'd understand everything. Perhaps, even though I have wounded her for the moment, she'll take my words to heart. A little of the coldness she treats me to, might, unless he's hopelessly caught, do more for her with Charles Arrowsmith, than all her smiles and gracious ways. A woman should allow herself to be sought. No man values what he wins too easily, and Sybil"——

He looked up. There was a buzz of conversation all round him. The company was going into dinner, and the first to leave the room smiling, radiant, beautiful upon the arm of their handsome young host, was Sybil Bindon. As she passed John on her way to the door, she cast a triumphant glance in his direction.

"She is irresistible," he murmured, his heart sinking low. "And I am all wrong. Charles Arrowsmith is more than human if"——

"Mr. White, I am waiting," said his hostess in her sweet, soft voice. "You are to have the proud privilege of taking me in to dinner, to-night."

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," he cried, overcome with confusion, and, springing to her side, he offered her his arm. "I was dreaming I'm afraid."

"Of the beautiful Sybil Bindon," she said gaily, tapping his sleeve with her fan. "She looks very bewitching to-night, I must say, and you and she are old friends, I hear."

"Old friends, yes," he answered with something like a groan. "Too old to be much thought of, I fear."

"Miss Bindon likes variety," Mrs. Arrowsmith smiled. "She has many moods, I fancy."

"Many. But more charming, one would say, every time her mood changes. Look at her to-night simply dressed as a *débutante*, yet more lovely than in the most gorgeous Parisian robe ever seen."

"I confess, I prefer her gorgeous," Mrs. Arrowsmith said with some decision. "It suits her style of beauty and her character, I should say, best. She should leave simplicity to those to whom it comes, naturally."

"To Miss O'Neill, for instance."

"Exactly." Her eyes wandered down the dinner-table to where Elizabeth, in her pure white muslin, was talking with sweet earnestness to a young and rather shy undergraduate from Oxford, who had taken her in to dinner. Mrs. Arrowsmith

smiled, and looking up, and meeting her kindly gaze, the girl smiled too.

"There's a freshness about Betty's frank, sweet face," Mrs. Arrowsmith thought, "that the proud and handsome heiress could never possess. But, of course, men of the world could not be expected to see and understand that. Dear little girl, if only she were an heiress—as people will call her—I'd rather—aye, a hundred times rather, Charles married her than Sybil Bindon, with her showy beauty and countless thousands. But even then, my word and wish would go for little. The dear boy has fixed his affections"—She started suddenly and crumbled her bread with nervous fingers.

Sybil Bindon was talking brilliantly. With a bright spot on either cheek, her beautiful red lips wreathed in smiles. She looked as John White had said, irresistible—the very embodiment of beauty, grace, life and vivacity. And yet far away from her, wandered Charles Arrowsmith's thoughts and admiration. As his mother's glance fell upon him and his handsome companion, she saw, with wonder and astonishment, that his eyes were following his thoughts, and that they were fixed, not upon the attractive young heiress at his side, but upon sweet simple Elizabeth, quite unconscious of his gaze at a distant part of the table.

"I can hardly believe it," she told herself, with a gasp. "And it is very foolish. I really must speak seriously to Charles. It would never do. He is in a bad way, out of which, in spite of my good income, I cannot possibly help him. The O'Neills and Tiernans are, everyone, distinctly hard up. The owner of this fine old house, a hopeless gambler, who will probably end his days in a workhouse. Elizabeth, good, sweet, charming as she is, is a pauper. This is a crisis I never contemplated, and much as I love Betty—I'll talk to Charles seriously, when he comes back from leaving Punch at school. At first I was sorry for this break in our pleasant party. Now I am glad of it. It will give me time to think and arrange. Things are certainly getting into a desperate tangle. It was all such plain sailing with Maurice and Flora that—. But Charles will listen to reason. He's a dear boy and very sensible. To-morrow's our dance, the next day Elizabeth shall go to Docwra for a rest, and then, Charles will be away for a few days, and I'll have time to think the matter out."

"What a pretty girl Miss Kathleen Tiernan is," John White remarked in a conventional tone, trying to make conversation. "And really her sister, Miss Cecily, is good-looking, too. You've

more than your fair share of beauty, in this quiet out-of-the-way spot, Mrs. Arrowsmith."

"More than our share, indeed. Too much by far."

He laughed, and his eyes swept up and down the long table.

"You think beauty a mockery, a delusion and a snare, for country girls, and very dangerous, when unaccompanied by big fortunes, to us susceptible young men?"

"You credit me with very worldly sentiments, Mr. White, but I must confess to feeling, that beauty is rather a useless thing for a girl who has to earn her bread. But now, I must leave you. 'Tis time we ladies took our departure." And, rising, she swept after her guests into the drawing-room.

"It is easily seen where her shoe pinches," muttered John, sinking into his chair again, and smiling as he helped himself to nuts. "There'll be some unpleasant scenes in this old house before long, or I am greatly mistaken. Heavens! Why is it that things will always go wrong in this world? And yet the right thing often seems very simple, if only people would see it, and, seeing, do it."

(To be continued.)

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

ROSE OF THE WORLD

HE comes to us in the fall of the snows,
Our Christmas Rose!
Like the fair flower blossoming over the mould
In the snow so cold.

His hair is all of yellow, yellow gold,
In ringlets rolled;
Like the lustrous heart of the Christmas Rose
That mildly glows.

He is wrapped about in poor swaddling clothes,
(So a poor child goes!)
With Virgin Mary, in her arm's hold,
As the Magi told.

Let us bring Him the firstlings of the fold
(Like shepherds of old),
Who comes to us in the fall of the snows,
Our Christmas Rose!

ALICE FURLONG.

HALF-REVELATIONS

I.

LAST night I saw an angel's perfect wing,
 Vast and resplendent, spread from pole to pole,
 I marvelled that I never saw the whole
 Celestial spirit in the boundless ring
 Of spaces stretched beyond imagining.
 There is some Fate that ever cheats the soul,
 Some Hidden Hand that deals to us a dole
 Of hinted glories and perfectioning.

I know that angel's wing was but a form
 Of cirrhous curds from some vast, milky cloud.
 Yes! this is science; but the larger faiths
 Create their own ideals uniform.
 And still the lonely heart will cry aloud
 Against those fragments—those too transient wraiths.

II.

And yet I think a meaning might be sought
 In these half-revelations from on high.
 The palimpsest of the eternal sky
 Hath secrets in its starred recesses wrought.

And all that Science—all that Art has brought
 In their long trains to raise and beautify
 This lower life, are hidden hints to try
 What loveliness is linked in human thought.

Each new idea hath its archetype
 Of greatness or of beauty throned afar
 Amid the spacious mansions of the Blest.
 And when the time in God's own mind grows ripe,
 As flower that bursts, or the rounding of a star
 The form shall fade; the type shall stand confest.

P. A. S.

SHOWS AND TRAMPS

IT was a day in early December, a sleety day. I was walking through my parish. A young lad of about fourteen years of age, accompanied by a terrier, came walking on the footpath towards me. I was struck by his jaunty carriage, and was rather surprised that I did not know him or his dog; in fact, had no recollection of seeing either before. The wind blew bitter from the north-west, as it does on a sunless day, with hail showers in the offing. The grass in the fields had a "perished" look. The discoloured whiteness of the hail had nothing of the rich glow of a snowy landscape. The windowed garments of the boy added a touch of desolation; and the climax was reached in the pinched and half-fed look of the half-grown terrier.

We, the boy and I, simultaneously stopped.

"Where do you live, my boy?" I asked.

"I belong to the 'Show,' Sir, down yonder."

"Oh, yes, my boy! And who lives with you in the Show? Your father and mother, do they?"

"They do, Sir," he went on very friendly, very respectfully, and with quite a pleasing accent.

Now, as I listened, it began to dawn on me, that I heard the voice before, but I could not remember where, or when, or under what circumstances. "I think I met you before, my boy?" said I.

"Yes, Sir—don't you remember the races? My father had a Show, at the Races, and you used to take my three little cousins and my little brother, and sister and myself to the chapel to tache us?"

"Ah, to be sure! but you grew so much I'd never know you," I said—still not able to recall the faces of whom he spoke, though I began to recollect the occasion.

"How many of you were there that time?" I said.

"Six, Sir, my three little cousins, my little sister and brother, and myself. I am bigger, you know, than my little sister and brother."

"Well, and did you make your First Communion that time, or did any of you?"

"You thought, Sir, my sister and brother and myself too young; but two of my cousins,"—here he whistled at the half-bred terrier;—a brown-haired, strong-ribbed, Irish one, too, by the way, which with all the fighting instincts of its Celtic blood, had taken up the gauge that a long-horned, long-haired goat had flung down to him.

"Boru! Brian Boru!" he called, and whistled shrill, with his tongue against his front teeth.

"I suppose you had not an opportunity of making your First Communion since?" I asked, taking a leap in the dark.

He set his head-gear a little side-ways, which gave him a comic look, and hitched up his trousers with a theatrical touch—and indeed they were not hanging over-tidy.

"I hope you have good crowds at the Show?" said I, trying to come round him a little. He responded quite briskly, assuming a stage position, and giving another touch to the headgear, and another hitch to the before-mentioned unmentionables.

"Oh, yes! Sir, we always draws great crowds. You see," he went on, "after a few variations on the trombone, and a few taps on the drum, I throws a tumble or two; and crowds laughs, and the fellows all hurry up to know what the laugh's about. And then——"

Here he found it again necessary to insist on Boru's obedience, and once more he whistled shrilly with the tongue set forcibly against the front teeth. While engaged at this, the head-gear got an inexpressibly droll toss to the opposite quarter of the compass. Without effort he pursed his lips and face, and leered in a way that might indeed make the crowds hurry up; but all the time he seemed unconscious of it.

"Shall I throw one of my tumblers for your Reverence?" he said.

"Not to-day, my boy; but tell your father and mother I'll come to see them to-morrow"

"Don't put yourself to the trouble, Father," he said.

"Why not, my little man?" I asked, taken somewhat aback. "Why should I not come to see them? You are Catholics? Are you not?"

"Oh, yes, Father," and he shook his head emphatically.

" Oh, yes ! but I think we'll be goin' over your side to-morrow or after."

" And where were you to-day, my little man ? "

" Postin' bills, Sir ! And lookin' out for a field where we'd put up the Show ; and maybe your Reverence saw two horses on the road as you came ? "

" A big bay horse, and a small white pony lame in the hind leg ! "

" Where did you see 'em, Sir ? "

" They are in the shade of the bushes over near the turn of the road."

" Thank your Reverence. Maybe when we go to your side, you'll let me throw one or two of my tumbles for you." Then, touching his cap, and whistling to Brian Boru, he left me. Taking advantage, whilst talking to a poor beggar woman toiling slowly against the biting blast, I looked after him. He moved his arms and feet, and carried his body in such a way, as if there was not a bone in the whole frame-work, but that the entire system was simply a compound of sinews and thews. It didn't seem as if he were walking in December weather ; in fact walking seemed not a labour at all, though from the distance of the places where he had been " postin' bills," he must have travelled many miles that day.

It put a new resolve in me, to see him walk so lightly. I turned and directed my steps towards " the Show beyond." There was an ordinary van ; I knew afterwards that this was the living, cooking, and sleeping apartment of the company. A marquee of rough, discoloured canvas occupied an " idle bit of green " hard by. As I approached one or two whelps and some curs of low degree gave a quick watchful barking. A soft-faced middle-aged woman put a part of her portly person and not scrupulously clean face out over the half-door of the van. She bowed her head very respectfully ; and two children, one at either side of her, did the same beneath her circular arms. I answered her salute, and she smiled.

" You are Catholics, ma'am ? "

" Oh yes, Father, thanks be to God."

" Will you be staying long in this district ? "

" Well, your Reverence, we have a great many little mouths to feed ;" and she brought more distinctly to view the two

faces that had been peering from under her arms ; and like their mother they were soft, pleasing, and not scrupulously well-washed,—“ A great many little mouths to feed ; and we must be always on the move to pick up something for them.”

“ And have you many children ? Because I'd like to teach them.”

“ Oh ! God bless your Reverence, sure you did so before ; and the minute Susie saw you—come here, Susie,—the minute Susie [saw you, didn't she know you, and she was glad ! ” Susie here gave me a nod and a smile ; I smiled in answer to the child. “ And the letter you gave my man, when you let him play in the school, did him a world of good ever since ; and we have been far and near, your Reverence.”

“ Now shall I see the children to-morrow ? You will come, children ? ”

They smiled, and the mother answering, said : “ We may want some of the boys, Father, as we'll be shifting. But Susie will take all the rest to you. And as soon as the boys settle down the Show and the shooting gallery, they will go to you too.”

There were young people there of every age, from twenty downwards. You could hardly believe how many of them had not made their First Communion or First Confession. Susie, having fallen sick on their travels, was put into a Workhouse Hospital ; and the good nuns being there, she had made her First Communion. I never felt such happiness in teaching children, as I did in teaching them. We sat in the sacristy ; and the white pony with the lame hind leg gave us many a laugh, when he was hauled in (not bodily) to illustrate, in a homely way, some sacred dogmatic truth.

R. O. K.

THE RETURN TO NATURE

"**N**OTHING is so soothing as the company of an affectionate child," says Zimmerman, the author of a book that was translated into every language in Europe, and one that in these restless and strenuous times is quite likely to obtain a new vogue. Certainly this good German philosopher and physician, the friend of Frederick the Great and an intimate of George III, knew very well that nothing is so irritating as the company of a fractious child ; but to say this was unnecessary. Zimmerman who wrote a dissertation *De Irritabilitate*, as well as *On Solitude*, realized that few men need to be reminded of the things that disturb, even if they do not destroy the peace of life, but that very many require to be told of the joys and happinesses that their want of reflection, and too often their preference for baser pleasures, cause them to lose.

There is no need to insist upon the complexity of modern life, or upon its restlessness. The most strenuous people upon earth are beginning to recognize the evil of killing themselves in order to live. Many decades ago their thinkers—poets and philosophers—warned them in language that is now all but classical of the wickedness of wasting their lives in the attempt to heap up that gold which is the least joy-giving substance the world contains. Thoreau, Emerson, Wendell Holmes, and many others, tried to show them that the progress with which they were enamoured was not worth the sacrifice of happiness and peace which it always involves. Proud as they are of these writers, the bulk of the American people are content to see the works of Thoreau, Emerson and Holmes upon their shelves. They do not care to live in

The sunny street that holds the sifted few.

Even the gentle Holmes hits them too hard. He is a national possession and his books are bought and sold ; but even when they are read their message is not heeded—except by the wise, and the wise are seldom, if ever, found with the majority. Yet what a gain to their nation if only they would heed their poet's teaching :—

Don't catch the fidgets : you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss ;

Think of the patriarchs: then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen !
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath ;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death ;
And with new notions—let me change the rule—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

[Well, if the majority will not hear Holmes and the prophets, will they be persuaded by the moderns ? Perhaps they will. For when an ever-increasing minority begins to listen to the truth and to absorb it so avidly that they must needs give it forth at the corners of the streets, there is hope—even for a nation of would-be millionaires. For, mark you, an ever-increasing minority often means a coming majority.

A new note is struck in American literature, and one that bears such a close resemblance to that intoned by our best last century writers that it is being hailed with gratitude. Even our popular writers are taking up a new melody and declaring that isolation is the balm of life, and better for the constitution than the spice of variety. " If I had the power," says Mr. Mowbray, " I would provide padded cells for society, and shove the youngest of its votaries into them regularly, and turn the key on them, merely to increase the average of human life. I am more and more convinced that the Frenchman was right who said that progress is a disease, and that eventually society will die of civilization. It is fast losing the power and the privilege of taking breath. The path to heaven is choked with late dinners, and we are forgetting the route."

The writer of the words we have quoted, a widower, was compelled to return to nature in order to save his life. He enjoyed the best of opportunities of testing the truth of Zimmerman's dictum concerning the soothing effect of the companionship of an affectionate child, for the only regular house-mate the man had for an entire year was his own little son. The experiment succeeded and ended even more happily than it began. His method was that of Thoreau—with many important differences. To lead a life that is wholesome, sweet, and natural it is not necessary to become a wild man of the woods, still less a misanthrope or a misogynist. The true return to nature means the rejection of a spurious civilization for a genuine one; the giving up of a complex system of life for one so simple and so refined that

Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

To shun the loud and the blatant, the affected and the artificial, the ostentatious and the pretentious, the vulgar and the snobbish, the gratification of the senses for the cultivation of the soul—these are the conditions necessary to the happiness of the individual and to the well-being of the many, whether they live in a city square or in the depths of the country.

"Nature is my oldest friend," writes the Lady Bedingfield of a bygone period. More courageous than many of her contemporaries, once her duties to her royal mistress and to society were performed she cultivated her oldest friendship, keeping herself as far as possible from that artificial atmosphere which, as Paul Bourget says, is made up of *ennui* and vanity, folly and stupidity. But then she was one who knew that nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her—unless that heart tried to divorce the created from the Creator, or attempted to identify the fringe of the garment of God with His Uncreated Substance.

Broad minds and light hearts have those who turn away from the life of cities, and broad minds mean large as well as light hearts, unbiassed views and unprejudiced sympathies. "Those who live in daily communion with sky and ocean and wide land spaces grow to be dreamers of large dreams that infuse the commonplace with something of the wonderful." Every city is a prison, a penal settlement, an area in which servitude and suffering meet one at every turn. The very dress of the poor prisoners appals one by its rigidity, by its hard and unyielding lines and contours, and this in whatever division or category the convict finds himself. Indeed you may almost tell a "lifer" by the shape of his tall hat and the cut of his frock coat.

"I promise myself many pleasures in seeing you here," writes Southey to Matilda Betham, "in showing you how very happy a man may be upon very scanty means who cares nothing for the pomps and vanities of the world, and preserves a boy's heart when the grey hairs are beginning to show themselves." Yet this was written by one of the hardest workers, perhaps the most industrious scribe England has ever known. We owe much to dreamers—of the right quality, and we ought to be thankful that some men are sent into the world to dream beautiful dreams for the benefit of their fellow-men; but unlike his friend Coleridge, Southey was no mere visionary. A modern journalist may well be appalled at the thought of the daily output of the man who in spite of incessant labour tried to preserve the heart of a boy.

We should expect to find the modern popular novelist holding a brief for life in big cities, yet how often is he the

very man who has it most in abhorrence. "I thought that to live in the babble and roar of the world was stimulating. So no doubt it is, but a stimulant is not necessarily healthy." Yet the author of *Dodo* goes on to say that to study plants and flowers, fugues and preludes, to be in the open air, to do your work whatever it is—here is undoubted gain. "If you wish for the crowd merely, walk for ten minutes up and down Piccadilly."

When an American is convinced, he is converted: in this he differs wholly from the average Englishman. The latter is quick to see the reasonableness of a course of action that is certain to lead to happiness, but he is so fettered by custom and convention that he does not even try to make a move. The American has forged for himself many shackles of the same kind, but he wears them more lightly and rids himself of them more easily. The writer of that wise and entertaining book, *The Garden, You, and I*, is amused when her neighbours declare that financial disaster had overtaken her and her husband because when a holiday was needed "instead of vanishing in a touring car preceded by tooting and followed by a cloud of oil-soaked steam" they went into camp in their own delightful woods, followed by a man with their effects in a wheelbarrow. "It is a curious fact," she says, "this attributing of every action a bit out of the common to the stress of pocket hunger. It certainly proves that advanced as we are supposed to be to-day, as links in the evolutionary chain we have partially relapsed and certainly show strong evidences of sheep ancestry."

The most conspicuous weakness of modern men and women is precisely their tendency to run with the crowd. It is not so much their dread of doing things out of the common, or their fear of following some very questionable course of action: right or wrong, moral or immoral, all that they ask is—"Is it going to be the mode? Will this particular thing catch on?" It may be something that is harmful both to body and soul; writers may warn, doctors may condemn, priests may preach; but the silly sheep have started and the sorry, ridiculous spectacle has begun. Some of these foolish folk have the physical courage of lions and bulls: yet they wholly lack the one quality that makes the man. Moral courage they have never possessed.

These good Americans had the moral courage to disregard the opinions of their neighbours. Knowing that the desperate attempt to keep up appearances is as dishonest as it is contemptible, they did not pull down their blinds, lock the front-door, and take refuge for the holiday season in the back kitchen—as some people have been known to do. Barbara

and her husband were well aware that no mere appearance can be kept up for long, and that sooner or later a trickster must be discovered. They were by no means in financial difficulties, but they wanted a long, long, restful holiday, and they were wise enough to realize that travelling and sight-seeing and living in hotels would not yield them what they needed, but that it would inevitably leave them with weary bodies and empty purses. For the husband, the doctor had prescribed "a complete change, away from the sound of the beat of time;" an invaluable friend had said: "What greater change can an American have than leisure in which to enjoy his own home? For giving time the slip, all you have to do is to stop the clocks and follow the sun and your own inclinations. As to living out of doors, the old open-sided hay-barn on the pasture side of the knoll, that you have not decided to rebuild or tear down, will make an excellent camp. Aside from the roof, it is as open as a hawk's nest."

If my readers want to see how great was the success of this courageous scheme, let them fasten upon the pages of *The Garden, You, and I*. But Barbara's comment on what the neighbours said must be quoted. "How seldom people are content to accept one's individual tastes or desire to do a thing without a good and sufficient reason therefor. It seems incomprehensible to them that anyone should wish to do differently from his neighbours, unless through financial incapacity; the frequency with which one is suspected of being in this condition strongly points to the likelihood that the critics themselves chronically live beyond their means and in constant danger of collapse." The stricture is a just and a true one.

Few children are now born and brought up in a city, saving the little ones of the indigent poor who have not energy enough to break away from the squalor of the slums. But even for the few whose life-conditions are not those of the submerged million, we can have nothing but compassion, and most heartily we echo Barbara's lament upon the "everlasting pity of a city childhood. Creature comforts may be had and human friends; but where is the vista that reaches under the trees and through the long meadow-grass where the red-gold lily bells tinkle, up the brook bed to the great flat mossy rock, beneath which is the door to fairyland, the spotted turtle being warder. Fairyland, the country of eternal youth and possibility!"

It is the soul that will gain most by a return to nature—unless a deliberate attempt be made to put created things in the place of the Creator. For, as St. Paul said to the folk

of Lystra who would have offered sacrifice to him, even to the pagan-hearted "God has not left Himself without testimony, doing good from heaven, giving rains and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with good and gladness."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

WHEN the shepherds journeyed long ago
To Bethlehem in the frost and snow,
A little maiden right bravely tried
To keep her place by her father's side.
And, when at length in the stable lone,
The shepherds knelt on the damp earth prone,
In silent homage, and worshipping
The new-born Babe as their God and King,
The little maiden looked round in awe
And her young heart thrilled at the sight she saw.
And her eyes grew dim as the Babe she viewed
On coarse rough straw in the manger rude,
And her tears fell fast as the Mother fair
In joy and sorrow bent o'er Him there.
Some homely offerings the shepherds brought ;
But the little maiden, her hands held nought.
With a bitter cry from the cave she passed
To the frosty skies and the wintry blast,
She sped three paces into the night
When her tearful eyes saw a wondrous sight.
From the frost-bound earth and the gleaming snows
A beauteous plant in an instant rose.
Oh, sweet were its flowers and fair to see !
The maiden plucked full lavishly.
The Maiden-Mother and her Babe smiled
When she laid her offering before the Child.
And since that night in the frost and snows
For the Lord's birthday blooms the Christmas Rose.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

LILLIE'S LAPSE

I.

"GOOD-BYE, Lillie."
 "Good-bye, Sister Paula."

These were the last words. There had been a long chat, much advice was lovingly given by the nun, and many tears were shed by Lillie; for now the young girl was going away from the little grey-walled convent, nestling close to the village church, whose tall and graceful spire looked down on the blue waters of the mountain-guarded bay.

Lillie Gray was an orphan. The village she was about to leave was the only home she had ever known, and the nuns were almost her only friends. She loved them all and especially Sister Paula, who in her cell that night, and for many nights, prayed fervently for her absent child.

Meanwhile the train was fast speeding our young traveller to Dublin, to her aunt, a good woman, who thought it was now full time to look after her dead sister's child and have her taught some business to enable her to earn her bread. Before half the journey was over, Lillie's tears were dried; and she arrived at her new home in the evening, very tired, and greatly excited by the unwonted incidents of the day. Her aunt welcomed her very warmly; and after a good dinner she was marched off to bed, and cosily tucked in, to sleep off her fatigue.

Weeks were spent in visiting places of interest in the city. The little country girl was dazzled by the glittering shop-windows, and her mind filled with wonder at the crowds of people who paced the streets day after day. Whence had they come? Whither were they going? And then the churches! With wide-open eyes she gazed at the pictures, and statues, and marbles; and heard with delight the grand music of the Mass, as it rolled along the aisles from the solemn-toned organs aloft in their dim recesses.

But sight-seeing grew wearisome at length, and Lillie longed for some employment, by which she might earn money to help her aunt, who was a widow and by no means well off. So arrangements were made, and she was sent to learn typewriting. With all earnestness she applied herself to her business, and in a short time mastered all its details.

When she had gained sufficient experience, she obtained a

post in an office. Here she won the esteem and confidence of her employer, who, by the way, had engaged her with much misgiving, for, thought he, "these handsome young girls are nearly always vain and giddy." However, the big, brown, pleading eyes carried the point; for Mr. Shaw was only human, and had young daughters of his own. And now, after a trial lasting six months, this shrewd and sensible business man freely admitted that Miss Gray was a most satisfactory employée, punctual, expert, diligent and self-possessed.

Thus things were going on very smoothly. Lillie's salary supplied many little wants for her aunt, and they were very comfortable and happy. But alas! their happiness was short-lived. In the following winter the aunt caught a severe cold, pneumonia followed, and in six weeks the poor sufferer was laid to rest in Glasnevin.

Quite alone in the world now, the young girl, having settled all her little affairs, went to lodge with strangers. For some time she was very unhappy and very lonely. But youth is buoyant; and, as she was blessed with perfect health, Lillie soon regained her wonted spirits and made many friends. Among the latter was a very gay and fashionable young woman, who was employed as a book-keeper in a shop not far from Lillie's office. Miss Gordon was a very strong-willed young person and rapidly acquired considerable influence over the younger girl. Having a wide circle of acquaintances, she introduced them by degrees to Lillie, who, being very distant and reserved in her manner, repelled by her coldness those whom her winsome face had attracted.

Not all of them, however. Among them was one who was more persistent than the others: he would not be repulsed. Whether it was the reward of his perseverance or that Lillie was caught by his good looks—for he was undoubtedly good-looking—matters little. The important fact is that she and Charles Forrester in a little time became firm friends; much to the satisfaction of Miss Gordon, who was very anxious that Lillie should have an escort of her own, as occasionally she found her presence *de trop*.

It was now eighteen months since the death of her aunt, and in that short time Lillie forgot the wise counsel that excellent woman had given her. Led away by her love of amusement and distracted by the gaities of the city, she abandoned, one by one, all her pious practices. She never said the Rosary now, not even the one decade, which hertofore she would have thought it almost a sin to omit. Attendance at daily Mass had long since been given up. She was now too tired to

get up in the mornings in time to be present at the Holy Sacrifice. But she was most careful to be at the door of the office punctually as the clock was striking.

II.

"Where shall we go this evening, Lillie?"

It was a Sunday afternoon in summer and Charley had come, as usual, to take Lillie for a walk. It was very hot. The Dutch have a saying which very forcibly conveys an idea of excessive heat. They will tell you that "The sparrows were yawning on the roofs." That is more than an equivalent for our old phrase, that "The sun was splitting the trees," for the heat that could make a sparrow keep still, long enough to yawn, must be intense. So it was now, and Lillie and Charley agreed that walking was not to be thought of on such a day. At length they decided to take the train to Howth.

Arrived there, Charley took the road to the beach and was on the point of hiring a boat when his companion, with white face and startled eyes, caught him by the sleeve exclaiming:

"Oh! don't, Charley. Not to-day."

"Not to-day! Why?"

"I am afraid."

"Afraid, and the sea just like a sheet of glass! Why, I have known you to venture out days when I felt rather nervous, and even the boatmen looked grave. Girls are the most inconsistent beings on the face of the earth. They hate to-day what they loved yesterday."

"I don't hate the sea, but"—

"But what?"

"I lost Mass to-day, and I dare not go out in a little boat like that."

"Whew! Were you ill?"

"No. I—I slept too long."

Lillie looked the picture of misery. Suddenly raising her head, she asked:

"Were you at Mass to-day, Charley?"

"Of course I was. A friend of mine, a very fine fellow—you know him—Leslie—he is captain of our football team; he goes to Mass every day; and even after the biggest match of last season he was up next morning, as gay as a lark, and off to the church. Proposed knocking me up on his way, but it was no go; I simply could not get out in time. But by George, I draw the line at losing Mass on Sundays."

The girl's head drooped lower. Charley's heart melted

at the sight of her misery. "Cheer up, Lillie. If you won't come for a row, let us walk to the top of the Hill. There is sure to be a breeze up there."

After much panting for breath and many stops, they reached the summit, and, sinking down in the purple heather, enjoyed the well-earned rest.

It was a lovely scene. Sparkling in the summer sun, the sea lay beneath them, its surface unbroken by a single sail, blue, infinitely blue, with, here and there, a tuft of foamy white. Only here and there, for to-day it seemed as if the tide was "too full for sound or foam." Yet there was sound, but only the lulling, pleasing splash of the water lapping the base of the cliffs, and the occasional *boom, boom*, as the incoming tide dashed into one of the many tiny caves. There were few strollers, the usual crowd of city people being probably deterred by the heat from attempting the ascent.

Lillie's spirits rose somewhat, as she felt the breeze from the sea. It cooled her flushed cheeks, and lifted the wavy brown hair from her forehead. It was impossible to be wholly sad on such a day. Presently she cried :

"Oh, Charley, look at that sea-gull down there ; isn't he lovely ? He seems to be resting. The waves are rocking him just like a baby in a cradle."

" His heart upon the heart of ocean
Lay learning all its mystic motion,
And throbbing to the throbbing sea,"

quoted Charley, airily.

"Those are lovely lines. Are they your own ?"

"They are Mrs. Browning's. Mine ! did you say ? Don't hint at such a thing, my dear girl ; it would be disastrous."

"How ? What do you mean ?"

"Do you know my Uncle Jerry ?"

"No."

"Well, my Uncle Jerry keeps a shop on one of the quays. He is supposed to be wealthy, and my mother has hopes that he will make me his heir, as he is an old bachelor. I remember once when I was a little chap, I scribbled some verses. My poor father was quite proud of them ; and, the next time uncle paid us one of his rare visits, he produced them for his inspection. We were unprepared for what followed. Taking the paper from my father, he looked over it for a minute or so ; then laid it down, took off his spectacles with great deliberation, and put them carefully into their case without uttering a word. Meanwhile we were waiting for the praise which we felt was

coming. I had an idea that my respected relative was so enraptured by my attempt, that he was rendered speechless. I was soon undeceived. Turning to my father, he at length broke the silence. 'Look here, John,' said he, 'this is your eldest boy, and I am surprised that a sensible man like you should encourage him to lose his time with such nonsense. Why, man, if he is not checked in the beginning, he may turn out one of those poet chaps with the long hair and the thread-bare coats: fellows who are not able to earn enough to pay for their lodging. Look at me,' here he tapped the breast of his superfine cloth Sunday suit. 'Where should I be now, if I had spent my time writing stuff like that, instead of looking after my customers and attending to my shop? In the work-house, very likely. Tear them up, John, tear them up, or you will be sorry. Take my word for that.' Here my uncle stopped to take breath, and my father, taking advantage of the pause, packed me off to bed. There were no more verses written. And I who, with a little encouragement, might have become the Poet of the Age, remain in obscurity. A 'mute inglorious Milton.' "

Lillie laughed heartily at her companion's tragic tone. This was precisely what Charley wanted. They chatted pleasantly until it was time to see about tea, after which they turned their faces cityward.

III.

The pleasant summer was soon over. Autumn came clothed in richest raiment. The hedges were robed in purple and gold. Then the trees began to shed their leaves, and December found them gaunt and bare, their long skeleton arms creaking and moaning in the blast.

One morning Lillie, at her place in the office, heard a gentleman speaking to her employer. One scrap of the conversation reached her with startling distinctness:

"Yes, as you say, Mr. Shaw, there is very little time to look into the matter; this is the 8th of December."

With the matter that required to be looked into, Lillie had nothing to do. The words that sounded on her ears like a knell were: "This is the 8th of December." The feast of the Immaculate Conception! And she, Lillie Gray, a Child of Mary, had not been to Mass that morning—had merely said a few hurried prayers, before leaving home. Memories of other days came to her with extraordinary vividness. The nuns, Sister Paula, her young companions, the hymns they

used to sing. How careless, how wicked she had become ! And then conscience whispered : " The day is not yet over, you can attend the evening devotions at one of the churches." In order to quiet the persistent, small voice, Lillie made a half-hearted resolution that she would go to Benediction after she left the office. But alas ! when she arrived at the house where she lodged, she found a note from Charley asking her to meet him at half-past seven, to go to the theatre. Remembering where she had purposed going, there was a struggle.

" How unfortunate that Charley has selected that evening ! Well, this is Friday. I can go to church twice on Sunday, that will be during the octave, and almost as good as going on the feast."

Thus she reasoned, and then she went to the play. But in spite of the gay scene, the music, the lights, the showily dressed crowd, she did not feel happy.

The play began. Bewildered at first, then shocked at what she saw and heard, Lillie looked all round helplessly as if for a means of escape. The first act was not a long one, and when the curtain fell, Charley rose, and saying, " Come, Lillie," he left the theatre. He was silent for some minutes, then he said :

" I must apologize for taking you to that play, Lillie, I am altogether to blame. I had no idea what it was like ; I am thoroughly disgusted."

And under his breath, Lillie heard him mutter something very like " d——d rot."

" The last time we had a very nice amusing play, a Japanese thing," said Lillie.

" Oh ! yes, the ' Mikado,' that was fun without coarseness. And there were others, the ' Gondoliers '—you liked that opera ? "

" Yes, it was very pretty," the young girl replied. " Why can't they keep to plays like those, instead of the wretched one they are presenting to-night ? "

Saying good-bye at Lillie's door, Charley was about to make another apology for the mishap of the evening. Lillie interrupted him :

" Don't say another word about it. I deserve to be disappointed for thinking of going to a theatre to-night."

Then she told the young man what day it was, and how she used to spend it long ago. And oh ! how long ago it seemed !

IV.

It was Christmas morning, and the church was thronged with worshippers. The scene outside was a dreary one, the streets were slushy after a slight fall of snow. But here all was warmth and colour. The glistening leaves of the ever-greens wreathed the stately pillars, and hung in festoons round the High Altar which was ablaze with lights. Mass had just begun. Soon from the choir there came a joyous burst of melody. *Gloria in excelsis Deo*—the angel's song, the song first heard on the lonely hillside of Bethlehem. *Et in terra pax hominibus*.

Lillie was in the church, and though not wholly uninfluenced by the hallowed festival, she was far from feeling that holy peace proclaimed by the angels to be the dower of men of good-will at the advent of the Infant Saviour.

When the time came for Holy Communion and the bell rang for the thrice-repeated *Domine non sum dignus*, Lillie remained in her place. She dared not approach the altar. It was now many months since she had been to confession. How far had she strayed from the path followed with such exactitude in her childhood! And yet her soul was not stained by anything except the Mass lost on that unforgotten Sunday in the preceding summer. But by degrees she had become careless and lukewarm.

And now Mass was over, and the old familiar *Adeste Fideles* rang through the church, the dear old Christmas hymn, with its reiterated invitation—*Venite adoremus Dominum*. And they did adore Him, with all their hearts, those good people. And tears were in many eyes, when memory called up from the shadow-land the loved ones who once knelt there with them to pray, and formed the happy group who sat around the home-fireside, to make merry, as befitted the glad feast of the Nativity.

V.

"Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land."

How beautifully the words of the Canticle describe the coming of Spring! All down the centuries, year after year unfailingly, the Holy Spirit has renewed the face of the earth. From death and corruption, arise life and beauty.

It was now the month of May. "The flowers had appeared in our land." Was it like our May in Palestine when his song burst from the lips of Solomon? Surely we have no lovelier month, and this was an ideal one. For once the newspaper bards were obliged to refrain from their usual tirades against "the May of the poets." We all know how they rage if there are a few rainy days, or if winter, leaning back for a last look, lets his cold mantle droop from his shoulders, and cast a chilling shadow over the land.

One evening after a hot day, unusually hot for spring, Lillie on her return home from the office felt the house stifling. Charley had gone to the country for a week on business for his employer; so she was quite free to do as she pleased, and accordingly she set out to take a walk. She was passing one of the churches when she met a group of tiny girls, all dressed in white, who were evidently hastening to take part in one of the May processions. She turned to look after them, and, prompted by a sudden thought, retraced her steps, and followed them. The children ran round to the sacristy to be ranged in order with their companions, and Lillie entered the church. It was almost empty as it was yet too early for the devotions. How peaceful it was! The rush and roar of the city was softened to a faint murmur like the sound of distant waters. Shadows were gathering in the dim recesses, but the western windows were still aglow with the radiance of the sunset and flung patches of gorgeous colour here and there on the old grey pillars.

One long beam of golden light fell on the picture representing the third fall of Christ under the cross that He had dragged through the streets of the capital city of His nation, amid the crowds who had come from all parts of Judea to celebrate the Jewish festival.

The young girl's gaze followed the sunbeam and rested on that pathetic figure so awful in its loneliness and desolation; abandoned by all it seemed, save enemies, and the soldiers of Rome. With softened heart and moistened eyes Lillie looked until the light had faded and all was grey.

Now the people began to come in and the church was soon filled. The Rosary was said, after which there was a short sermon on tepidity and venial sin. The preacher reminded his hearers of that appalling denunciation pronounced by God in the Apocalypse against those who allow themselves to lapse into a state of lukewarmness. The sermon was listened to with the deepest attention by the congregation. But there were other listeners too; a silent, unseen band, and among them

was Lillie's guardian angel watching over, and praying for, his erring charge.

Then came the procession. A host of children in snowy raiment, carrying tiny banners, and singing the praises of the Virgin Mother, walked round the church. As Faber's beautiful hymn, "Sweet Star of the Sea," fell from the childish lips, a crowd of memories came to Lillie. The May evenings long ago, Our Lady's altar fragrant with wild flowers, primroses and the sweet wild hyacinths, the lovely spoils of the woodland, the procession round the convent garden and she, Lillie Gray, a tiny child, running to darling Sister Paula, to beg her to adjust the veil which would keep falling off her curly hair.

At length her wandering thoughts were recalled to the present, for now the hymn ceased, the children knelt round the altar, and there was a pause until the priest had placed the King on His golden throne, high up among the twinkling lights and the glowing flowers. Then came the *O Salutaris* with its beautiful ending :—

Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.

Well did Lillie know the meaning of those words in which we pray for endless life in our fatherland. And now she prayed with all her heart that she too might share in that life unending, in our true country, our real home, heaven. When the blessing was given and the second *Adoremus in aeternum* sung, she still knelt on. The altar tapers were extinguished, and presently the church was dark except for the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp and the lights opposite the confessionals. These latter were rapidly becoming crowded. After a little while the girl rose from her knees, crossed the nave with resolute step, and took her place at the end of one of the rows of penitents. The time of waiting, long as it necessarily was, proved all too short for her preparation. At length her turn came; and it was a very happy Lillie who again knelt in the dim light before the tabernacle. Tears of sorrow, that were also, strangely, tears of joy, fell from her eyes.

Such were the tears that Peter shed,
Than Hybla's dews more sweet.
Such were the tears that Mary wept
Upon her Saviour's feet.

Then home through the darkening streets to prepare for the morning. She rose early and was in good time for Mass. With wonderful fervour she received Holy Communion, and made her thanksgiving to Him who had so lovingly followed after

and brought her back, to place her once more safely in the fold with the ninety-nine—the lost sheep who had strayed from Him a little way, and might have strayed still further, and been lost amid the thorns and briars of the world.

VI.

The next Sunday, Charles Forrester called to take Lillie for a walk, and in reply to his usual question as to where they should go, she said :

“ I am going to Vespers.”

“ I am going to Vespers.” Charley mimicked her tone and said : “ Dear me, what an emphatic *I* ! And pray, may I not accompany your ladyship ? ”

“ Will you come, Charley ? ”

“ Of course I'll come.”

Off they went, and deeply the young girl regretted that she had never before proposed going to church on Sunday evenings, instead of strolling aimlessly about.

And now a very important time was coming. Charley's salary, a fairly good one, had been lately increased ; and he thought he should like to have a home of his own. He consulted Lillie, and the result was that the young people decided to start house-keeping forthwith. They were married in May, Lillie very wisely ignoring the absurd superstition* which pretends to foretell ill-luck to those who are rash enough to wed in that month. Part of the honeymoon was spent in the bride's native village. Charley was taken to visit the convent, and was introduced to Sister Paula who soon found an opportunity to give his wife her opinion of him, which, judging by the smiles with which it was received, must have been very favourable.

Some time after the young people returned to Dublin, to take up the serious business of life. Charley on his way to the office one morning, met Mr. Leslie whom he had not lately seen. The young man stopped to enquire for Mrs. Forrester, and Charley grew eloquent as he praised Lillie's house-keeping, and confided to his old friend the fact that one pound in her hands went quite as far as two in his own in his bachelor days. Then he said with a smile, “ She is the best little wife in the world. Come and dine with us next Sunday.”

M. C.

* This notion dates from the old pagan times, and is alluded to by Ovid, who was born forty-three years before the Christian era.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LANTERNS

THE title of this paper has been suggested by Robert Louis Stevenson's delightful essay, "The Lantern Bearers." I shall, I feel certain, be pardoned, if I quote the passage at some length.

"Toward the end of September, when school time was drawing near, and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tiny bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigour of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin. They never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers. Their use was nought, the pleasure of them merely fanciful, and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. . . . When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious, 'Have you got your lantern?' and a gratified 'Yes!' That was the shibboleth, and very needful, too, for, as it was the rule to keep our glory concealed, none could recognize a lantern-bearer unless (like the polecat) by the smell. . . . Then four or five would climb into an old lugger, the coats would be unbuttoned, the bull's-eyes discovered; and, in the chequering glimmer, cheered by a rich steam of toasting tin-ware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together, and delight them with inappropriate talk."

"Woe is me," says Stevenson, "that I cannot give some specimens! . . . But the talk was but a condiment, and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night, the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned, not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public,—a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge."

And then Stevenson goes on to say: "A man's life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud: there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells

delighted ; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of bull's-eye at his belt."

So much for Stevenson. Now, this lantern which each man has at his belt, being hidden from us by his great cloak of ordinary commonplace living, we miss the joy of his life, we fail to understand him, and the whole poetry of his existence is lost to us.

We jostle and bustle about this busy old world of ours, and, as the crowds come and go, and our eyes light upon the foreheads of men and women, of youths and maidens, foreheads of every size and shape, aye, and of assorted textures and hues, we little suspect what burning thoughts, what generous aims, what noble aspirations vibrate beneath those prison-walls. All these people, I know not why, have their lanterns hidden beneath their great coats, and we, whose eyes cannot, forsooth, see through a thick frieze, pronounce them lanternless. We call their lives dull, stupid, commonplace, or, as the academic would have it, "unpoetic."

Now, there was once a man who, on complaining that he could see nothing grand in the poetry of Milton, received the answer that the fault lay, not with Milton, but with himself ; and so it is with us. If we can see nothing noble in the countless lives around us, the fault lies, not with them, but with ourselves. We are only finite, and our small minds have to attend, for the most part, to our own special vocation, if we wish to succeed in it. It is only poets and philosophers and great dreamers who can feel this inner joy and significance of the lives of others. But we cannot be all poets or philosophers or great dreamers, this being the privilege of the few. What we can do, however, is to listen to what poets have enshrined in immortal verse, and to try and feel, with their guidance, what we cannot *ordinarily* feel by ourselves. I say *ordinarily*, for there are moments in the lives of the most earthy of us, when the soul, pierced through with intense emotion, seems to be suddenly enlightened ; the scales fall from our eyes and the whole inner meaning of life flashes upon us

"This "sudden gleam divine," as Walt Whitman calls it, will visit different people at very dissimilar times. To poets it comes on the most ordinary occasions ; to a Wordsworth at the sight of even the "meanest flower that blows ;" to a Shelley, on hearing the strains of a skylark ; to a Byron, on contemplating the great ocean ; to a Whitman, on crossing the crowded ferry. But to people other than poets this divine gleam comes on what we might call *extra-ordinary* occasions. To the

school-boy it will often come amidst the joy of the first home-going, when the poor young soul, unaccustomed to such emotion, is mystified by those inexplicable tears that will steal up and blind his eyes while his heart overflows with gladness. On the mind of the youth it may flash for the first time, amid the mixed joy and sorrow of leaving home to brave the great big world. Very many will experience it as they kneel at the death-bed of a father or mother, sister or brother, or other dear friend, a hard way, indeed, of learning life's meaning ; but this is how millions are doomed to be taught.

Others there are again, on whom the knowledge of life's real significance gleams at the hour when they attain the very summit of their ambition, and possess that for which they have long and ardently worked. All that they have successfully striven for, now reduces itself to a speck, and the world-wide life-struggle all round glows with infinite meaning.

I cannot but think that the rapture of the exile on seeing again his native shore is streaked with a ray of this untold light, and that this accounts for his desire to lavish kindness wherever he goes, and to look on all men as his brothers.

The eminent psychologist of the New World, Professor James, says that this sudden gleam of insight illuminates the mind of the common practical man when he becomes a lover. The soul of the patriot, too, is often inundated with a stream of such light as he lies fetter-bound in some prison cell suffering for his country's cause. Rejoiced, he cries out, " And this is what they think they have taken prisoner ! " and often from his brain there flow forth soul-stirring songs that will be a light to his countrymen when he is no more.

To others, again, this illuminating ray will come as they lie stretched on a bed of sickness, with death staring them in the face. To the ardent missionary it would probably come as he treads, for the first time, the land that is to be the scene of his labours ; and to the student of the classics and the thorough Christian alike, it would surely come on the realization of a long-looked-for visit to Rome.

These are only a few of the very many different occasions on which the rays of the sublime may enter the soul of the ordinary man or woman. Nor will the rays always enter precisely at such hours. They may come to the boy on the third day of his vacation rather than on the first ; and to the bereaved they may come, weeks after the death of the friend, on meeting accidentally some trifle that belonged to him whom they mourn. Hear the experience of Oliver Wendell Holmes in Rome. " The rush," he says, " that should have flooded my soul in the Coli-

seum did not come, but, walking one day in the fields about the city, I stumbled over a fragment of broken masonry, and lo ! the world's mistress in her stone girdle rose before me, and whitened my cheek with her pale shadow as never before or since."

Now these spells which I have tried to describe, but which, in reality, evade all description, no matter when they come or how, are the moments of our lives that really matter : fleeting as they are, they are epoch-making for us.

One moment then may give us more
Than fifty years of reason.

And to Whitman's questioning :—

Has never come to thee an hour,
A sudden gleam divine, precipitating, bursting all these bubbles, fashions,
wealth ?
These eager business aims—books, politics, art, amours,
To utter nothingness ?

which of us but can answer, " Yes," and acknowledge how in the light of that " sudden gleam divine," our whole scale of values has been upset. " We make no vows, but vows are made for us," we judge people by an entirely new standard in this new light, and that standard is the only true one. But then the old darkness comes back, and envelopes all round, and we are too wont to take up our old scale of values again ; but by struggling bravely and preserving the memory of what we have seen when there *was* light, we shall find that, as Matthew Arnold puts it,

*Tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.*

Aye, and all along through dark months and years and decades the memory of what we have felt " in us will breed perpetual benediction."

If only our minds and hearts are large enough, those passing rays of insight will give birth in us to that fine spirit of *reverence* which is characteristic of all great minds. Nay it may be that, if we could only express in words what we feel in those jewel-laden moments, we should be all poets. For this it is that makes the poet,—this faculty of clothing in suitable language, and of habitually feeling what it is ours to feel in such rare moments. But for us less gifted mortals, if, aided by the memory of what we have felt, we can arrive so far as to be able to revere all men and despise none, we shall have gained a treasure that wealth cannot buy.

Those momentary flashes of insight, so fraught with importance for our whole after lives, are one great means, then, which helps us to become conscious of the existence of other people's lanterns, that is, of a secret something in their lives which is great and noble and good; for anything that savours of greatness, or nobility, or goodness, cannot but be a source of joy to its possessor, a lantern at his belt.

There is a second means, and that more directly under our own control, by which we can *unblind* ourselves to this hidden light of the lives of others. I refer to the study of Literature. It is to the poets, to great men and great thinkers that we must turn to uncloak the lanterns for us, to unravel for us the mystery of life, and to prepare us for life's struggle. Daily contact with the greatest thoughts of the greatest men must inevitably end by ennobling the mind, refining all its faculties, and elevating it to an eminence, whence, seated above life's petty strifes and worries, it commands a farther reaching and clearer outlook on humanity. We never can over-estimate the value of Literature as a daily ingredient in our lives. Mr. John Morley, who is certainly an authority on such matters, says: "We must use Literature as the proper instrument for a systematic training of the imagination and sympathies and of a genial and varied moral sensibility."

Yes, Literature, by bringing us into intimate relations with high ideals and examples of conduct, trains the imagination while feeding it, and the sympathies while awakening them, and the moral sense while elevating it.

Books we know

Are a substantial world both pure and good.

But the study of Literature is something different from mere poring over books. The man who reads only one stanza of poetry in the week, but who (to use Montaigne's word) *incorporates* the thought of that stanza, is often a better student of Literature than he who rushes through three hundred pages in a day; for the latter will rarely give himself time to grasp the thoughts and make them his own. His kind of reading may do for some novels (it is too good for many of them); it will probably do for most narrative poetry; but where poetry borders on the sublime, it would be profanation to treat it thus. We must feel the great thoughts and let them sink deep, *deep* down, else the study of Literature cannot help to unblind us. If we could do this even only once a month, or once a year, it might help to keep those awful scales from growing on our mind's eyes again. In this respect vacations are really very important

times in our lives : for then the soul, freed from the strain of daily duty, is able to soar aloft and feel the joy that poets have felt. For my part (and I think no sensible student will disagree with me) I should be very loath to find fault with a system of education that leaves students free, for a few months each year, to roam the wild hill-side on the sea-beaten shore, and to think and feel for themselves what they only half feel when reading their poets and philosophers. There, among the purple heather, or beside the great ocean, a hundred miles it may be from their beloved book-shelf, the darkness often rolls away, and, wondering, they see, in that great mysterious gloomy swarm, humanity, which for nine months they have been discussing in the dark,—what ? A whole world of lantern-bearers.

Now they see what their great men meant ; now, without a book, they study Literature and Philosophy aright. But with all this modern clamour for Science and self-improvement, and vacation lectures, we bid fair to have soon very little "time" left for this best form of self-improvement, for this ennobling, this elevating, this unblinding of our own souls.

In this age when Physical Science has advanced with such strides, and has procured for us so many of the advantages that appeal to our *fleshy* selves, there is a growing tendency to under-rate the value of Literature as a subject of study, while elevating Science to a place of premier importance.

Now, it is true, that none of us in this twentieth century can very well afford to do without Science, and ungrateful should we be, indeed, if, cushioned round as our lives are by the thousand material comforts she has procured us, we sought to belittle her. Besides, before she began to turn her face so much earthwards, Science wrought an everlasting good for the soul of man. This she did when she revealed to him the inconceivable distances of the stars, thus teaching his pride a much needed lesson, by giving him some idea of the immensity of creation and of his own littleness.

But when notable thinkers like Herbert Spencer tell us that Science is *the basis of civilization* (and here I understand him to mean purely Physical Science), and, that the well-being of the grown-up man depends on the amount of scientific knowledge stored up in his youth, and that therefore Science is the *one subject* that really deserves attention in schools, what answer can we make only this?—"If civilization means motor car and electric war-engines, if all the grown-up man needs is material comfort in abundance, and if those are the things in life best worth having, all right ! Live Science and be mistress of studies !"

But we are born for higher things—"By the soul *only* nations shall be great and free." Our souls, our higher selves, must first be tended and nourished and developed. Civilization may be, and indeed generally is attended with scientific progress, but the grand basis of civilization, that from which it draws its very life-essence, is not Science, but Religion, with its great help-mates, Moral Philosophy and Literature.

Let these then come first; then welcome Science with all her possible discoveries. For Science, with those studies that help to cultivate the soul, will make civilized men; but without those ennobling and elevating studies, Science will make comfortable brutes.

But to return to the lanterns; we have seen that Literature, while refining and strengthening our minds, enlarges our sympathies, and so helps us to understand better the lives of others. Very many of us have, since we read *David Copperfield*, discovered a living Betsy Trotwood in some old dame whom we formerly considered "a cross old thing": and who that has read *Knocknagow*, or *Sally Cavanagh*, does not know better those simple, untaught country folk, and, knowing them, love them? For perfect knowledge leads to love.

And this brings me to the third cure I would suggest for our blindness, namely, *Love*—a generous, sympathetic, reverential, universal love.

The lanterns of those we love seldom escape us. Now, we love best those with whom we either are, or have been in daily intercourse—those, in other words, whom we have the good fortune to know best. We see in our own parents and brothers and sisters a thousand noble and endearing qualities to which we know the rest of the world is entirely blind. It is love that gives us this insight. The common saying that "Love is blind," is absolutely false. Far from being blind, Love is keen-sighted, and has eyes without scales, so that it penetrates beneath the cloaks and feels the bliss, and the sorrow, and sees the secret strife and victory in the lives of others. If we loved everyone, we should see the lantern of each, and, *vice-versa*, if we saw all the lanterns we might love all the lantern-bearers. I think one of the principal reasons why we cannot help loving little children is that they have not yet learned to cover their lanterns up with the great cloak of reserve. We are witnesses of all their generous little strivings after the good, their efforts to please Mamma, their little victories over themselves; in fine, we see their little lanterns and so love them all the more. Of course in our love of little children, there is the additional factor of pity for the hard struggles that we know must soon wrinkle those angel faces, and

for the sorrow that will inevitably come to cloud with tears those laughing eyes. But all the same one of the chief reasons why we love them so is that we see their little lanterns.

When all is told, neither the "sudden gleam divine" that comes at critical moments of our lives, nor the study of Literature, nor love, nor all three will ever fully solve the Lantern Problem for us. For the darkness *will* come back again after the "sudden gleam divine," and we cannot, do what we will, be always mindful of what we saw, and be at the same time practical beings; and, though Literature will help us somewhat to know that the lanterns are there, it will not tell us in what each lantern consists; and as for *Love*, our hearts are too small to love everyone even if we tried; and besides, Love seems to grow as much from a knowledge of the lanterns as the knowledge of the lanterns grows from love. Our love of our own friends, however, ought to teach us this much, that, as surely as we know that their very first qualities are hidden from the outer world, so surely are the finest qualities of other people hidden from us.

If, then, we cannot get much positive insight into the lives of others, we can at least, use our sense of our own blindness to make us more careful in going over dark places. In doing this we shall smooth the way for ourselves towards the fulfilment of the grandest precept ever given to men for their life together, "*Love one another.*"

LENA BUTLER.

TESSELLÆ.

Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to guard us

Secure from sin this day.

O Lord, have mercy on us!

Have mercy, Lord, we pray.

O magnum pietatis opus! mors mortua tunc est

In ligno quando mortua vita fuit.

O mighty work of mercy! Death died then the death
When Life upon the Rood breath'd forth its dying breath.

M. R.

SOME RECENT POETRY

WE shall seem to be beginning very far away from our subject if (with our wonted partiality for interesting proper names) we refer back to the terrible war that prevented the United States from being disunited. An Irish priest, well known to very many of our readers, Father Bannon, S.J.—who, however, had not yet enlisted under the standard of St. Ignatius—was a very zealous and efficient chaplain in the Army of the South which can have numbered no more stalwart man in its ranks.

1. In October, 1863, it became necessary for him to run the blockade from Wilmington, North Carolina, in the *Robert E. Lee*, which had once been *The Giraffe* trading peacefully between Glasgow and Belfast before it was purchased by the Confederates as a blockade-runner. The youngest of the officers of the *Robert E. Lee* was a lad from Richmond in Virginia, John Bannister Tabb. He was a Protestant, but he soon became very friendly with the tall Irish priest. Several years later, soon after he had reached manhood, he became a Catholic and eventually a priest. His work has chiefly lain in St. Charles's College, Ellicott City in Maryland, but in the archdiocese of Baltimore—a Sulpician community, though Father Tabb is not a Sulpician. These particulars would hardly prepare us to find in John Bannister Tabb a poet who has won recognition on both sides of the Atlantic. On our side thereof the latest tribute paid to him is the publication of *A Selection from the Verses of John B. Tabb made by Alice Meynell* (Burns & Oates, price 2s. 6d. net). To have passed the tribunal of a taste so exquisitely fastidious and refined is a guarantee of peculiar excellence. Father Tabb is a true poet whose originality takes the very unusual form of compression, concentration, excessive brevity. The "Medical Student," whose "Misadventures" Richard Dalton Williams sang so cleverly sixty years ago, rewarded his landlord for "boarding him respectably on tick" by calling him "the quintessence concentrated of a sublimated brick." Each of Father Tabb's poems aims, not unsuccessfully, at being the concentrated quintessence of a poem always ingenious and sometimes sublime. The *Daily Mail* credits him with "a remarkable talent for writing a kind of Landorian cameo in delicately chiselled verse," and calls him very aptly a "Christian epigrammatist," in the old classical sense of epigram rather than in the modern meaning of the

word. "In the smallest possible compass he enshrines witty fancies, pathetic sentiments and ingenious turns of imagination." Quatrains are his favourite form of verse, and the sonnet is almost the longest of his swallow-flights. Mrs. Meynell, herself famous for sonnets that Rossetti praised, has chosen about a dozen of Father Tabb's. Here is one which, we hope, is not autobiographical :—

I wrestled, as did Jacob, till the dawn,
With the reluctant Spirit of the Night
That keeps the keys of Slumber. Worn and white,
We paused a panting moment, while anon
The darkness paled around us. Thereupon—
His mighty limbs relaxing in affright—
The Angel pleaded : " Lo, the morning light !
O Israel, release me, and begone ! "

Then said I, " Nay, a captive to my will
I hold thee, till the blessing thou dost keep
Be mine." Whereat he breathed upon my brow ;
And as the dew upon the twilight hill,
So on my spirit, overwearied now,
Came tenderly the benediction, sleep.

This is called " The Agony ; " but a more direct reference is made to Gethsemani in another poem which is called plainly " Insomnia " and which I will quote for the comfort of those who suffer that affliction :—

E'en this, Lord, didst Thou bless—
This pain of sleeplessness—
The livelong night,
Urging God's gentlest angel from Thy side,
That anguish only might with Thee abide
Until the light.

Yea, e'en the last and best,
Thy victory and rest,
Came thus to Thee ;
For 'twas while others calmly slept around
That Thou alone in sleeplessness wast found,
To comfort me.

2. Next we take up *A Sheaf of Song* by Mrs. Calvert Spensley (London : Gay & Bird. Price 1s. net). We claim her as an Irishwoman ; and indeed, after a very tender and beautiful dedication, she puts first a filial address " To Ireland." With a wise parsimony Mrs. Spensley gives us only twenty-three poems,

all short, but all deeply felt and carefully finished. Is not the winsome rondeau to James marred a little by "wore," which surely is the wrong tense? "An Autumn Day" ought to have shunned the insincere paganism of "the gods," but it is indeed very beautiful, yet less pathetic than "Very Suddenly." The four sonnets which bring to an end this slender but very pleasant and pleasingly printed tome remind one of the famous "Portuguese Sonnets" of her whom many think the greatest of woman-poets. They are full of thought and feeling.

3. *Canzoni*, by T. A. Daly (published for a dollar, by the Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Company, Philadelphia) is a very compactly but elegantly printed volume of some two hundred pages, containing a large collection of poems on a great variety of subjects, written in a great variety of moods, and in a great variety of forms. A very pleasant book it is, and dedicated most appropriately *To my Wife and Children*, for it is full of the love of children and the holy domestic affections. The Italian title *Canzoni* has this for its justification, that a large number of the poems are in English as spoken by Italians in America. In this dialect Mr. Daly is a consummate master, and he can be pathetic in it as well as humorous. No wonder that many of his poems have gone the rounds of the American Press. He has wit, feeling, a musical ear, and a good heart. Of course he is an Irishman, though born perhaps in the United States. So also no doubt, is Denis A. M'Carthy, author of *Voices from Erin* (Angel Guardian Press, 100 Ruggles Street, Boston, price one dollar). But no; we find that Mr. M'Carthy was born in the Golden Vale of Tipperary, and several pictures of those home scenes illustrate the volume. (By the way a word of praise is due to the clever etching and crayon drawings which illustrate Mr. Daly's volume.) Mr. M'Carthy is Associate-Editor of the excellent *Sacred Heart Review*, published at Boston. His Irish and Catholic nature finds vent in these musical and patriotic lyrics, many of which have made their way far and wide through the Press.

4. *South African Verses and Others*, by the Hon. A. Wilmot, M.L.C., K.S.G., are printed and published at the Salesian Institute, 49 Bruitenkaut Street, Cape Town. Mr. Wilmot was very wise in seeking his inspiration from the new land in which he has played so useful a part. His muse concerns herself chiefly about African persons, telling very spiritedly sundry romantic stories about native heroes, etc. Though it bears some traces of amateur workmanship, this is an interesting contribution to the increasing literature of South Africa.

5. Sixpence is a very modest price for so neat a book as *A Bunch of Wild Flowers, Poems, and Religious Subjects*, by Brian O'Higgins (Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son). The Very Rev. Bernard Gaffney, P.P., V.F., of the Diocese of Kilmore, has prefixed a very graceful little Introduction. Mr. O'Higgins treats of a great variety of pious themes—the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, the saints, the Holy Souls, nuns, little children, "God's wee birds," Ireland, the Church, and many other sacred subjects, sung very musically, and with a tender piety. Some of the verses seem to have been too quickly improvised. A little more study, brooding, meditation, would have improved thought and expression. At page 24 *form* stands for two syllables, while in pages 28 and 32 it is wisely content with one. On the last of these pages St. Francis Xavier dies in India, whereas Sancian is off the coast of China. On the opposite page the first line of the "Penitent" has three syllables more than it is entitled to. These minute criticisms show the care and appreciation with which this holy little budget of song has been read.

BELGARD WOOD

O BARE brown trees of Belgard wood,
That tremble in the wind,
Dear days when Life was young and good
You sadly call to mind.
Not one of all your summer leaves,
That danced on every bough,
Was lighter than this heart that grieves
In lonely silence now.

Deep in the moss about your feet,
Now open to the gale,
Grew violets and cowslips sweet,
Primroses, moonlit pale.

And not a bird of all your birds,
That thrilled against the sky
His song of rapture without words
Sang half so blithe as I.

O many a pleasant hour and day,
When I was a little child,
I spent in happy, happy play,
Within your greenwood wild ;
With bird, and bee, and squirrel brown,
And blossoming bud and flower,
And "whats-o'-clocks" of thistledown,
Went many a day and hour.

Now, hid beneath a roof of fern
Beside some sheltering hedge,
I watched the water-hen or tern
Steal from the quivering sedge,
Where, in a swift and stealthy race,
A silvery minnow gleamed,
And all the world a faery place
Of mystic beauty seemed.

O dear brown trees of Belgard Wood
That, leafless and bereft,
Unsheltered bear rough winter's mood,
Forlorn, like you, I'm left.
My summer but a memory is
Of days forever past ;
My comfort, but a baby's kiss,
Against the wintry blast.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Moores of Glynn*. By the Rev. J. Guinan. London and Glasgow : Washbourne. (Price 3s. 6d.)

Father Guinan's two previous works, *Priests and People in Doon*, and *The Soggarth Aroon*, have been widely read, and warmly praised. A very remarkable anthology of praise bestowed on the *Soggarth* has been slipped into the copy of the new book, as if to predispose the reader favourably. The new book is more of a complete, continuous novel. The first and even the second member of Father Guinan's trilogy consisted rather of separate sketches strung together. *The Moores of Glynn* is a story of the early Land League times. Probably the storyteller would have been well advised if he had suppressed the first chapter which supposes the end to have been reached. Why not begin at the beginning? In our wish to announce this book for Christmas we cannot wait to study the plot; but we may reveal that the hero becomes a Member of Parliament, and one of his speeches in the House is given. The non-political parts are the best; and the life and death of the good Irish mother, Honor Moore, are described with true priestly sympathy.

2. *The Sins of Society*. Words spoken by Father Bernard Vaughan, of the Society of Jesus, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Mayfair, during the Season, 1906. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. (Price 5s.)

Father Faber speaks somewhere of "that energetically bad portion of the world which in Scripture is called the world." Father Vaughan, in these famous sermons, denounces and bewails the vices and sinful follies of a specially wretched set of this world. It might be objected that the real offenders were not there to be denounced; but, as the course went on, they came in crowds to receive their punishment; and now, as a book, the discourses will reach a far more numerous audience. Father Vaughan has added a very interesting preface, and a still more interesting epilogue. The last forty pages are filled with samples of the public and private criticisms that the lectures provoked, or evoked; and these also, besides being very amusing, are useful for the object which the earnest and courageous preacher had at heart. His book is assured of a circulation very much beyond the limit with which even very eloquent collections of sermons are fain to be content.

3. Though not submitted to our judgment, we cannot

refrain from expressing our admiration for the Christmas numbers of the *Weekly Press*, of Christchurch, New Zealand, and of the *Weekly News*, of Auckland, New Zealand. The beautiful illustrations, many of them coloured, give one a high opinion of the enterprise, skill, scenery, and prosperity of that great country of the future. It is a comfort to think of the holy convents at Dunedin, Timaru, and elsewhere, that have a share in moulding the character of its people through the education of its young womanhood.

5. *Father Gallwey. A Sketch, with some Early Letters.* By his old pupil, Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 2s.)

This is the first stone of the cairn that must be raised to the memory of Father Peter Gallwey, S.J. He was a holy man, richly and variously gifted; nay, he was a great man. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald was one of his pupils at Stonyhurst. They afterwards kept up for some years an interchange of letters. About twenty of Father Gallwey's are given in this little book, all belonging to the Fifties. They are very interesting for those who are already interested in the writer.

5. The most interesting pennyworth that the Dublin press has issued for a long time is *A Calendar of Irish Saints* (Office of the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, 5 Great Denmark Street, Dublin). It has been compiled with great care and industry by the Rev. Andrew M'Erlain, S.J. The same office has sent out the tenth thousand of *The Album of the Blessed Virgin*, ten beautiful photogravures of the most celebrated pictures of the Madonna venerated at various shrines. A brief history of each is added, together with a few suitable prayers. The whole, with a pretty cover, is very cheap at threepence.

6. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin), has published the late Monsignor Molloy's *Lessons on the Catechism*, admirably clear and sound, like everything that he wrote. Only a penny though twice the ordinary size. Two recent numbers of the same series are by Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross—*Tillage*, and *The Practical Application of Christianity to the Lives of the Irish People of To-day*. The Bishop of Ross has long devoted his attention to these practical subjects, and these small pamphlets will, please God, do an immense amount of good among the people. Besides the admirable *Catholic Truth Annual* (price sixpence) with valuable papers by the Bishop of Elphin, Dr. M'Caffrey, of Maynooth, Canon Hogan, and others, a penny booklet contains two extremely pathetic sketches of Irish life, *The Little Schoolmistress*, and *Annie Maggie*, by J. Rill. Is that the writer's real name? He or she will be

heard of. Mrs. Maher and Miss Grace Christmas also contribute new stories to this popular series which appeals to an immense audience.

8. Lady Gilbert's new story, *Our Sister Maisie*, which we noticed last month, seems to be welcomed more warmly than almost any of its predecessors. Thus, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "A charming addition to those many books which Rosa Mulholland (as she prefers to be called in the world of literature) gives play to her fine Irish wit, her powers of character creation and narrative, and her thoroughly womanly qualities." The *Spectator*: "An excellent specimen of that very agreeable hybrid, the gift-book novel. . . . The catastrophe of the bog slide is described with no little force, giving us a vivid picture of what is one of the most distressing calamities in Ireland. . . . It is an interesting little incident (when we remember that it is to Lady Gilbert we are indebted for this charming story), that one of the children finds an ancient gold ornament under the peat in the island." The *Standard*: "A very pretty and engaging story . . . marked by much sympathy, delicacy of treatment, and pathos." The *Ladies' Field*: "The life of the family on the wild west-coast island is described as only Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert) lover of Ireland, and friend of girlhood, can describe it." The *Guardian*: "An exceedingly pleasant and picturesque story. . . . May be heartily commended." The *Christian World*: "One of the most charming stories that Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert) has written. . . . An enviable spirit of humorous philosophy. . . . Girls will rave about it, and elder folk will find it well worth reading." The *Manchester Guardian*: "Rosa Mulholland knows how to keep up the interest of her story with credible incident and bright dialogue. . . . Irish humour and temper make the book lively reading." The *Publisher and Bookseller*: "There is a charm and tenderness about all Rosa Mulholland's (Lady Gilbert) work. . . . The pictures of Irish life are excellent, while the author has a special gift of interesting us in her characters individually." The *World*: "Original and pleasing. . . . Maisie's heavy task is described with sympathy and skill, and vivid sketches of Irish country life lend picturesque charm to a thoroughly well-written book."

9. We have delayed too long our notice of the third number of the *Journal of the County Louth Archaeological Society*, which is printed admirably by Mr. William Tempest, Dundalk. This youngest of the antiquarian associations has in three years done excellent work, and certainly deserves to be practically encouraged by all who are interested in County Louth and its antiquities. Part III. of the *Journal* consists of a hundred

pages—papers by Sir Henry Bellingham, Rev. T. Gogarty, C.C., and others, especially the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Henry Morris—illustrated by twenty-four pictures. Better paper or printing could not be desired; and the whole publication reflects great credit on the local printers and all concerned in its production. The price is half-a-crown.

10. *The Ulster Journal of Archaeology* (M'Caw, Stevenson, and Orr, Ltd.; price 1s.), has reached Part IV. of its twelfth volume. It is the longest established of the antiquarian serials. and is kept up with great spirit under the editorship of Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A. A complete series of its volumes will be invaluable for Irish students hereafter.

11. *Two Angel Tales*, by Father Faber, are very attractively reprinted by Messrs. Burns and Oates, in a fashion which will captivate young readers, especially when helped by Mr. Symington's clever illustrations. The little book from which these stories are taken was, perhaps, Father Faber's least successful piece of work.

12. *Mary in the Gospels. Lectures on the History of Our Blessed Lady as recorded by the Evangelists.* By the Very Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 3s. 6d.)

A revised edition of an excellent work published exactly "twice twenty golden years ago," when public attention had just been strongly drawn to the subject of the Blessed Virgin's place in Christianity by Dr. Newman's famous answer to Pusey's mis-called *Eirenicon*. This reprint is admirably produced.

13. *Tyburn Conferences: Oxford, Douay, Tyburn.* Delivered at Tyburn Convent by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 2s. 6d.)

This is a very interesting account of the English Martyrs of the Reformation period. "Tyburn was the scene of their triumph, as Oxford had been of their call, and Douay of their training." Father Camm makes very effective use of the poetry of Francis Thompson whom he calls our modern Crashaw.

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AN INCIDENT IN THE LATEST FRENCH REVOLUTION

THE country of Bossuet and St. Vincent de Paul has gone through many revolutions. The first of them began earlier than the Quatrevingt Neuf of the eighteenth century ; and the latest is going on at present. It will not be the last. We, Catholics of Ireland, do not take half enough interest in the troubles of the Church in France. This is partly the fault of the newspapers. Foreign news especially, for the most part, comes to us through poisoned mediums ; the ordinary Press agencies are manipulated by persons who are prejudiced against the Catholic Church and in favour of the Freemasons and infidels who control at present the political destinies of France. For instance, the Paris correspondent of the journal that used to be considered the head of the world's Press, is a Jew, who shows his bitter enmity to Catholicity in every paragraph. He sometimes unwittingly refutes his own statements, as in his account of the expulsion of the Archbishop of Paris from his abode. We are glad to have a description of that memorable scene from an eye-witness. Miss M. C. Keogh has placed at our disposal the following account of what she herself saw. Turning out bishops and priests from their homes—robbing them of the pittance which had been allowed as a miserable compensation for the confiscated endowments which the piety of the faithful had bestowed on the Church—every sort of injury and insult heaped on the representatives of religion ; and M. Briand with brutal cynicism says that they will carefully abstain from the most distant approach to persecution ! If they wanted to persecute, what would they do ?

Was it in this manner that Gladstone disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland? No sincere, religious-minded Protestant could, if properly informed of what is going on in France, feel anything but abhorrence for the hypocritical irreligious men who are there doing the work of the Prince of Darkness.

* * * * *

Monday, the 17th December, 1906, will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed the expulsion of Cardinal Richard from his palace in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris. It is a day which has left its indelible mark upon the pages of history.

We awoke with a sense of suppressed excitement, and it was with a feeling of expectancy—of we knew not what—that we wended our way at noon along the spacious boulevards, until we reached the narrowing streets that lead to the Archevêché. The Rue de Grenelle is a long, winding thoroughfare, and at one end there stands a large barrack. Groups of police were standing round its doors, and in the courtyard we noticed a regiment of dragoons drawn up in readiness for anything that might be required of them. Otherwise, the street maintained its usual aspect; everything appeared quite normal until we came somewhat near to the centre on which all our thoughts were fixed. Then we noticed that people were hurrying on with quick steps and that their number was increasing every moment. The traffic grew thicker as cabs and carriages sped quickly past, filled with eager occupants, and it became more and more difficult to pursue our course. There was no noise save the sound of horses' feet, and the pattering footsteps of the multitude that accumulated from every point that converged upon the Rue de Grenelle. No one spoke aloud; everyone conversed in low tones. It was as if some dire calamity had already happened, and people held their breath with surprise and shock.

But when we arrived in front of the vast portals of the Archiepiscopal palace all was changed. There was a crowd that stretched from side to side of the street, talking loudly and pressing close to the great doors that still remained closed; and here, from every window, leaned out men and women, gesticulating and manifesting every sign of interest and enthusiasm.

Having arrived early, we managed to push our way near the entrance and congratulated ourselves upon a fair chance of being among the first to enter the courtyard when the time came for admittance. As we heard the bolts withdrawn, the crowd pressed closer round us, and then fell back with a murmur of disappointment as a loud voice proclaimed that those only

would be admitted who could present their visiting card. There was a predicament! Of course our visiting cards were safely locked up in our rooms! But a kindly acquaintance, a French-woman, bade us keep up a bold front and pass in with her, as of her party—she having had the forethought to bring the required card. So all went well. "*Passez, Mesdames*"—and we were safely over the border!

We breathed freely once more and made haste to take up a good position near the steps of the spacious building, which had been the home of Cardinal Richard for thirty years. It stands at the furthest end of the courtyard; to the right are the stables, and to the left the servants' apartments. Drawn up outside these, there stood the small brougham and single black horse destined to convey his Eminence to the house of Baron Denys-Cochin, who so nobly offered hospitality to the aged victim of renegade sons.

It was not yet one o'clock, and we waited in the courtyard for three-quarters of an hour before the supreme moment arrived. Every instant the crowd grew thicker and thicker, until at last one dense mass of heads alone could be seen, and it was with great difficulty that a path was kept clear in the centre, through which the deputies and priests who had the right of entry into the palace, could proceed. It was also with immense difficulty that we kept our own places, but as yet the crowd was a quiet one. No movement had begun, all eyes being fixed upon the door with expectancy. At length it opened, and there was a quick, simultaneous move forward. But no, it was not the one we looked for, but a priest who came out and solemnly held up a small crucifix, black, with the figure in brass.

One moment's hush, a feeling of choking in our throat, and a sensation that will endure for ever!

Then with one voice that vast assembly burst into a solemn chant, keeping together as one man, the cadences rising, falling, and rising again with the strictest rhythm and regularity. There was no mistaking the words—it was a manifestation and protestation of faith as set forth in the *Credo*. At the words: *Et unam sanctam Ecclesiam, Apostolicam et Catholicam*, the voices rose to such a degree of intensity as almost rent the air. There had been no rehearsal, and there could be no doubt that that vast throng was unanimous in faith, in feeling, and in devotion.

At the final *Amen* there was a momentary pause, the crucifix remained held aloft, and for the following half-hour the hand that held it never lowered for an instant. Then a voice cried from one of the windows, where several of the clergy could be

seen : "*Vive Pie Dix*," and the assembly gave it back with thunderous echo : "*Vive Pie Dix*." Again came the voice : "*Vive le Cardinal*"; again the deafening echo : "*Vive le Cardinal. A bas les framaçons*." A feeling of excitement began to quiver through us when, as if by inspiration, a soprano voice began the first strains of the beautiful French Canticle : "*Nous voulons Dieu*," which was taken up by all.

Nous voulons Dieu ! Vierge Marie,
 Prête l'oreille à nos accents ;
 Nous t'implorons, Mère chérie,
 Viens au secours de tes enfants.
 Bénis, O tendre Mère,
 Ce cri de notre foi :
 Nous voulons Dieu, c'est notre Père ;
 Nous voulons Dieu, c'est notre Roi !

For the remainder of the time this programme was carried out, unrehearsed and entirely spontaneous. Canticle followed canticle, with alternate cheers for the Pope and the Cardinal. In the present crisis and at that particular moment, one special canticle seemed to us extremely touching.

Pitié, mon Dieu ! c'est pour notre patrie
 Que nous prions au pied de cet autel ;
 Voyez gémir notre France chérie
 Qui vous implore en regardant le ciel.
 Dieu de clémence,
 O Dieu Sauveur,
 Sauvez, sauvez la France;
 Par votre Sacré Cœur.

Sauvez la France ! A cry of distress from the oppressed which must surely be answered in God's own good time.

But the moment arrived when the Cardinal's brougham was seen slowly approaching the steps, and we were forced back upon each other and then hurled forward again as a band of gentlemen pushed their way to the front with many apologies, but with determination, bent upon removing the horse and taking its place to draw their beloved prelate to his new abode. Loud cries of "*Délevez le cheval*," were heard on all sides, and in a moment it was done. All was in readiness for his Eminence ; then there was a hush of expectancy, followed by : "*A genoux, à genoux*," as the bent, aged, feeble figure of the Cardinal stood upon the steps and in almost inaudible tones pronounced his benediction.

It is impossible to describe the scene that followed when the

shafts were turned, the wheels began to move, and those who drew the carriage (among whom we afterwards heard were General Charette, an Admiral of the French Fleet, and many others in eminent positions) forced their burden through the dense mass of men and women whose enthusiasm mounted to the highest pitch. For ourselves, we were wedged in and carried forward, how we knew not, till we found ourselves again in the street, trying to adjust our garments and feeling that we must have left some remnants behind. Here we found a little breathing space, and it was quite beyond our strength to push into the crowd again. And we had no wish to do so. We had seen France disgraced ; we had seen the shield of the " Kingdom of Mary "—the land of her favour—blotted and stained by this last cruel insult of her sons.

We lingered to look back into the now deserted courtyard, and witnessed the final incident. The *concierge* came forward to close the great doors, and as he let the heavy bolts fall into their grooves his tears ran down his cheeks and fell upon the ground. Rather would he have seen the remains of his beloved master carried through those portals to their last resting-place, than have closed them on him thus. Before he shot the last bolt, we took his hand and shook it warmly in mute sympathy ; then turned away with heavy hearts and retraced our steps in silence.

M. C. KEOGH. 

FROM MARTIAL

*Cur non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, libellos ?
Ne mihi tu mittas, Pontiliane, tuos.*

Why do I not my books, Pontilian, send ?
Lest you in turn should send me yours, dear friend.

COMING BACK

WHEN Death took one away from me
 Of all the world most dear,
 I would not have my babies three
 The cruel truth to hear.
 And so to them I'd softly say,
 Lest little hearts should mourn,
 "Daddy will come some other day,
 In Spring he will return."

Oh, little guessed I how poor words,
 Told with a tender art,
 Would prove so many piercing swords,
 To wound an aching heart ;
 That every day through all the year
 Young eyes the door would watch—
 Is that his foot upon the stair ?
 His hand upon the latch ?

His books and papers they lay by
 With jealous, loving care ;
 But why should Mother sit and cry
 Beside an empty chair ?
 All that may hap of good and right
 They must to Daddy tell ;
 And still each morning and each night
 They pray he may get well.

Each bud that in the garden blows
 Wee fingers will not pull ;
 It must remain till Daddy knows
 Its beauty wonderful !
 Oh, little guessed I poor words, born
 Of mother-love profound,
 Would sharper prove than any thorn
 My bleeding heart to wound !

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

THE world has seen the rise of many a good movement in the right direction ; it may be doubted if it ever beheld one such sign of progress that was not accompanied by its caricature. Just as no man can walk in the sunshine without the companionship of his own shadow—elongated and deformed, made fantastical and grotesque—so no effort after right-thinking and rational living can progress without being associated with some monstrous imitation.

Without dwelling upon the abundant historical examples of these dual movements—the Christian and pagan revival of arts and letters in the fifteenth century, the Catholic and Protestant Reformations of the sixteenth, the Catholic and Jansenist movements of the seventeenth, the double character of the French Revolution in the eighteenth—let us come down to times that are not very remote from our own.

The nineteenth century was crowded with renaissances and revivals of various sorts. Prophet after prophet arose with his special message ; leader after leader attempted to start a movement which he had the temerity to regard as new. To him, perhaps, and to the Protestant public he addressed, the idea may indeed have seemed original ; but it may safely be asserted that wherever the purport of the message was worthy and good, it was always as old as Christianity. In other words, its age was that of the Catholic Church.

Catholics smiled and rubbed their eyes when the prophet of Chelsea began to deliver his message. To them the Gospel of Work taught no new creed. With a Divine Founder who spent nearly the whole of his earthly life in a carpenter's shop ; with apostles who were fishermen, tax-collectors, tent-makers, and what not ; with hermits and monks and priests who by the labour of head and hand brought about the civilization of the world ; with nearly every beautiful building in Christendom as an evidence not merely of labour, but of art and skill that will never be exceeded, perhaps not even approached, as long as the world shall last ; with the teeming treasures of its libraries and the priceless triumphs of its preservation of Greek and Latin literature ; with all these and more than we could recount through the long hours of a June day, what message had Thomas Carlyle for us ?

Not that we carp at, or despise, his efforts for good. To individuals, even among ourselves, his preaching may have been

helpful. But he taught us nothing new. He only emphasized the Master's words—*Work while it is called day : the night cometh when no man can work.* In so far as Carlyle enunciated the nobility of work, the dignity of labour, the merit of strenuous endeavour, he was preaching Catholic doctrine. A hide-bound Protestant country may have had need of him ; it is certain that it wanted some of his contemporaries.

England's need of John Ruskin was a crying one. His gospel was a complex, sometimes a contradictory one ; but he, too, had picked up some fragments of Catholic teaching, and determined that his countrymen should have the benefit of them. He rightly declared that the Puritan dread of beauty in form and colour was a condemnable heresy. He said truly enough that to his countrymen ugliness had become a religion, white-wash a fetish, gloom a superstition. In so many words he roundly asserted that "the Bible superstitiously read became the authority for every error and heresy and cruelty." He agreed with Coleridge who did not scruple to accuse the Bible Society of propagating, instead of the old idolatry, a new bibliolatry.

Ruskin vowed that the "not enjoying the beauty of things" went much deeper than mere blindness. "It is a form of antagonism, and is essentially Satanic. A most strange form of demonology in otherwise good people." He forgot—he often did forget—with whom he was dealing. He forgot that he was speaking to a nation of buyers and sellers—to men who were badly educated and cultured scarcely at all—to men who read newspapers and dealt out sugar or cotton or gold ; to men who, according to Thackeray, had less knowledge of art than has a French shoe-black. He forgot that, while all men may be taught to read and figure, only a certain number can ever be cultivated. To such men his gospel was new and strange, and he had not the prudence to be patient with these good but wooden people, whose paradise was made up of an easy chair, a bottle of port, and a daily paper.

Yet in spite of his eccentricities and exaggerations and explosions, Ruskin left an enduring mark upon his country and upon his age. And he did this because he had firmly gripped one or two big principles of Catholic ethics. His own heresies were manifold and manifest ; but he contrived to strike a deadly blow at the lingering Manicheism of the Puritan. He made stupid people ashamed of their stupidity ; he made the lovers of ugliness ashamed of their grossness ; he forced men to admit that life contained grander possibilities than the piggish ease of a retired banker or shopkeeper.

Unhappily, the caricature of a movement is sometimes so grotesque as to bring the praiseworthy movement itself into contempt. Already there are signs that a few silly people are mistaking the shadow of the simple life movement for its substance.

The fashionable gospel of the day is certainly not that of Simplicity. Whatever caricature of the simple life is taken up by the frivolous and the smart will always remain a caricature. That wise and witty American poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, anticipated the travesty long years before the modern movement in favour of plain living and high thinking had made itself a name.

Little I ask ; my wants are few ;
 I only wish a hut of stone,
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do),
 That I may call my own :
 And close at hand is such a one,
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;
 Three courses are as good as ten :
 If Nature can subsist on three,
 Thank Heaven for three. Amen !
 I always thought cold victual nice :
 My *choice* would be vanilla ice.

And so on, for many exquisitely ironical stanzas.

So crying is the need for something less artificial in dress, in furniture, and in food, that the caricature of simplicity, with which we are threatened, is quite as much to be feared as was the loathsome worship of blue china and peacock's feathers that, not so many years ago, filled us all with disgust. Happily such a mockery of an actual art movement, and one that is growing stronger every year, did not deserve to be taken seriously, and was scarcely worth the elaborate satire so freely and fittingly bestowed upon it. So, too, this mere aping of simplicity needs only to be looked upon as the grotesque shadow of a very real movement in order to be despised as it deserves.

The longer we live in this world, the more we realize how few people comparatively ever learn to distinguish between shadow and substance ; how very few see the difference between a movement that makes entirely for the well-being of mankind, and one that is merely a passing fancy or the silly fad of a coterie. We laugh at the pseudo-shepherds and shepherdesses of Watteau ; they are not so ridiculous as the fashionable folk who for a few nights in the summer elect to play bridge in an expensively

furnished cottage in the country, and then persuade themselves that they are leading the Simple Life.

"But," you ask me, "is it a fact that any people who are not really poor are at the present time proving themselves disciples of simplicity?" To this I should like to answer, "Yes, many hundreds"; and certainly, if I included monks and nuns and religious men and women, I might say *thousands*. But very plausibly you will answer that of course men and women who are bound to poverty are leading the simple life; it is a necessary part of their profession. Doubtless it is; yet I want you to realize the fact that the lives of those who give themselves to Religion are severely and consistently simple.

Yet putting entirely aside those who are living under vow, there is evidence enough abroad that among many who were gently born and bred, and brought up in a certain measure of luxury, there is a decided tendency towards a course of action that cuts off superfluities, and that is more concerned for the things of the mind than for those of the body. That really great men should be haters of luxury is what we look for. We expect the peer to be simpler than the multi-millionaire. We are never surprised when we find that numbers of the aristocracy, whether that of birth or (a much greater matter) that of intellect, often show a fine disregard for what they eat and drink and for what they put on. We even look for it, I say, and in a sense demand it of them. Yet it never seems to enter the heads of the multitude that really great men are simple in their habits—just because they realize, more than little men can do, the folly and the hurtfulness of extravagance.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

FROM ST. FRANCIS

*E tanto il ben che aspetto
Che ogni pena mi par diletto.*

I hope to gain
So great a treasure
That every pain
Seems now a pleasure.

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY

IF you were a stranger in the place and to ask where Mrs. Cassidy lived, the first thing they'd say to you would be : " Is it Mary Cassidy's mother you're looking for ? Well, now then, you're not far off. Do you see the top of the road beyond ? Turn to the right, and the cottage in the trees, that's where she lives."

And when you followed the directions, the exterior charm prepared you for a peaceful and happy home.

Humble it was. Oh, very humble. Just a little cottage ; very tiny, but everything spotlessly white and clean. The little garden in front ablaze with flowers, and the inside, comfortable, tidy, neat ; you knew at once that industry and frugality reigned supreme. Ah ! the dresser with its ambitious show of china and ware ; the religious pictures on the walls ; the hearth well swept, with the cat and her kittens playing and purring before the fire, getting all the value they could out of life ; all spoke to you of the kindly hearts of the dwellers beneath that roof.

Sure enough ! Little Mary Cassidy, daughter of a good widowed mother. There were lines of care in that mother's face : she had known sorrow and trouble—what mother does not ?—but she had borne a brave heart and faced the world with a smile, and that world respected her, for it saw her despise the *ullagone* and the repining, and setting to work with industry to earn her own living.

And then, ah, thank God, there was the wee girl ; the wonderful, dark-eyed, curly-headed, little Mary ! And when you mentioned the name of little Mary Cassidy, 'tis then you'd hear the chorus of praise.

Why, even when she was but a child going to the convent school, they'd tell you, she would stop on her way to the chapel, in the beautiful month of May, when the hedges teemed with delicious hawthorn and the birds sang in the very ecstasy of being alive at all, and lay a little bunch of flowers plucked by herself, at the feet of that beautiful Lady, upon whose features she would gaze with childish delight.

And the poor blind man at the end of the road ! He could tell you, how he knew the pattering of the little feet as they came along, and a childish figure would stand before him, the while he looked at her with those dark, sad eyes that seemed to see nothing—ah, but they did ! That marvellous knowledge

of the blind told him that a child stood near him ; he knew she had wonderful dark eyes and curly hair ; he heard her say, " Poor man, take some of my lunch. 'Tis a lovely day ; good-bye, poor man." He knew all this, nay more ; he saw, for all the lack of his earthly sight, right up to God's throne, and he saw the glory and the joy of that heavenly vision, and from his heart went up that prayer, " Dear God ! this child has done this for me, whom you have deprived of sight. Don't let her ever lose herself on the road of life ! "

And the blind man's dog knew her, and, when she came in sight, how he would jump and frisk, and seem to speak to his master, as much as to say, " Master, she's coming ! You can't see her, but I do, and she's a regular angel ! "

No one would have been surprised if a pair of wings had sprouted out and Mary had gone off in the clouds ! But she was quite unconscious, beautifully, sweetly unconscious. Happy as the day was long ; happy when the sun shone, and happy if the rain fell.

And so childhood passed, and that enchanting period of girlhood arrived when the beautiful soul is making its influence felt, and in its marvellous power of attraction draws other souls towards it. That beautiful period when graces of mind and person exist with an unconsciousness at once bewildering and delightful ; and for that period, which leads up to womanhood with its graver duties and responsibilities, little Mary was well prepared.

Sorrow and trouble had strengthened her character and taught her that in the battle of life there must be no grumbling, no whining, no repining. Her soul and heart rejoiced in the brilliant, sunshiny days, and she resolved she would make no exception on those days when the clouds lowered, black and dull ; when the rain fell and everything seemed to be out of joint.

She loved music ; and where is the Irish heart that does not throb and pulsate when touched by the magic sounds, be they grave or gay, melancholy or wildly fantastic, revealing in their wonderfully varied cadences the wonderful, many-sided phases of the Irish character ?

And she loved reading, and one day she saw somewhere a wonderful quotation : " Oh, beautiful God of a beautiful world, let me make someone laugh to-day ! " Over and over again she repeated the words. Was there ever such a magnificent idea ! And it seemed so great that every morning after her first thanksgiving for being alive at all, when myriads of others were stricken down with sickness, sadness and disease, her next aspiration

was this strange utterance which had caught her eye, in one of those (as they seem to us) chance moments.

"Oh, beautiful God of a beautiful world, let me make some one laugh to-day!" Why, the very thought seemed to her to embody all the philosophy of the ancients and the great teaching of the saints.

To make others happy! To forget oneself in the joys and sorrows of others! To hear someone say, "Well, it has done me good to meet you this morning!"—or, someone else remark, "Well, I didn't think I'd laugh to-day! What a way you have with you, to be sure!"

Black days! There were going to be no more! That was a bold undertaking, but little Mary Cassidy was simply tremendous in her will-power.

Yet, these thoughts were but passing in her mind as she went about the house engaged in those duties which filled up the day; as she went up to the little chapel to Mass in the morning, or when she went to see her favourite nun at the convent to let *her* see she was not forgotten by her former little pupil, now grown into such a fascinating, delightful girl.

All the time the chief charm was the unconsciousness that surrounded her every movement; the looks, glances, words that suggested so beautiful and happy a heart and soul.

Little Mary Cassidy never thought of herself. If the rain fell in torrents, she went out just as happy and contented as if the day were ablaze with sunshine. Where she was, there was the sunshine; you seemed to hear but one word: "Everything goes right when little Mary Cassidy puts in an appearance!"

Time went on; it doesn't be long passing, glory be to God! and that moment arrived, as it arrives in the life of almost every man and woman, when Mary's heart, sweet, good, true, beautiful, began to assert its existence. Not in thumps, wildly or madly—you'd say that was the result of taking too much tea!—but in a sudden awakening to the fact that Johnnie Morrissey was something more than the playmate of her childish days and the constant companion of her later years. The glance which accompanied the offering of a little flower one evening told all. That glance, more eloquent than any words, more expressive than volumes! Johnnie loved her, and she—? Ah, tender, sweet, faithful heart, how shy and trembling you are! You fear to let yourself go, ever so little; you tremble at the mere idea of your delicate secret being guessed even ever so remotely.

Little Mary Cassidy! Sure her heart betrayed itself in every glance, even though her tongue refused to speak. And Johnnie

was a good boy and his people were *comfortable*, and all might have gone on merrily but for one stumbling block.

Johnnie was the gayest, most light-hearted boy you'd meet in a day's walk ! His heart, good-natured, warm, affectionate, simply carried him away, and he would stop at nothing to do a kind turn for another. His cheerfulness was unbounded ; his very presence banished gloom and depression.

So, he was very popular, though he never pandered to the opinion of others, but held his own convictions in the face of all comers ; and nothing in the place, from a dance at the cross roads to a wedding or christening, was complete, unless Johnnie was present.

He never spared himself or thought of himself on the occasion, and, bless you, though his bright eyes were admired and his curly locks envied, he was simple and unspoiled, and would be as attentive to poor old Mrs. Malone, who sat unnoticed in the corner, as to the prettiest girl in the room.

All these small things were noticed by Mary, and stamped Johnnie in her mind as possessing all the attributes and fine feelings of the true gentleman. Thoughtful of others ; attentive to the poor, the aged, the sad, the suffering ; entirely forgetful of himself, Johnnie stood out as a prominent, central figure ; yet, he too, seemed quite unconscious, and would have laughed if you told him that he was anything at all above the ordinary !

It was that very unconsciousness that was the stumbling-block. Others, with half his natural ability and good qualities, would have made their way with far greater advantage to themselves ; for, surrounded by companions, who were irresistibly attracted towards him, he fell into their way of conviviality. Not all of a sudden. It was " Johnnie, now, you must have something for the road ! " or " Nonsense, man, you're in a big heat ; take this, or you'll get your death ! " or the thousand and one excuses which the modern ideas of society suggest to put that enemy " in his mouth to steal away his brains ! "

Johnnie did not notice the insidious advance and attacks of the enemy. He was possessed of a magnificent physique, and the open-air life, hard work, and exercise had preserved him always in splendid form. Then the advances grew bolder, more insistent, and Johnnie found, one day to his dismay, that his will-power was practically shattered, and himself, a slave, hugging the chains with which he had fettered his soul.

To struggle madly was his first impulse ; madly and wildly ; to tear his hair and feel despair enter his soul at the thought that he had dragged himself down to such a miserable level !

To resolve ! Ah, to resolve with splendid vigour, never again to place himself within the power of this accursed demon ; to walk forth with head erect and heart bold and confident, and that same evening to be brought home like a log by the false friends who had drawn him into their wretched web.

And the mother who wept at his bedside ! Good God ! The tears that mothers weep over the faces of the children for whom they have fought so fierce a fight with death !

Ah ! but there was another who wept—tears which came from a soul torn with anguish. Little Mary Cassidy ! Bravely she went about her daily duties, not wearing her heart upon her sleeve ; concealing from the little world in which she moved the anguish which rent her soul at seeing Johnnie, whose career she had watched since his boyhood, thus deliberately trampling under foot the prospect of a splendid manhood.

He seemed to avoid her now ; his heart smote him when he saw her sweet face now overcast with anxiety ; something told him that he was the cause of that anxiety.

She could not reproach him on the subject ; her's was a nature, gentle, coaxing and alluring, and in that gentleness she would make allowances for the weakness of his nature and the temptations of his surroundings.

So in prayer for him she sought refuge from her sad thoughts. One beautiful summer's afternoon, coming along the country road, she came face to face with Johnnie. Indeed he was not looking well. Those features were sadly changed ; the eyes were dull ; the splendid healthy glow in the cheeks had disappeared. Age and a bitter knowledge of the bitter things of earth had set their seal on him.

But Mary's heart gave a great bound. Here, perhaps, was her chance to speak to him and win his noble soul back from its sad wanderings. He held out his hand and greeted her with a smile in which his former gaiety and his own settled melancholy seemed to struggle for supremacy.

"It's a long time, Mary," said he, "since I've seen you. How are you at all, at all ?"

"Indeed and indeed, Johnnie," she replied, "you're a terrible stranger entirely. Sure you have not crossed our door for ever so long."

"Were you wishing to see me ?" he asked.

There was such a pleading tone in his voice, such a hunger in his eyes. How sweet, how graceful, how good she was !

"Sure, Johnnie, you know there's no one so welcome as yourself, or no one——"

She faltered. He still held her hand. It was the storm of

thoughts ! If she took him in charge, why, his whole life would alter !

"Do you care for me, Mary ?"

Ah, if he knew ! She'd have faced poverty, hunger, starvation for him and never murmured !

"Mary, alanna, don't you know what I'd say to you ? Can't you guess ? I love you, dear, all these long years, but I never thought you'd come to care for me. I know I've run off the path."

Was she listening to his voice, or where were her thoughts ? Ah ! trembling heart that throbbed and throbbed and throbbed ! Listen, Mary, to that winning voice and don't refuse him, and then—in a flash her womanhood asserted itself. Poverty, humble life, have no terrors for her ; but would he return again to that straight path, or would he go from worse to worse, and in his downward course would he drag her with him in spite of all his prayers and all her efforts to influence him ?

"Johnnie, dear, sure you know I care for you, how much only God knows ; sure you know no one else has my heart but you. Ah, but how can I put you in my heart when in one terrible moment you may banish yourself from it for ever !"

"I know what you mean, Mary, asthore," His voice was sad ; his look was hopeless. "I've tried and battled ; then I think sometimes if you would only take me in hands, all would be right !"

Heart and mind are now battling. In one moment, resolution, strength, will-power may vanish.

"Johnnie, don't think I'm speaking harshly. Sure weren't we boy and girl together ? Don't we know each other all our lives ? Isn't it a weak thing to think of trusting to me or placing dependence on a mere girl ? I should look to you for strength, comfort, hope in the battle of life. You're a man, you know, and that means everything that is great, strong and noble !"

That sweet, gentle creature never meant it, but, if she had struck him across the face with a whip, it could not have made him feel more keenly. He turned from her for a few moments—to both it seemed an eternity. And in that brief space, something wonderful had happened. Angel and devil had fought a tremendous fight for this soul !

"Mary," he said, and, as she looked in his face, it was so altered that her look was one of amazement. His eyes shone with brilliant expression ; his countenance had that joyful expression of old, but now illumined with a new light, reflecting the terrible struggle which had taken place within his soul. It

spoke of sacrifice, a marvellous trampling on self, and a glorious raising of that old self to a higher and nobler life.

"Mary, alanna, you're right. I am a man! My God! I'd forgotten it all the time! You've reminded me, whilst I lay like a log in the gutter! Will you trust me? You say, God bless you! for the words, you care for me—you love me. I love you, Mary, I want you to be my wife. Give me a chance. Will you wait? Give me a year to prove to myself and to you that I'm worthy of you, and as God is looking at us, I'll come for you then and we'll start a new life together!"

He stooped reverently, almost to the ground, and kissed her hand, again and again, and in a moment was gone.

The next day the little village knew Johnnie no more.

Life nowadays is at such a rush that the most tremendous events lose interest after a few days, and soon the gossips ceased to speak of him. He was missed at the social gatherings; his songs were no longer heard, and his graceful figure no longer seen at the dances, but then things went on all the same. The world gets on very well without us.

Gentle little Mary Cassidy took up the thread of her life, and went on her daily duties, taking, if possible, a greater interest in her work and resolving to look on the bright side of life with renewed vigour and make all with whom she came in contact happy for her existence.

The summer evenings closed in, and the wonderful autumn with its wealth of glorious colour gave way to winter with its snow, frost, and old customs of beautiful memory. Spring came again with its promise of life and all that is hopeful, joyful and delightful in existence; and the beautiful summer came again, and no news of Johnnie!

A woman's heart is a strange puzzle. Little Mary Cassidy loved this wayward youth with all the tenderness of her beautiful, innocent heart, yet to no one would she reveal her secret. Something suggested to her that her good friend, Father John, the old parish priest, would surely have some news, but she could never screw her courage to the point of asking. And so when they met, their conversation was desultory, general, good-humoured and no more.

The year had passed and no letter or news. Mary was shy and proud and would not make enquiries from Johnnie's mother. And, if she only knew, Johnnie's mother had no news either. Still, Mary remembered her favourite quotation, and no one knew of the pain that gnawed at her heart; to all she was as of yore, "little Mary Cassidy."

Passing along the road about half a mile from where she lived,

Mary noticed the preparations begun for building a new house ; not too large, but compact, comfortable, and a fine strip of ground ; just nicely off the road, with a lovely view all round. As she had to pass nearly every other day, she began to take an interest in the progress of the building, and watch the finishing touches to its completion. ❧

John Lombard, the village carpenter, was putting up a pretty porch one day as Mary passed. He took his pipe out of his mouth and raised his tattered cap—he was a great lady's man was Johnnie Lombard.—“Wouldn't you like to see the new house, Miss ?” said he. So, on the word Mary stepped inside and surveyed the pretty little house. 'Twas very pretty !—such a big kitchen with a window that looked out on the meadow, and the other rooms equally nice.

“It's well placed,” said Johnnie Lombard, “and 'twill make a nice house.”

“Who's coming to live in it ?” asked Mary.

“Faith, that's a puzzle. Father John does be here every day superintending. It wouldn't at all surprise me if we were getting a new parish priest, though 'tis myself would be sorry if this good man went away from us !”

Not alone Lombard, the humble carpenter, but the whole village would weep if their good, gentle pastor was removed. Sure, everyone loved him, and wasn't there one great conversion, a man from the Black North, mind you, who walked into the chapel one day by accident and saw him in the pulpit ; and 'twas a no great sermon he was giving, nor a great exposition of doctrine either, but something about him, his gentleness, his toleration, his simple desire to win souls, brought the great True Light to that chance onlooker's heart and made him one of the best Catholics in the place !

So now, no wonder there would be *ullagoning* if this good priest would be moved.

The summer was well on, and Mary kept remembering the words, “Give me a year to prove to myself and to you that I'm worthy of you.” How his look haunted her—that look of transfiguration, that abasement of self, that resurrection from the ashes !

“Give me a year !” The year had passed, and another half, and no word, sign, or token. Ah ! he couldn't have fallen back something told her in her heart of hearts ; she knew he would be true to that promise. Perhaps he was ill or dead ! Though pain gripped her heart at the thought, she would not believe it ; she knew that some manifestation would make itself apparent if he had passed to that mysterious land from which

there is no returning. And then her favourite thought came to her aid. "O beautiful God of a beautiful world, let me make someone laugh to-day!" Yes, to-day was her birthday, and whatever thoughts might be in her heart, to none would she show that sadness had taken up its abode there; she would win hearts with her brightest smiles and make all happy on this most happy day.

The summer's day wore on; she had visited the little church to give grateful thanks for being alive and for being spared another year; and perhaps it was fancy, but she thought that beautiful Virgin Mother looked with special tenderness towards her. Yet, for herself she asked nothing. Tender, unselfish, self-sacrificing little heart! And during the day little gifts were coming; simple, kindly remembrances from her former classmates at school; a little prayerbook from her favourite nun; a rosary from her faithful friend, Father John; a loving embrace, a smile—and if she only knew it—tears!—from her mother. And then, from Johnnie, who had always remembered the great day, no token!

Ah, well! though he had forgotten her, she was not forgetting him, for each day she put a few flowers before his picture, a poor photograph taken by a travelling artist years ago.

'Twas going to be a charming little evening; some of Mary's friends were coming to tea; Father John promised to come down for a while, and there was to be a home-made cake; and if there was one thing that Mary prided herself on more than another, it was the home-made cake. And there she was as busy as a bee, with her sleeves tucked up, a new apron on, and her face flushed with excitement.

The oven was in great form, and the flour was rolled, and cut into strips, and such currants! The cat and her kittens knew something great was in the air, for each had lovely blue ribbons with little bells attached, and bless you, how they scampered around, here, there and everywhere. Why, 'twas as good as a play!

And now, the excitement is somewhat subdued; the cake is put into the oven, and Mary feels she can rest and compose herself before her guests arrive. She took a look at herself in the glass, just to see if she were "all right," and sat for a few moments looking into the fire and seeming to see all kinds of pictures.

Johnnie! Yes, his figure struggling with a torrent; fighting against tremendous odds; now he sinks; now he rises; now he has reached the land triumphant! Thank God! And as she awakes from her reverie, the sound of a car is heard coming along

the road ; bells are jangling ; it stops a little way off ; there is a quick manly step ; the door is pushed open.

" Mary ! "

" Johnnie ! "

Before the cat had time to pull her kittens away to a place of safety, there was Mary crying and laughing as if her heart would break.

It couldn't be true ! This was never Johnnie ; this handsome, gallant youth, with brilliant eyes. Ah, it was ; the old gay smile, the curly hair ; it was Johnnie come back to the new life, after leaving all old associations behind.

They sat before the fire for a while, hand in hand ; Johnnie telling her of his terrible struggles in that great country ; how his resolution and dogged determination had befriended him and brought him to success ; a triumph over himself and a great stroke of luck in business which enabled him to come back and settle down.

But that would depend on Mary. Her answer was assured ; her joy and pride at his courage, his valour, his determination ; her heart told her that this was the stuff that made heroes, though perhaps they neither walked in armour or rode on dashing steeds.

What a happy evening it was ! Joy, contentment, simplicity, hope, love, reigned supreme. And what a triumph the home-made cake ! Father John said Mary had excelled herself. How proud she looked, and how pretty ! A woman's heart ; a sweet, pure girl's simplicity !

And Johnnie, proud, happy, the picture of health and robust manhood ; the hair a trifle grey, the face strong, determined ; lines that told of a fierce struggle with the demon ; a flash from the eyes that told you that the demon had been vanquished.

And all the time, whilst the talk was going on, and the cake was being eaten, and the teapot replenished over and over again, there was the cat and her kittens and their blue ribbons and their little bells tinkling ; and they had caught the infection too, for they played and ran, and tumbled over each other, and behaved generally like a lot of children let out of school.

Johnnie remained for a little after the rest of the company had left, having received congratulations and welcomes *galore*. He spoke to Mary of many things ; of the past, now forgiven, and of the future, which was to be so happy for them. And you may be sure her heart was happy, and her thanks went up to the good God, when, as he left her, he handed her a birthday remembrance, and, opening it in her little room later,

she found in a tiny box the sweetest little ring a girl's eyes ever rested on. What happiness God sends even in this world ! How she fell on her knees in gratitude and joy for the happiness which had come to her !

The next day broke with a glorious sun ; the presage of another joyous day. Mary was early astir, and after breakfast Johnnie called, and Mary and he walked up the road.

There was never such a morning. The sun shone with brilliancy ; the trees were resplendent in their full foliage ; the birds sang their best ; Nature rejoiced and gave thanks to the great Creator for His beneficence and mercy.

The happy pair walked up the road until they came in sight of the newly built house.

"Why, Mary, dear," said Johnnie, "this is all new since I was here."

"Yes," replied Mary, "all new, and I'm looking at it since the commencement of the work."

It was a pretty house. There were curtains on the windows, and flowers in boxes, and the garden was laid out in pretty flower-beds.

"Could we see inside the house ?" said Johnnie.

The keys were with Lombard, the carpenter, so Johnnie went off with his great swinging walk, and was back with the key in a few moments.

He opened the door, and told Mary to enter. She clasped her hands in surprise. Why, it was furnished and ready to live in at a moment's notice !

Such a pretty kitchen ! And the parlour ! And a little piano, something like a piano in a doll's house.

"'Tisn't bad at all," said Johnnie.

"Bad," said Mary. "Sure 'tis a little palace ! 'Tis a great mystery altogether."

They were now standing at the door, and Johnnie looked down the road.

"Do you think," said Mary, "that it could be for a new parish priest ?"

"What an innocent you are !" said Johnnie, still looking down the road. "That house was never meant for a parish priest ! It's my idea, it's meant for some couple who are starting off on the road of life like——"

"Johnnie !" said Mary, "you don't mean——"

"Ah, dear heart, can't you guess ? It is for your dear self and no one else. *That's* the year I asked you to wait. I pulled myself together, alanna, and in that great big city I worked, I slaved, I starved. No one knew but that good man, Father John ; and I charged him solemnly to keep my secret. I wanted

to show you I was worthy to be called a man, and worthy to come back and ask you to share my lot. Ah! dear heart, shall I ever forget these terrible months, alone in a huge, seething mass of people, more terrible to me in its awful solitude than the Desert of Sahara? In all that frightful trial, my religion held me from sinking and going under. I thought of the sad look on your face at our parting, and often I crept into a quiet church in a quiet bye-street—a desert place surely—and there prayed to that God, Who, I felt, was coming to help me, that the demon should no longer have any hold over me, and hoped, oh, with what hope, that I would be able to win back your smiles again. Then a chance came! Work! And I worked and slaved. I had to do it then, but I did it with a will, and the man I worked for was pleased, and he gave me a better post. More work! More slaving! But a stroke of luck, arising out of my own industry—later on, dear, I'll tell you all about it—came along and put me out of the reach of poverty. Money, to send home to the poor old mother, for herself and the boys and girls; money to send to Father John in thanksgiving for the great turn things had taken; money to get the nest ready for the best and dearest little girl in the world!"

Mary was close to his heart now, silent; yes, happy, happy! There are moments on this earth when, poor and frail and sinful as we are, God seems to give us an idea of the joys and happiness He has in store for us.

Happy! No words will come. Her heart throbbed; her one thought was thanksgiving, first of all for Johnnie's marvellous return, so improved, so changed for the better; then to think that she had any part in this wonderful transformation, and then love for this grand, dear fellow who in all his struggles had kept the thought of her before his mind.

As their eyes met in a mutual confession of true love, the gentle, kind face of Father John was seen at the garden gate. This experienced student of the human heart knew that all was right. He advanced towards them and extended a hand to each.

"God bless you both!"

Old in years but young in heart, his heart too was touched at seeing the wonderful old story being enacted again under such marvellous and beautiful circumstances.

"'Twas a great secret, Mary, but I kept it. And you thought the house was for a new parish priest, did you? I know I won't wear out my welcome. Please God, I hope to call often and show you that I'll be one of the best friends to you, Johnnie, and you, little Mary Cassidy!"

STEPHANIE DE MAISTRE.

WOMAN AND CHILD

We watched the sunset together—Sheila, and Conor and I ; ●
They were some few years wedded ; she toyed with her
marriage ring.

Swiftly and sudden the sun leaped down through the western
sky,
Losing his poise in the heavens, as if God had severed the
string.

And the red orb plunged in his wrath, and splashed all the sky
with flame ;
Scarlet paled into saffron ; and the pink to a hollow grey ;
Then on the crested battlements flambeaux ciphered God's name,
Lighting the nuptials of night from the eyes of the dying day.

We watched the sunset in silence—the great waves fawned at
our feet ;
The lion-waves that are tamed in the hush of the parting eves,
For Nature is ever gentle, when night and the twilight greet ;
And labour leaveth his toils, and pleasure her garlands weaves.

And sudden a thought—that there on those ramparts crested
with fire,
Where Alp upon Alp arose from the fireseas hidden beneath,
In the deep cavernous valleys, crowding nigher and nigher,
In the mists of molten vapours, from where sea-cauldrons
seethe—

Souls might linger and lean, for there of a surety
Dross of earth and its soilure could find not a resting-place,
Great is the magic of fire—the giver of purity,
The angel who sifts and selects His souls 'fore the Godhead's
face.

But this was a moment's fancy ; so I turned to Conor and said :
“ Now, Conor, you are a poet ; you watch with the seer's dark
eyes ;
And things that are drab to souls, whom the Muses have left
unwed,
Gleam with a new white light in the lightning of Love's
emprise

What saw you there in that sunset ?" He swiftly turned and said :

(And I saw that his eyes were blind from the light of the vanished sun),

"Thou hast said well," he cried, "as gold is more precious than lead,

Sight is better than faith, as deeds our thoughts outrun.

"And so surely as you have questioned, so surely did I see

Just as the lower are leaned on the wine-faced deep,

Up rose a woman's form, full-poised and rigid in majesty,

Erect with gold-shod feet on the rim of the glittering steep.

"There she hovered and lingered, her white arms crossed on her breast ;

Hesperus glittered and pierced through her vesture diaphanous ;

She was a moment's glint of flame against the daffodil west ;

And lo ! as she vanished, she pointed a finger to God and us.

"Then from the sunken sea arose the ramparts elysian,

Fiery but fading as dreams from the sweet, dark sleep of the blest ;

Over the ramparts flickered the wraith of that holy vision,

Beckoned, faded, and vanished ; then came the night and rest."

Once more we were hushed into silence. He turned to his wife who smiled,

Not with the curved lip of scorn, but the pity of wondrous love ;

"And, Sheila, what saw you ? By poesy unbeguiled,

You see not with eagle's eyes, but with eyes of the brooding dove."

And Sheila whispered, and toyed with her seal-ring tremulously :

"Love taketh a downward bias ; it filleth the wants of the weak.

God seeketh the man, and the man seeketh the woman, and she

Seeketh that which, when found, leaveth her nought to seek.

"I saw a light from Heaven, from the zenith down to the west,
Like the patriarch's ladder of old, which the feet of the angels trod,
And a burning babe on the breast of the sun as he sank to rest,
And the deep was a purfled cradle rocked by the hand of God."

Ah! sweet are the dreams of poets, fledgelings of Paradise!
Nursed by Eros and Psyche, and fed by the rosy Hours!
Sweet are the dreams that hover over the children's eyes,
Before life's wayward April dashes their Spring with showers.

Sweet are the day-dreams of maidens, sightlessly looking afar
For that which never hath been—for that which never shall be;
Sweet are the dreams of song-birds under the twilight star,
Startled from sleep by the echoes of their own melody.

Sweet are the dreams of night-flowers, nodding their drowsy heads
Under the moon's white glamour, as she treads with noiseless feet
Her purple pathway in Heaven—sweet in their deep, dewy beds;
But of all the dreams of the earth-born, a mother's dreams are most sweet.

For, Lord, Thou art great in Thy Heavens—great in Thy love and might,
Painting rose-coloured dawns for Thy waking children, and eves
Flushed with the hues that lie wrapped in primordial light,
Or burst into prisms of colour, like a rose from its garden leaves.

But never in that world of marvels Thy wondrous Will doth make,
Rounded to ultimate worth, or unto perfection filed,
Hast Thou wrought deeper and truer for man's, or for Thy own sake,
Than when in the dawn Thy fictile Hand fashioned the Woman and Child.

And I, in a glass, but darkly, perceive the incipient page
 Of Thy holy Book is emblazoned with the transcendent light
 That streams from the star-crowned vision, treading the demon's
 rage,
 And shadowed in far Revelations, like suns in a starlit
 night.

Human, we follow the human to strain towards the Divine ;
 The earth-spirit reaches to spirit by earthly love beguiled :
 Nay, shall we do Thee dishonour, if we pass from the splendours
 of Thine,
 And rest our aching eyes on the face of the WOMAN AND
 CHILD ?

P. A. S.

THE SPANISH ADVENTURERS

KINGSLEY'S *Westward Ho!* and novels of a like stamp have made us familiar with the Spanish adventurer of the sixteenth century, as seen by English eyes. But like so many portraits of men of a nationality alien to that of the writer, the picture is painted all in dark tints.

We know the type well. His mental characteristics are a greedy lust of gold, a lust almost as strong for cruelty, and an overweening and fantastic pride. His skin is very dark, he wears a small pointed beard, and his black piercing eyes almost meet across the bridge of his nose. There is some truth in all this, but it has its bright side.

It is a wonder that the good in the Spanish adventurers in the New World was as pronounced as it undoubtedly was, for many of the bravest, and in some respects noblest of the men who went forth from their own land to conquer fresh worlds for their sovereign, were, by their birth, outcasts of society. From their childhood all men's hands were against them, and they had never known a good parent's fostering affection. Others came of noble, but wretchedly, poor Castilian families. Their few ancient retainers had filled their minds with tales of the family's former grandeur, and of the bravery and prowess of their forebears. From babyhood, one might say, they longed

for riches to restore the ancient glories of their house, and for an opportunity to carry on the chivalric annals of the race, by their deeds of daring.

When, with the discovery and gradual opening up of the New World, the opportunity came far beyond their wildest dreams, of carving out their own fortunes, it is greatly to their credit that they set out with patriotic ambition greater than private interest, and with religious zeal stronger than either. They went to conquer new worlds, not only for an earthly, but for a Heavenly King. They carried the standard of the Cross, and with the curious inconsistency of the Middle Ages, while often violating the precepts of their own religion, they longed to bring the heathen under its beneficent sway. They were rude soldiers, and often very poor exponents of the pure and tender teaching of our Lord; but they always brought missionaries with them, and prepared the way for civilization and religion, better, some may venture to think, than religious traders who barter Bibles and whisky for ivory and india-rubber.

Cortes, the great conqueror of Mexico, often, in the heat of his zeal, perilled his own life, and the lives of his soldiers, in destroying the idols of the fierce Aztecs to plant the Cross in their stead.

Wrongheaded and cruel they often were, but at least they were ready to lay down their lives for the faith that was in them; and for this, much should be forgiven them.

Their love of country was as strong as that of Drake or Hawkins, and surely it is not more wrong to love the gold of the Indian, and take it, than to thirst for that of the Spaniard, and fight for it, and sometimes steal it. The fact that their heroes have rosy cheeks and sturdy English limbs seems to blind many an English writer to moral shortcomings.

As a rule, the Spaniards were true and loyal to each other, though indeed to this there were notable exceptions.

About the time of the conquest of Peru, which began in 1525, a little band of adventurers crossed the Andes. For days they journeyed through regions of perpetual snow. Their provisions were exhausted, and around them there was nothing to yield food. Their path was strewn with the bones of their horses, which when they died of privation were fallen upon and devoured by the famished men. Above their heads hovered a cloud of condors, great birds of prey, waiting till the exhausted voyagers should afford them a like banquet. There were women in the little band, who had followed their husbands even here. One by one men and women dropped out to die, and in several cases a comrade or a husband, willingly stayed and faced death

in those awful wilds to cheer the dying moments of some loved one.

There is another great instance of loyalty. In this case it is to one left behind in Castile.

Ferdinand de Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi, was of a noble Castilian house, fallen into great poverty. A rich hidalgo, Don Pedro de Avila, took a fancy to the handsome chivalrous youth, and sent him to a Spanish university. When, however, Ferdinand ventured to aspire to his daughter's hand, and when his love was returned by her, the father would not hear of the match. He used his influence to obtain a captaincy in Darien for the young man, hoping that in that land of unrest he would meet his death. Events did not turn out as he wished, for after fifteen years of adventure, De Soto returned a rich and great man to his native country, and married his Isabella, who had been equally constant. He brought his wife to America, and there at the end in the great river he discovered, far from his home, his soldiers sank his body, for fear the Indians might profane his resting place. His last words to his followers were to live faithful and true to one another, like brothers, and to convert the Indians.

As for bravery, the exploits of the Spaniards speak for them. The conquerors of Mexico, Peru, and Guatemala, the discoverers of the Pacific, of the great Mississippi, and of Florida, were men, who, whatever their faults, had no lack of courage, as even their enemies admit.

We do not wish to excuse or deny their faults; indeed, no one could excuse the cruelty of which some of the Spaniards showed themselves capable. One might, however, wonder why the people under the fostering care of whose government slavery grew apace and prospered, should always be the first to cast the stone at cruelty and rapacity in others.

META BROWN.

IRELAND A NOTE OF THE CHURCH

THE above title might be developed at considerable length, and justified, we think, very fully from the vicissitudes of Irish history and the present state of religion among the Irish race at home and in all the regions over which it is scattered. At present, however, this title is used only to introduce a striking passage in the *Catholic World*, for September, 1906. Mr. A. M. F. Cole, whose name is unfamiliar to us, contributed to that excellent New York Magazine, an extremely well written and interesting article, entitled "The Expectation of the Convert," in which he (we have ventured to prefix "Mr." to the writer's signature) discusses the high ideal that certain converts bring with them into the Church, and the degree to which this ideal is realized. One of three such converts, talking together on the subject, says that he has found all that they had expected "in a people who have kept the faith through persecution, and keep it now through sacrifice." This turns out to be Ireland. But, before we transcribe his description of what he found there, we will cite witnesses in support of his opinion. Priscilla Beale,* foundress of the Sisters of St. Louis in Ireland, came to Ireland a Protestant. "Happy exile!" she wrote afterwards. "If I had not come to Ireland, I might never have been a religious, perhaps, not even a Catholic." "When I am asked," wrote Madame Belloc (Bessie Rayner Parkes), what it was that made me a Catholic, I answer 'Ireland.'"

To go back to the three converts and their expectations in entering the Church: the writer of the article which we have described is asked by his two friends to describe what he saw in Ireland to realize his hopes of the practical influence of the true faith. He answers:—

"There is too much; I can only cite random examples of the whole. There, parents give their dearest and best children to the Church and the cloister, and thank God for taking them; the rich give thousands to charity; the poor share their last crust with the poorer; the churches are crowded at daily Mass; the confessionals and the altar rails are thronged with men and women, rich and poor. Heroic virtue is preached from every

* A short sketch of her life has lately been issued from the office of the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, 5 Great Denmark Street, Dublin.

pulpit as mere matter of course, and the people drink in the teaching. The priests are just spiritual fathers: more or less kind; more or less holy; but always parental in authority and responsibility. The people regard them with filial reverence and love. Drunkenness I have seen there occasionally, but never the indecency or brutality associated with that vice here; the most drunken man will steady himself against a wall to salute a passing priest or nun. Disorder and dirt I have seen there, as here, in poor parts; but never have I found lack of purity or of gentle manners. I saw a pauper lunatic, in her death agony, clasping a crucifix in her hands. I saw a great, silent crowd watching a burning house. I wondered at their silence, till a red mass crashed down into the street, where firemen worked splendidly. As it fell, the arms of that great crowd were upraised. 'O Sacred Heart!' came in one quick cry from hundreds of voices. Then I understood their silence. I saw polo played by the finest players in the world. My companion pointed to the handsomest man and most dashing player of all. 'That young fellow,' he said, 'means to go into a monastery next week.' In the streets I saw ragged, barefooted children run to bend their knees before priest or nun, and murmur 'God bless you.' In a church, at Mass, I saw a well-dressed, elderly man, praying with arms and eyes uplifted, forgetful of all but God. The utmost condemnation I heard there, when no excusing was possible, was 'God forgive him.' Of the worst criminal I heard only 'God convert him.' Of the sinner overtaken in sin, 'God help him.' In joy, or in sorrow, the first ejaculation is 'Glory be to God!' In the direst straits, 'God is good.' I told an old priest how the carmen, driving full speed in crowded streets, and telling tales the while, never passed a church without saluting the Blessed Sacrament. 'Yes,' he said, 'and the gravest fault those men will generally have to admit at confession will be "I said 'bad loock to ye!' to the beast.'" Those people do not fear death, because they already live in the spirit. They do not fear poverty, because they do not value earthly things. Human they are; passionate in love and in anger; quick to laughter and to tears. But their thoughts, words, and deeds, are saturated with Catholic faith and charity.

"I paused, rather out of breath; but aware of how little I had said of all there was to say.

"The man spoke: 'And these are old Catholics! Not converts like us; full of exaggerated expectation.'

"'Was it exaggerated, after all?' the woman asked, thoughtfully.

“ ‘ Perhaps,’ he admitted, laughing a little, ‘ we did sometimes forget that “ there’s a deal of human natur’ in man.” ’

“ But I spoke of what I knew.

“ ‘ Expect all you can of faith and charity, penetrating human nature. Then go to my holy island. There you will find something better than your expectation.’ ”

IRELAND

THE old church with green fields before it,
The ruin that stands all alone,
The Mass-path, the feet that went o’er it,
Now dust ’neath the weeds and rude stone,
The winds that come sighing and crying,
For Ireland and martyr and saint,
Who hunted had crept here, who dying
Had made no complaint.

But laid down their lives for the Master,
Nor deemed they did aught that was great,
Through the years and black night of disaster,
Of famine and hard, bitter fate ;
Oh ! I read but God’s love in the story,
His seal on her wrongs and her slain—
She was sealed with the marks of His glory,
His Passion and pain.

There is gladness to-day in the glowing
Of sunshine on hillside and vale,
There is music and joy in the flowing
Of waters that break through each dale.
There are voices that call as I linger,
That thrill me while eve is at hand,
That trace, as if traced with a finger,
The fate of my land.

Christ blessed her that day when ascending
From Olivet's Mount to His Throne ;
For pain and for passion unending
He sealed her apart as His own ;
Her mandate was exile and danger—
Count the Altars she raised to her God,
Far and wide 'mid the lands of the stranger,
The hard paths she trod.

The brown bee has cells on her mountains,
Where her hermits' soft feet used to pass ;
Like wine are her streams and her fountains,
And greenest of green her rich grass ;
Of lands she's the fairest, the saddest,
The oldest, the dearest, the best ;
Her skies are the softest and gladdest,
Her sweet hills are blest.

By thousands and thousands they're sleeping,
Her martyrs uncounted, unknown,
In graveyard and ruin where, weeping,
The ivy keeps guard o'er each stone ;
And I kneel by their relics and love them,
And bless God that here was my birth,
For holy the clay that's above them,
The dearest of earth.

She is fair in the long day of Summer,
But fairer a morning in Spring,
When swallow flies low—a newcomer—
And hedges with singing birds ring,
When the mists change to gold on her valleys,
And fragrant are woodland and lawn,
Where the wild flocks assemble like allies
For council at dawn.

She is planted abroad in the ocean—
A beacon to point to the skies ;
Round her shores are wild tumult and motion,
And voices of parting and sighs,
When her children sail out in the splendour,
The glory of youth and the grace.
Ah ! in exile they keep their hearts tender,
With dreams of her face.

ALICE ESMONDE.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S HEIRES

A STORY

CHAPTER XI

THE next day, all was rush, laughter and excitement at Rathkieran. The lazy and indifferent amongst Mrs. Arrowsmith's visitors (of whom there were several, in the fresh batch, that had arrived from Dublin, in time for the ball), took things coolly enough. But the young and gay in the house were full of energy and worked merrily at the decorations and arrangements of the drawing-rooms, library, ball-room, hall, and conservatory, placing plants, screens and seats where it suited their own particular taste and fancy. A good deal of time was, needless to say, wasted in chatter and gossip. Endless arguments and discussions kept back the work; races up and down through the old house; games of hide and seek, in which Punch and Lottie joined, with glad hearts and wild shrieks of delight, interrupted it, and the progress was slow. But that was only in the natural order of things, and, as they all seemed so perfectly happy, no one would have dreamed of stopping the fun. The men of the party were for the most part absent all day. Charles, John White, and a couple of friends were out hunting, but Frank Richards, the Oxford undergraduate, and a few other lively young fellows were in close attendance upon the ladies from morning till night. Their gaiety added considerably to the life and amusement, but rather hindered than helped the work of decoration. Frank Richards was never far from Elizabeth, and the admiration he felt for her was visible in voice and manner. It shone out of his frank, boyish eyes, and was plain to everyone round him, except the girl herself. She genuinely liked him, and listened with interest to his various stories of Oxford, the life he led there, and all his hopes, aspirations, and ambitions for the future. He was an only son, had a little money of his own, and had made up his mind to go to the Bar.

"So some day we'll hear of you as Lord Chancellor," Elizabeth remarked gaily. "Fancy how proud I'll be to remember how you held my nails, and handed me the hammer, when I learn that you have taken your seat upon the Woolsack."

"Such a height I shall never reach," he cried. "Nor do

my desires soar so high. But I hope less will satisfy you. I hope you will be pleased and interested if—I get to be a K.C.”

“To be sure, That is a fine position,” Betty replied, stepping back to survey her floral arrangements, with a critical eye. “To a country damsel like me, it seems quite dazzling.”

“You don’t want to remain a country damsel always, Miss O’Neill?”

“Don’t I? I hardly know. I am so happy here, that I’ve never thought about it. But I don’t really think I want to leave Rathkieran, Mr. Richards.”

“But you can’t stay here always. This sort of life can’t go on,” he said earnestly. “Why, the place doesn’t even belong to the Arrowsmiths. They only rent it from——”

“My uncle. Yes——” Betty sank on to a low chair, a shadow falling across her happy eyes. “And, of course, this life can’t go on—I know that. But,” turning towards him with sudden impatience, “you needn’t remind me of that. I want to forget that things can ever change—and to be happy as long as ever I can.”

“Oh! but you’ll be happy. It would kill me if I thought you would not be happy.”

Elizabeth looked up with a start.

“I would not—could not be happy,” she said with grave decision, “if I left Rathkieran. So,” smiling, as she moved away from him, “I shall probably remain a rustic all the days of my life. No!” raising her hand quickly, “don’t contradict me. I’m a girl without an atom of ambition. To be with people I love and who love me is the only thing I want or ask for in this world. So I’d as soon be in the country as in the town.”

“Or in the town, if those you love were near. I understand”—his eyes upon her face,—“and I promise——”

“Betty, Betty,” cried Lottie running up in haste, dragging a long trail of ivy over the floor behind her. “Mother wants you in the library, quick! Don’t keep her waiting, there’s a dear.” And she dashed on, singing merrily, across the slippery parquet floor.

Elizabeth dropped her hammer at once, and without a word flew off to see what Mrs. Arrowsmith wanted.

Frank Richards looked after her with disconsolate eyes, sighed heavily, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, strode off into the billiard room, where he spent half an hour alone, knocking the balls up and down the table.

“I nearly did for myself,” he grumbled. “Another moment and I’d have asked her to marry me—which would have spoilt everything. She doesn’t care a——and would have refused me

right out. But she is an angel, with a heart of pure gold. I'll bide my time—and then—Well, with any luck, I may get her in time to say 'Yes.'"

Upon a comfortable lounge, concealed from view by a tall, graceful palm, Sybil Bindon had reclined for some time, well content to watch, whilst the others made themselves hot and untidy, in their energetic efforts at decorating the ball-room. As she lay at her ease, her eyes followed Elizabeth, and young Richards' attentions to the girl filled her with excitement, and pleased her exceedingly.

"Couldn't be better," she told herself. "If the girl will only not be an idiot. He's a nice fellow, well-to-do, and of good family. Oh, she takes to him kindly. If only Charles Arrowsmith could see her! He'd think less of her, perhaps. How she leads him on! Ah, my fair Elizabeth, you're not such a fool, for all your angelic looks. But——good heavens!"—as Lottie appeared upon the scene—"What a little spoil-sport. But never mind—it's only put off. A few more opportunities, and the thing is done. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' as I fancy Elizabeth is wise enough to see. Charles Arrowsmith will not be drawn by her wiles into an engagement to his mother's governess. He must have money—therein lies my safety. And yet—ah!"—clenching her fists—"I'd give thousands to get Elizabeth O'Neill away from Rathkieran for at least two months. Mrs. Arrowsmith should send her off on some pretext or another. She wishes Charles to marry me, and sees the advantage my money would be to him. Then, she should have the courage of her convictions, and send the heiress without a halfpenny to the right about."

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the storm that was raging against her in the bosom of the handsome and wealthy Miss Bindon, Elizabeth ran along the wide corridor to the library, somewhat relieved to escape from Frank Richards' oppressively admiring gaze.

"He's a nice fellow," she told herself, "but I do wish he wouldn't stare at me so, or say such silly things. He's the one blot on this thoroughly happy time. So happy that I could wish it would go on for ever—and then, just as I have managed to make myself believe that it will, he comes and reminds me, unconsciously, of course, poor chap, of the horrible fact that it won't. But then, after all, he's only a boy. He'll be more sensible by and by, when he's grown up."

Mrs. Arrowsmith was not in the library, but had gone, a servant told the inquiring Elizabeth, to her own room. So with light feet and a happy heart, the girl sped on.

This time was, indeed, a happy one for Elizabeth. In all her life, she often told herself, she had never known or dreamed of anything like it. Everyone in the house was so kind. Mrs Arrowsmith treated her like a well-beloved daughter; Charles as a cherished sister. Miss Bindon was often rude and trying, but though not understanding her reasons for such conduct, and wondering why she disliked her, the girl did not feel her unkindness very deeply. In the midst of so much happiness, she had not time to fret over the proud beauty's insolence of manner. She was nothing to her, and would soon disappear out of her life. So she gave her as wide a berth as possible. In such a big house-party keeping out of her way was not very difficult, and so notwithstanding Miss Bindon's scarcely concealed efforts to crush her, Elizabeth was supremely happy, and on account of her unselfish thoughtfulness for others, her charm and sweetness of manner, great beauty, and delightful talent for music, soon became the most popular girl in the house.

"She is by the way of being governess to Lottie and Punch," some of the ladies were wont to remark one to the other. "But that's only for a time, as she is, I hear, to be Terence O'Neill's heiress. She is a sweet girl—a lady to her finger-tips—and of good family. The O'Neills belong to a fine old race."

"And blood tells in the long run," another would reply. "I confess I have a great weakness for blue blood."

Of these remarks Elizabeth of course knew nothing, and they would only have made her laugh merrily, if she had. She would have rejoiced heartily, had the O'Neills had even a small portion of the good things of this world. But the thought of their long line of ancestors and blue blood did not strike her for the moment as being of any particular value. She was happy and amongst friends. At an easy distance from Docwra, she saw her aunt, uncle, and cousins constantly. To the gay doings at Rathkieran, dances, theatricals, and dinners, Kathleen and Cecily were frequently invited, and seeing that they looked well, and enjoyed themselves, Elizabeth was glad; and, thoroughly content herself, she worried neither over the past nor the present. The past was gone. The future she left to God. He would take care of her, as He had always done, and her belief that her Uncle Terence would return to look after and provide for her was stronger than ever. So, without a care in the world, it would have been difficult to find a brighter, happier, girl than Elizabeth O'Neill, as she ran singing up the old oak stairs, to look for Mrs. Arrowsmith.

As she entered that lady's big, cosily-furnished bed-room, with its warm curtains, handsome Sheraton furniture, and dark,

finely-carved four-post bed, she found her standing before the dressing-table, upon which innumerable cases of jewellery were lying open, the diamonds, sapphires and rubies, sparkling brilliantly in the light of several wax candles.

"Oh!" gasped Elizabeth, "how beautiful, Mrs. Arrowsmith! I had no idea you possessed such lovely things. They must be worth pounds and pounds."

Mrs. Arrowsmith turned round, smiling.

"They are worth a good deal. This cross alone, Elizabeth, is valued at over a thousand pounds."

"It is exquisite, quite dazzling," Elizabeth cried, gazing at the cross, in delight. "Oh, won't you wear it to-night?"

"No." Her eyes filled with tears. "That is the last present my husband gave me. I cannot wear it. It will be for my eldest son's wife, Elizabeth. Even an heiress might be pleased to possess such a treasure. Has Miss Bindon anything as good?"

Elizabeth's head went up a little scornfully. "Not one half, I am sure. But I don't know much about her jewellery."

"If she and Charles should become engaged," Mrs. Arrowsmith murmured, half to her self, "that will be my first present to her."

Elizabeth tightened her lips, and her eyes flashed, but she made no remark, and moved quickly towards the fire, feeling suddenly and unaccountably chilly and cold.

"Is everything looking nice downstairs, Betty?"

"Yes." Betty's tone was dull, her interest in things was not so keen as it had been a few moments before. "Everything looks very nice."

Mrs. Arrowsmith turned round, and looked at the girl anxiously. "What's the matter, Betty? You have been doing too much and are tired, I'm sure."

Betty flushed suddenly. "Oh, no—I'm not tired—at least, not very. But, Mrs. Arrowsmith, is it safe to keep so many diamonds in a lonely country house like this? Aren't you afraid of burglars?"

Mrs. Arrowsmith laughed. "Not at all. They are as safe as possible when one has the place to keep them in, that I have. See—isn't it a strangely-made drawer? I defy a burglar or anyone to find it, who did not know where it was, and how to open it. You are the only one in the house, or out of it, Elizabeth, that I've ever shown it to."

The girl gave a little start, and her colour faded, as she heard the door of the dressing-room beyond close softly.

"How pale you look, Betty!" Mrs. Arrowsmith pushed

several cases into the secret drawer, and with a small velvet-covered box in her hand, crossed the room to the fire, where the girl was standing. "One would think you had seen a ghost, instead of a display of jewellery. Few people have such a collection as I, for my husband had quite a mania that way. He was always buying me diamonds and things. But don't be uneasy, dear; they are quite safe."

"Oh, I'm not uneasy." Betty held her hands towards the fire. "Why should I? You've had them here for a long time?"

"Ever since we came to Rathkieran. Some people send their things of that kind to their bank. I like to have them to look at from time to time, even if I never wear them. They remind me, each one, of some happy day or hour, with my beloved husband."

Betty's little hand slipped into her's, and her sweet eyes were raised, in sympathetic silence, to her face.

"You dear thing!" Mrs. Arrowsmith cried. There are few like you, Betty, and if only——But see," breaking off suddenly, and opening the little box, and displaying a necklet of milk-white pearls—"this is for you. A small present to remind you in years to come, of our friendship, and your time with us at Rathkieran."

"Oh, how lovely!" Betty's eyes were dim with tears, her lips tremulous, as she threw her arms round Mrs. Arrowsmith's neck, and kissed her lovingly. "I thank you so much. I never expected——"

"Of course not"—laughing. "But don't be so overcome, dearie. They are not very valuable. They will look nice with your new frock."

"Lovely." Betty's eyes were dancing with pleasure now. "People will hardly recognize me. But oh! you are too good to me. The dress was a generous gift—and—and more than enough without this."

Mrs. Arrowsmith patted her cheek, and felt more drawn to the girl than ever. Her love for Betty was heartfelt and sincere.

"If she were but the heiress—had she the money Charles requires," she thought, her arm round the girl. "I'd welcome her——But she hasn't, and things are best as they are. The dear boy looks upon her as a child—likes her as a sister. So much the better. And Sybil Bindon is a splendid creature."

"I love jewellery," Betty cried, springing away to the glass, and fastening the necklace round her throat. "Oh! it is lovely. I never had such a treasure in my life before. I'm just longing to see how it will look with my dress. White satin, chiffon and

pearls—I shall be like a fairy princess. *Au revoir*, Mrs. Arrowsmith, and thank you so much. But I must go and dress. It will take me hours this evening.” And giving her kind friend another warm and loving kiss, Elizabeth sped away.

An hour later Miss Bindon sat before her glass, enveloped in a flowing and exquisite peignoir of soft silk and lace. Her beautiful hair was already elaborately dressed, and amongst its soft waves and coils, several stars of the finest brilliants nestled, sending forth myriads of flashing colours, as she turned her head from side to side to see the effect, and laughing a little contemptuously at Fifine, who, heaving a sigh of delight, threw up her hands and declared it to be perfection. “It will do,” she said presently, laying down her hand-glass. “But I have seen it better. Your thoughts are pre-occupied, Fifine—busy with the idea of Mrs. Arrowsmith’s jewels and that wonderful drawer.”

“Oh! *Mademoiselle*, *non, jamais*”—turning white. “Do not say so. Do not, I pray you, tell one soul that I saw—know about that drawer. *Miséricorde*, if anything should happen——”

“Suspicion might fall upon you,” Sybil laughed. “But don’t be alarmed. I won’t give you away, Fifine. And if anything should happen and I did, you could round on me, you know. From your description I understand exactly how to open the drawer, and know where it is.”

“Oh, but, *Mam’selle*—you are one thing, I am another. A poor lady’s maid might be accused—suspected. The wealthy Miss Bindon never.”

“The wealthy Miss Bindon—never. No.” Sybil laughed harshly. “I suppose not. However, don’t be uneasy; you are all right. Since no one saw or knew that you were near Mrs. Arrowsmith’s room, no one would ever think of accusing you—even if anything did happen. You are sure, of course,” with a sudden contraction of her brows, “that no one, absolutely no one, saw you?”

“*Ciel!* Yes. I went quickly and softly along the corridor—not one person was near. I opened the door of Madame’s dressing room, and stepping up to the door of her bed-room, which was ajar, I looked in, and listened, and saw——”

“Miss O’Neill was there. You are certain you did not mistake someone else for her?”

“Certain. Oh, yes. I saw her like I see you now, *Mam’selle*, and heard her exclaim when Madame said, ‘This cross, Betty’—you know she calls her often by that silly little name of a cook—‘this cross is worth more than a thousand pounds.’”

"Ah! That will do. Fine, I will put on my dress now. You heard too much—and really it's just as well no one knows that you heard and saw all you did—in case anything did occur. It is quite wonderful you met no one either going or coming."

"Master Punch nearly knocked me down in the corridor, rude little boy"—giving the exquisite lace and brocade dress a vicious shake—"but that was just up here. No. No creature in the house has an idea that I was near Madame's room. Now, Mam'selle, please, bend your head so. Ah! That is well done."

The dinner gong sounded through the house, as Sybil stood ready, a beautiful vision, in her magnificent dress and flashing jewels. "If I could only do it," she said, between her teeth. "Get her right away, on some pretext or other, things might look better for me. What could I do? How could I manage it? I must think it over. Some bright idea may come to me to-night or to-morrow." And gathering up her fan, gloves and handkerchief, she swept out of the room. "To be beaten," she murmured with angry eyes, "by that chit—a country girl like Elizabeth O'Neill—when everyone knows what I desire—would be too bad. Even if I did not love him, I could not bear it. As it is—the thought is maddening. Oh! decidedly, I must get her away, by fair means or—" She laughed discordantly. "It's not a nice thing to say. But all is fair in love or war. I must not be too squeamish."

CHAPTER XII

THE dinner table that night was a long one, and in his capacity of host, Charles Arrowsmith was obliged to pay every attention to the more important members of his mother's house-party, and devote himself to their special entertainment. So upon this occasion, he sat with an elderly woman on either side, whom he was obliged to treat with all courtesy and deference. And so, although his mind often wandered, and he did not always follow very clearly their remarks and stories, it was only during rare pauses in their conversation, that he was able to cast an admiring glance down the table towards Elizabeth, who, as the most insignificant person present, was seated far away from both him and his mother. This fact did not appear to affect the girl in the least. Her companion was young, lively, and amusing. She was pleased and proud of her lovely dress and pretty pearls, not only because they were unusually charming and becoming, but because they were a gift from Mrs. Arrowsmith, one more proof of the great affection she bore her. Elizabeth's heart was light, her spirit joyous.

She was full of gratitude both to God and her good friend, and told herself over and over again that she was indeed fortunate and ten times happier than she had any right to hope or expect.

"People pity girls," she would tell herself, "who have to go out as governesses to earn their bread—and I used to feel sick at the thought. But—Oh! well there are few women like Mrs. Arrowsmith—few places like Rathkieran. God was truly good to find such a friend, such a home, for me."

So Elizabeth's eyes shone like stars, her lips smiled happily, and with the delicate rose pink coming and going in her fair cheeks, as she chatted merrily to her gay young companion, she looked the quintessence of youthful beauty and innocent happiness.

"How radiant she looks!" Charles thought, his heart thumping loudly, as he gazed at her in scarcely concealed delight. "I never saw her so lovely—so brilliant. Is it the new dress? By Jove! the Mater has shown good taste. Hit on the kind of thing that suits the sweet girl to perfection. And those pearls—that was a real mark of her affection, for they were her own, when she was young. Thank God, she loves her so. It will make all things easy, and lessen the disappointment about the money."

"And so Punch goes off to school, dear boy?" the lady on his left remarked, breaking in suddenly on his reverie.

"Yes. We travel, he and I, to-morrow. The young scamp"—Charles laughed—"requires to be taken firmly in hand. He's for ever in mischief. I'll be glad to get him safely off. My mother cannot bear to see him go, and may change her mind, and insist on keeping him at home, any day."

"Folly, absurd folly. A boy is better at school," she replied. "But we'll be a large party going off from here. So you'll have company part of the way."

"Oh! pray don't talk of going," Charles cried, wishing in his heart that it was time for her to leave the dining-room. "We must get the ball well over; and then you must all rest. My mother will enjoy having you, and I will soon be back, Lady Marsh."

"Some will stay, doubtless. But I for one must go. Miss Bindon will not be in a hurry to leave, I am sure."

"I think not. I hope not," he said quickly. "Our festivities are by no means over."

She looked at him sharply.

"Then she won't go. In fact," with a short laugh, "with little persuasion, I fancy—mind you, I only say, I fancy, Miss Bindon would stay on for ever at Rathkieran."

Charles glanced down the table at the handsome, young heiress, and then looking back at Lady Marsh, said with a smile. "Then I must introduce her to the owner of Rathkieran. Mr. John O'Neill is, they say, a confirmed old bachelor—but there's no knowing what change might come over the spirit of his dreams if——"

"Now, now!" Lady Marsh shook her fan playfully, "don't pretend to be so innocent. The beautiful Sybil has no desire to meet or disturb John O'Neill's peace of mind. He may remain an old bachelor till the end of his days, for all she cares."

"Then, she must be content to give up all idea of living at Rathkieran."

"Now, you know what I mean, Mr. Arrowsmith," smiling into his face. "You must surely see it yourself."

"My mother is endeavouring to catch your eye, Lady Marsh," Charles remarked with a suave smile, and a little bow. "She does not wish us to stay too long in the dining-room to-night. There is much to be done, and our country guests will be upon us very soon. They are always punctual. So we shall have to start dancing at ten."

"Of course. To be sure. I declare," rising quickly. "I quite forgot myself. Your conversation is so very interesting, Mr. Arrowsmith. So *au revoir*. We shall not meet again for some time. A young host has much to do at a ball." And with a gracious nod, she swept out of the dining room.

"A young host has much to do," sighed Charles. "Yes—worse luck. There are many to be danced with—looked after before her turn comes. But come it will. Oh! Betty, Betty, if only all this were over, and we were alone together—in the moonlight—just you and I—as on that night that seems so long ago."

Faithfully, and with all politeness, Charles Arrowsmith fulfilled his duties as host. He danced every dance, and spent his time, between each waltz and polka, finding partners for those he thought looked unattractive, or neglected. His kindness was indefatigable, his energy kept everything going. He was the life and soul of the ball.

His conduct delighted his mother, and reassured Sybil Bindon. To Mrs. Arrowsmith he was invaluable. Without him, she told herself, the dance would have been a failure. She could never have looked after people as he did. Sybil's reasons for admiring her host were different from those of his mother, but were nevertheless, for her, both comforting and consoling. For, although he had only danced twice with her, he had not danced at all with Elizabeth O'Neill, and from this she augured

that he cared nothing for the little governess, and a great deal for her beautiful self.

"I don't believe he has spoken to her to-night," she thought, watching him swing round in the waltz with Cecily Tiernan, "and these, of course, are all duty dances. If things were otherwise, he would soon be at my side. Still I must be cautious. For some reason or another, I must get Elizabeth out of the house, whilst he is away, and then, when he comes back. Well," with a satisfied smile, "we shall see."

Supper over, and everything going merrily, Charles Arrow-smith resolved to relax a little, allow people to arrange for themselves, and follow his own sweet will for the rest of the evening.

"I've earned a few happy moments," he told himself, with a throb of joy. "No one, not even my mother, could object to my taking them now." And he looked eagerly round to see where Elizabeth was, and with whom she was dancing. But to his surprise, she was not in the ball-room, and turning his back upon the crowd, he pushed his way into the conservatory. Here, all was quiet and cool. A pretty fountain played softly amongst the plants and flowers. Cosy seats stood invitingly behind banks of ferns and under wide, overhanging palms. But the place was deserted. Every chair was vacant. The dancing and supper rooms were the most attractive spots, for the time being.

"Of course I might have guessed. She's sure to be at supper," he thought quickly. "And that fellow, Frank Richards, will keep her pinned there for ages. I saw them, now I remember, going in that direction, quite a long time ago. The fellow is making himself really ridiculous. And yet why should I say so? If he loves her—and is able to ask her to be his wife—why not? He is well off—whilst I"—striking one fist against the other, "I have so little to offer her." He strode up and down, his head bent low, his heart heavy as lead. "To speak—to disturb her happy peace—to try to prevent her marrying, anyone so suitable, would be a dastardly act, and yet, my beloved, I cannot bear to see you go. To give you up for ever would be—I never realized till to-night what it would be—all that it would mean to me. And now, perhaps, I am too late. If so—I go to-morrow—not to return. My mother may manage as she can. I could not come back to watch you happy with another. The effort would be beyond me."

A light foot on the tessellated floor of the conservatory, the soft rustle of a silken skirt, fell on his ear, and he looked up with a start, to see Elizabeth coming quickly towards him, a smile

upon her lips, her eyes shining, a bright and beautiful colour in her rounded cheeks.

"Ah! Charles," she cried gaily, "what a truant you are! Have you quite forgotten, sir, that this is our dance—promised to you since the day before yesterday?"

"Have I forgotten?" He sprang to his feet, and catching her hands, drew her quickly towards him.

"Am I likely to forget?"

The colour deepened in the girl's cheek, and pulling her hands from his grasp, she sank down to a low chair.

"But you did not come. I was waiting," she said, with an alluring little pout. "Others wanted me to dance—and you did not seem to care. That vexed me, and I was running away upstairs—for we have been friends, Charles." She grew nervous, as she went on, feeling his eyes upon her face—"and it would pain me to think you—really—didn't care."

"Not care? Betty," he dropped into a chair by her side. "I have been longing for this moment all the evening. I have thought about it, pictured to myself what I would say—how you would look—when the time came. And now——"

"Then come and dance," she cried, with a nervous little laugh, and rising from her chair, as she spoke. "Hark! it's a lovely waltz. The very nicest to-night, and I've danced oh! so many charming ones with Mr. Richards."

A shadow crossed his eyes, his brows met together, frowningly, as looking up, he begged her to sit down again.

She did as he asked, her lips a little tremulous, and wondering what she had done to annoy him.

"Yes," he said in a dull voice, "you danced very often with Mr. Richards. I noticed that, Elizabeth. You and he get on well together."

"Yes. He is a nice boy."

"Boy? He's considerably older than you, Elizabeth—and very well off. He's no boy."

The girl laughed, and held her open fan before her face.

"Boys are sometimes well off. I told Mr. Richards just now, that he would be far nicer when he was grown up. He's too much of a school-boy for my taste, at present; and as he goes away to-morrow, we shall never, in all human probability, meet again. So I shall not know him, when he's really nice."

"Betty! Do you mean that?"

"Of course. Are we likely to meet again, if he goes never to return

"No. But—Oh! He did not intend going to-morrow. Why then——"

Her eyes met his, over the top of her fan, which concealed from his view the sudden bright blush that dyed her cheeks crimson. Then, turning away, with a short little laugh, she cried: "It's a free country. Mr. Richards has changed his mind——"

"Because of you. O Betty, don't you—love him? Are you sure you—could not marry him? He——"

"I have given him his answer," she replied stiffly, her eyes upon the floor. "I cannot see"—an impatient shrug of her shoulders—"why you should plead his cause? I told him I could never love—never marry him. That should surely be enough—and for goodness' sake let us talk of something else. I'm sorry for him, since he seems to feel it so much. But I never encouraged him—never led him to suppose that I cared for him, in the very least."

"Betty, O Betty"—the shadow passed from the young man's brow, his face lit up with a great joy—"I was not pleading for him. But I wanted to know—if—oh! my darling 'twas for myself I pleaded. For I was anxious to feel sure that I——"

"Charles, Charles, are you there, Charles?" cried Mrs. Arrowsmith, at the other side of the concealing palms, "I want to speak to you. Ah! yes——" catching a glimpse of her son and his companion—"And Betty, too. I'm sorry to interrupt your pleasant chat. But I've had a most disagreeable telegram from Flora."

Charles sprang to his feet, his heart throbbing, a deep flush in his cheeks.

"A telegram from Flora, now, mother? Why, it's the middle of the night."

"Oh! it came hours ago, but I only found it in my room now. Betty, dear, here's a partner coming to claim you—so, sinking into a chair, "run along and dance. I've many things to say to Charles—go and enjoy yourself."

Charles clenched his fists, and bit his lip. His mother's coming was most inopportune. He felt full of wrath, and yet did not dare to show it. The conservatory now began to fill up. The dancers were pouring in on all sides. The place buzzed with conversation and laughter. All peace was at an end. Mrs. Arrowsmith frowned and stood up.

"This place is maddening. Come up to my room."

"Very well." And slowly and reluctantly Charles followed his mother out of the conservatory. But once on the stair-case above the crowd and noise, Mrs. Arrowsmith paused, and taking the telegram from her pocket, said:

"Read that."

"Austin sails to-morrow for Sydney. I am broken-hearted. Do come to me.—FLORA."

"This is very sudden. He did not expect to go so soon."

"When did Austin do what he was expected to do?" she asked bitterly. "But Flora must not be left to suffer alone. I will go to her to-morrow."

He looked at her in surprise. "But can you leave your guests, mother?"

"My daughter surely comes before any guests. Besides, all the important ones go to-morrow, except Sybil Bindon. She won't mind. She will feel for Flora deeply, I know."

"Yes, I suppose so. Then, you will come with Punch and me to-morrow morning. That will be an early start for you—after to-night too. You'll get no sleep. Better wait till the evening, mother."

"Sleep? As if I could sleep," she cried, a tragic look in her eyes. "And my child in trouble? No; I'll go in the morning, Charles."

"Then, go and rest, for a while, now," putting his arm round her and leading her gently along the corridor. "Take off this finery and go to bed for an hour or so anyway. I'll explain things to Lady Marsh and a few others. The greater part of the company will never miss you. So don't worry about them; but rest."

"Very well. You," kissing him, "are a good son to me, Charles, and you understand my feelings. God bless you." And leaning upon his arm, she relapsed into silence.

As they neared her bed-room, their footsteps hardly audible upon the thick soft carpet, the door opened suddenly, and to their intense surprise Elizabeth came out, and without looking in their direction, or appearing conscious of their presence, sped quickly along and vanished in a flash, through a distant door leading on to the back staircase.

Charles drew a deep breath, and his heart gave a quick throb of pleasure. With all his soul he longed to be able to get away, free to follow the girl, and get her answer, without any further delay, to the question which had been hovering on his lips at the moment when his mother had so ruthlessly broken in upon their *tele-à-tete* in the conservatory. But Mrs. Arrowsmith clung to his arm, and in speechless amazement, gazed up into his face, as he led her into her room.

"Elizabeth O'Neill," she gasped, dropping on to the sofa. "You are sure it was Elizabeth?"

"Oh, yes," throwing back his head, with a short laugh, "Undoubtedly, it was Elizabeth—or her ghost."

"She was well—and I thought going to dance. What on earth brought her up here, Charles?"

"Business, I presume. She had lost or forgotten something——"

"But I was sure she had gone back into the ball-room."

"I saw she did not do that," he said decidedly. "She ran out of the side door of the conservatory. The dance has not begun yet, I fancy, so she'll get down again in good time."

"It's odd she should come here—to my room. What on earth can she have wanted?"

"Oh, don't worry. She'll tell you by and by. But," with another little laugh, "I think you may trust Elizabeth. She is not likely to have been doing any harm."

"Harm? Of course not. But I confess her coming up here alone, at this [hour, too, in the middle of the ball, puzzles me."

"Oh, she had dropped her handkerchief, perhaps, before, and came to look for it."

"She might have done that. The dear child did come in to show herself to me, on her way downstairs, and very lovely she looked. Isn't her dress sweet?"

"Perfectly ripping; and the pearls suit her down to the ground. I'm glad you gave them to her, mother."

"The dear child! I'm delighted you are pleased, Charles, and that you think she looks well, to-night. Frank Richards declared she was the belle of the ball. There wasn't, he said, another girl in the room, a patch on her. [But that's because he's in love with her. Sybil Bindon is more of a beauty, to my mind—though Betty is more lovable. But I'm glad Frank Richards admires her. He's well off, and will make her a first-rate husband."

"Mother, you must get to bed," Charles said, his voice low and husky, "and leave off all match-making ideas till you come back from London. By the by, how long are you intending to stay with Flora?"

"Merely a few hours, to rest. I will bring her back with me, in a day or so. She cannot go on living in those wretched lodgings alone, poor dear."

"Of course not. She'll be better and happier at Rathkieran, with you. And now, mother, I'll leave you to your maid. Good night." He rang the bell, kissed his mother tenderly, and went away.

With longing eyes, he gazed round the ball-room, conservatory, and supper-room, hoping, at least, to catch a glimpse of Elizabeth, even though unable to speak to her. But she was

nowhere to be seen. Neither amongst the dancers in the swaying crowd, nor amongst the more quietly disposed couples sitting together, in the many cool secluded corners, could he find her; and, disappointed and weary, he leant against a door-way, wishing that the ball were over and the company dispersed.

"They don't seem a bit inclined to go," he thought drearily. "How I hate balls and dancing! They always go wrong and——"

"Good night, Mr. Arrowsmith," said Kathleen Tiernan, holding out her hand and smiling radiantly. "We are just off. It has been a most delightful ball. Do you know where Mrs. Arrowsmith is to be found? Cecily and I would like to say a few words to her and bid her good-night, before we go."

"My mother has gone to her room, Miss Tiernan," he answered, his eyes still wandering searchingly amongst the dancers. "She was tired, so I begged her to go to bed."

"I'm sorry she's so tired. But I suppose everyone in the house has been doing too much. Elizabeth seemed worn out and ran off to bed, half an hour ago. I have just come down from her room, and she was very over-wrought and excited."

"She's not ill?" he cried quickly.

Kathleen laughed softly, and looked up with an amused glance.

"Dear me, no; but just surfeited with happiness, admiration and compliments. You'll turn the child's head amongst you all, some day, Mr. Arrowsmith. She was like a little queen to-night instead of a governess. She was always accustomed to a good deal of knocking about and chaff at Docwra—and do you know, I think it was better for her than all this adulation."

"What would you have us to do? 'Tis not our fault that Elizabeth is beautiful and charming. We cannot tell men not to admire her! Can we?"

"No, oh! no. And it is delightful to see her so lovely, so exquisitely dressed, and so happy. But, you see, it may not last. Betty cannot stay on here always as Mrs. Arrowsmith's governess. She will have to face the world——"

"Don't take such a gloomy view of the future, Miss Tiernan. Leave that in God's hands," he said gravely. "He, I trust and hope, will take care of the child and provide good friends for her. So long as my mother and I live"—growing suddenly red—"your cousin will never require to face the world. I promise you that."

Kathleen laid her hand in his.

"I thank you and your mother from my heart, Mr. Arrow-

smith. You have been, indeed, good friends to the child. Good-night." And in another moment she was gone.

"I have not had my darling's answer, and did not dare say more," he thought. "But, please God, she will trust herself and her happiness to me—and then—oh! then, neither sorrow nor trouble shall come near her."

(To be continued.)

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

A ROBIN'S BURIAL

HE was lying just inside a cruel iron gate at the edge of the bog. Either he had hit his little head, flying against it, or somebody had thrown a stone at him—hardly likely this, I hope, for an Irish boy. He was a this-year's robin, scarcely full-grown or fully fledged, though his little breast was redly fluffy. He seemed not long dead, for his feathers felt warm, and his tiny legs and head fell limply about.

At first I wondered if he was quite dead; but I felt his red bosom with my lips, and his little heart was cold and still.

I carried him home, quite hidden in my hand, and took him to the Beech-walk. There I wrapped him in a primrose leaf, which covered round his wee body, and I folded him in a green soft coffin of moss. Then I laid him inside a cleft of the last beech-tree. It was mossy, and just fitted his tiny shape. I put a small stone on him, and a plant of wood-sorrel to grow over him; and then I made a sign of the Cross for God's little singer, whose red throat I kissed for his songs; and left him, where all his robin-kindred sing always. There were many of them singing his funeral requiem, this sweet November day.

Afterwards I went into the great grey church just opposite his beech-tree; and there was his little spirit! A robin was perched on the carved end of the first seat directly before the Altar, and immediately I came in, he flew up to the sanctuary lamp, perched on the edge of the red glass, inside the swinging brass chains, and I even saw him dip his beak an instant in the sacred burning oil. Then he flew softly into the dim high cedar roof, and I left him there.

God bless all little birds who sing His songs.

ROSE ARRESTI.

A REVERIE

The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,—
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever !"—LONGFELLOW.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong! chimed the little clock. Five o'clock! Dear me, how the time passes! It is evening in October, and as the bleak day draws to a close, a spirit of reflection steals over me, and my mind would ponder on serious things: my little clock has given me a text.

Ah, me! what a thing is time, how quickly it passes and how little one does! *Ding-dong*, and there's a quarter of an hour gone,—for ever, and I have been dreaming of time's passage, and yet did not feel it pass. But what a terrible truth underlies it all! Every tick of my clock reminds me at such times that life is passing, passing so quickly away. Passing on like a placid river wending its way midst lovely glade and barren waste, and I, like a leaf on its surface, am carried along its course, and, as each point of the river bank is passed, comes the thought that never will there be an opportunity of beholding it again. Other scenes may perhaps be seen like this, but none the very same. How quickly it is left behind! We strain forward to catch a glimpse of some nearing object—some longed-for event, a day, a week, a month hence; and then—*ding-dong, ding-dong*,—it is gone for ever. Then back on the old course, but not the same, for I am a day, a week, a month nearer to the great ocean of Eternity—and soon a year nearer. A year out of perhaps fifty or sixty: it is a large fraction of my life, of my one chance on earth. Hark! it is the voices of the workmen as they go home after their day's work. Who shall hear other workmen pass fifty years hence? Certainly not I. Then some one else will sit in this room and, it may be, think thoughts like these. And where shall I be? *Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!*

Yes, there is much to ponder on. It is clear we have not here a lasting city. True, but I am alive *now*, my little journey on the great river of time is actually in progress. This is my only 'try' at life. How shall I live it? Shall I spend it in amusing myself? At times I shall do so, I hope. But am I

to spend my little span of life in a butterfly dalliance? It would be wise to settle the point at once. Shall I work? In truth I must do something, or I shall starve either physically, or morally, or mentally. It seems to me that work and not play should be the big part of life's occupation. And is this "work" to consist in the output of energy at hard physical exercise which leaves no result but only serves to "pass the time"—and perhaps give me a good appetite? Shall I "hunt"—suppose I can afford it—"six days a week?" Oh, God forbid! Once or twice? Perhaps. Yes, but that should be a set off to much useful work. *Ding-dong, ding-dong*. . . . Six o'clock. Another hour gone! Shall I work for very love of work? No, that would not do: I must have a motive; why should I do that which may often need much self-conquest without a good and evident object? Well, I have many excellent objects to work for. My own body and soul, my friends, the poor, the sick—everything that is Christ's work on earth. Does not Tennyson say something good on this point? Let me see; yes, here it is; in "Gareth and Lynette," near the beginning:—

Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King,
Else wherefore born?

When shall I begin? Next week? Why not now? *Ding-dong*. How fast time goes! Why wait a week? Let it be to-morrow or even now.

Yes, let it be now. That is somewhat sudden. It is evening now, and I am tired. Well, then, I shall plan to-night, and get to work in the morning. I have plenty to do, and I know perfectly what it is. So let me do it. And I must take some means to keep me in mind of my good resolves. My little clock will help me. Its *ding-dong* will remind me that life is passing never to return, and its "tick-tack" are like footsteps stealing gently towards the great unknown. In the busy city I shall hear the "*boom, boom, boom*," of the town-clocks to tell me that day will soon be over, and that night is coming on when the workman must cease from toil, for then there will be no more work to do,—and perhaps much to suffer.

And the crowd of people I meet every day! How great is the number of men and women, but never the same; and how we miss the old faces which were so familiar in the streets a year ago! Where are they now? Gone for a trip no doubt. Yes, but one from which they will never return. For all I know I may soon join them. When? To-morrow, next week, next

year? Who knows. But the important thing is that I am here now, and each moment I can lodge in the bank of time a bright gold piece to be drawn on when the day comes for my long trip across the great sea.

Ding-dong, ding-dong. . . . And that's seven! Well, how I have been dreaming! But my dream has been a good one, and my sleep has refreshed me, and has been a kind of tonic to my work and my play and my prayer.

And thus my little clock has been an inspirer, or recaller of good thoughts. I wonder how long it will be before its *ding-dong* will fall on silent ears! For, as sure as I hear it now, the sun will rise some fine morning and look in at my window and fall on a cold white face, and the little clock will run down, for I shall not be there to wind it up. And afterwards someone else will hear the chime of its little bell. Well, may it speak the same message to them as it has spoken to me, and may its bell

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Y. T. L.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Studies in Irish History, 1603-1649.* Second Series. Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. Dublin, Belfast, and Cork: Browne & Nolan, Ltd. (Price 3s. 6d.)

This second series of lectures delivered before the Irish Literary Society of London contains nothing so brilliant as Sir William Butler's "Oliver Cromwell" in the former volume; but it comprises four excellent dissertations on Irish affairs in the first half of the seventeenth century. The Rev. S. A. Cox discusses the Plantation of Ulster; Mr. Philip Wilson the career of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; Dr. Arthur Houston, K.C., the so-called Rebellion of 1641; and Dr. Donelan the Confederation of Kilkenny. Much additional light has been thrown on these topics since Father Meehan wrote about the Confederation of Kilkenny fifty years ago, and even since Father Denis Murphy, S.J., contributed to the earlier volumes of our own magazine a series of papers on "Strafford in Ireland." The splendid

labours of Sir John Gilbert in particular have exposed many of the traditional falsehoods of partizan history by making the authentic contemporary sources of information accessible. These sources are carefully indicated in the little bibliography appended to each of these essays.

2. *Jesus of Nazareth: the Story of His Life told to Children.* By Mother Mary Loyola of the Bar Convent, York. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 5s. net.)

Mother Loyola's religious writings, chiefly for the young, are now very numerous and have been exceptionally successful. Her new book is not a slender little sketch, but quite a large and thick volume, large crown octavo, abundantly illustrated. She has drawn her materials from the best sources—two Dominicans, Didon and Ollivier; two Jesuits, Coleridge and Maas; two most learned secular priests, Fouard and Vigouroux, beside Edersheim and others. The twenty-four full-page pictures are after Dürer, Fra Angelico, and other great painters. Cardinal Gibbons, who seems to have imposed this task on the English nun, expresses his delight at reading the proof sheets of a work "eminently practical, simple, unctuous, and interesting," and he adds that "no one can read it without loving God more and therefore becoming better."

3. *The Child of the Moon and the Task of Little Peter.* Two Stories for Children from the French of Jeanne Mariet. By Mary Lupton. Published by the New World Co., 563, Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

This is a much more interesting book, and a much better piece of literature, than most things of the kind translated from the French. How a French lady could put together so good a little drama enacted chiefly in the United States puzzled us till we referred to an excellent work which we have for some time wished to introduce to our readers, *Romans à lire et Romans à proscrire*, by Abbé Louis Bethleem. We there read at page 183 that Jeanne Mairêt was born at Paris of American parents, and was brought up in America. She began by writing stories in English; but after marrying M. Charles Bigot she learned French and wrote many novels in that language. Her *Marca* has been crowned by the French Academy. Her *Charge d'Ames* is said to be full of passion, though the hero is a goodnatured P.P. A third story of hers, *L'Enfant de la Lune*, is labelled by Abbé Bethleem *pour tous*; and this is the first of the two tales admirably translated by Miss Lupton into pleasant, idiomatic English. When the thing translated is a bit of real literature, it is hardly too much to say that it cannot be

properly translated except by one who could almost do as good work of his own. Such a translator evidently is Miss Lupton. The little pictures with which Mr. Henry Vallely illustrates her pages have a good deal of merit. It seems a pity that the book is not issued by Benziger or some other publisher with well established relations with the reading public. It comes from the office of the *New World*, a Chicago weekly newspaper, of which the first editor was Mr. William Dillon, brother of Mr. John Dillon, M.P.

4. *Illustrated Catholic Missions* (James Donovan, 19, Henrietta Street, London) is a very interesting and edifying periodical which describes itself as "an illustrated monthly record in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith." It is admirably conducted, even since Dr. Casartelli ceased to be its editor on becoming Bishop of Salford. Irish Catholics should guard against insularity. Our little island is one of the fairest and purest portions of the Catholic Church, but it is not the whole Church. Parodying in prose an old song, we may say, "Ye Catholics of Ireland who live at home in ease, do not forget your brethren who are working out their salvation under harder conditions in Alaska and India and China and various heathen and Christian lands." *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, price threepence, will help to give you an interest in the struggles of the Catholic Church everywhere.

5. *The Training of Silas*. By the Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. (Price 5s.)

Father Devine was already the author of a very interesting book of travel, *Through Wildest America, Newfoundland to Alaska*. His novel has run its course very successfully through the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. But, though priests will follow the experiences of Cather Sinclair with a more personal interest, there is plenty in the story to catch the attention of the general run of novel-readers. Father Devine has a pleasant style, humour, skill in character-drawing, and a power of vivid description kept well under restraint.

6. *Life of John Robert Monaghan, the Hero of Samoa*. By H. L. McCullough, S.J. Spokane: Shaw and Dorden.

This stately volume is a well written but too minute record of a short life which ended very nobly. Ensign Monaghan, U.S.N., was killed near Apia, in the Island of Samoa, April 1, 1899, because he would not seek his own safety, but stayed to guard Lieutenant Lansdale, who was mortally wounded beside him. He was a brave and pious Catholic youth, the son of a Monaghan man who went young to the United States beyond the Rockies, and prospered there, especially after marrying

Margaret M'Cool from Donegal. To emphasize the shortness of the life here chronicled, we may mention that Ensign Monaghan was born in the same year as this Magazine, 1873, and died eight years ago. He was one of the sixteen pupils with which the Jesuits began in 1887, Ganzaga College, Spokane, in the State of Washington, which is now the lively home of some two hundred boys. His letters from this date till the end show him to have been an affectionate, true-hearted lad. Several portraits and maps help the reader to know this Irish-American, and to follow him in the changing scenes of his few years of professional life. One of these illustrations is the public monument erected in Spokane. But the present volume is in many ways a more effective memorial.

7. *An Irish Utopia : a Story of a Phase of the Land Problem.* By John H. Edge, K.C. Dublin : Hodges, Figgis & Co., Ltd. (Price 3s. 6d.)

This is a very peculiar book, and will interest many different classes of readers from different points of view. The writer is an Irish barrister, who has acted as legal Land Commissioner. He makes use of his professional experiences in his fictitious narrative. There is a trial in which real names like Monahan, Whiteside, Armstrong, etc., may, no doubt, be substituted for the names in these pages—Chief Justice Murnahan, Mr. Wayside, Q.C., Mr. Headstrong, etc. A good, genial spirit is shown in many points of the story ; but Mr. Edge does not know the Irish people or the Catholic Faith as well as he imagines ; and there is a great deal of unreality in many of the incidents and characters that he has woven into his plot. Strange to say, one of the characters is the famous " J. K. L.," whom Mr. Edge in his preface calls " the great Dr. Doyle, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin," adding that " the memory of his useful and noble life can never perish." The problem of the reunion of Christendom, in which the author of *An Irish Utopia* (who describes himself as " a low-church Episcopalian ") is generously interested, can hardly go beyond the stage that it reached in the hands of Bossuet and Leibnitz. " As there is but one Lord and Saviour, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all so there is but one true Church." To the Anglican who was waiting for Corporate Reunion, Pius the Ninth said wisely, " Save your own soul, my child."

8. *My Clonmel Scrap Book.* Compiled and Edited by James White. Waterford : E. Downey & Co. (Price 3s.)

This is really a very pleasant miscellany which does credit to Clonmel and to the compiler. There are very few towns, even those of much larger dimensions, that could furnish so many

interesting materials as Clonmel does for a work of this kind. For Clonmel has a history, and a river—and a courthouse in which many a curious trial took place. Here Thomas Francis Meagher spoke his last speech in the dock. Richard Lalor Shiel himself describes the Clonmel Assizes of 1827. It is a pity that Mr. White has not given a note now and then about the writers he draws upon—for instance, Mr. C. J. Boland, to whom he is greatly indebted. As many Clonmel men and others will be glad to have this book, it may be added here that copies can be obtained from the author at Gladstone Street, Clonmel, and that the postage to be added to the price mentioned above is sixpence. It is very readably printed, and has a dozen full-page pictures of streets and churches and bridges that Clonmel exiles will be glad to see.

9. *Adventures of an Irish Girl at Home and Abroad.* By Maureen Hamish. Dublin: J. K. Mitchell, 72 Grafton Street. (Price 3s. 6d.)

Whatever else may be said about this book, it cannot be accused of being commonplace or coldly conventional. Miss Hamish (who does not give her real name) is what she calls herself, "a simple servant lass," who received no education beyond a year or two in a National School. Her introduction is half a page, yet she slips in it from prose to verse. The verses interspersed through the narrative seem better than the ones collected at the end under the title "Et Caetera." This Irish girl in twenty years serves in a great many places in England and Scotland, and sometimes also in Ireland. There does not seem to be sufficient reason for all these changes, especially when they are summarised in the last chapter of the book. We should be curious to learn how far these pages have been revised, and how two or three offences against grammar have escaped in the earlier pages. Strange as this may seem to persons acquainted with book publishing in Ireland, this book seems likely to gain its special object, which is to make as much money as will enable an afflicted brother of the writer to seek his cure by making a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

10. *Lyrics and Legends of Blessed Youth.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

There is no publisher's name on the titlepage of this slender and dainty volume; but one of its early pages lets us know where copies of it may be procured, mentioning that the proceeds of its sale will be applied to the building fund of the new Church of St. Francis de Sales, Forty Seventh Street, West Philadelphia, of which the Rev. M. J. Crane is Rector. It would be hard for even a poet of far less skill and colder inspiration than Eleanor

Donnelly, not to draw true and vivid poetry out of such themes as St. Agnes and the other young saints whose names hallow these pages. But many of the saints here celebrated do not come under the title of the book. The eloquent Archbishop of Philadelphia, Dr. P. J. Ryan, calls the gifted author, "the poet-laureate of American Catholic literature."

11. Let us devote our next paragraphs to four distinct sets of publications which have this in common that they cost only a penny. *The Life of Sister Mary Genevieve Beale, Foundress of the Sisters of St. Louis in Ireland* (Messenger Office, 5 Great Denmark Street, Dublin) is an admirable abridgment of the biography of this great and holy woman published for two shillings by Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin. Priscilla Beale deserves to be ranked with such women as Mary Aikenhead or Catherine Macaulay. The various works carried on at Monaghan are only a part of her gifts to Ireland, her adopted country. From the Office also of the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, we have a very edifying sketch of Sister Mary of the Divine Heart, a Religious of the Order of the Good Shepherd, who was born in Germany and died in Portugal. If those around her had been obliged to address her by her name each time in full, they would have found it inconvenient, for she was entered on the baptismal register as Maria Anna Joanna Francesca Theresa Antonia Huberta, Countess Droste zu Vischering.

12. According to the number of their new penny publications, we may make an ascending climax out of the Catholic Truth Societies which have their depots at 312 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, at 27 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, and at 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E. No. 37 of the publications of the Australian C.T.S. is a story, *The Lost Child*, from the German—why not the name of the good old Canon Christopher von Schmid? No. 38 is *Religion and Human Liberty, or the Bible the Charter of Men's Rights*, by the Rev. James O'Dwyer, S.J. Into thirty pages Father O'Dwyer has condensed the result of wide reading and deep thought. It is an eloquent and stimulating essay. The Irish C.T.S. has added to its series of tales, *Nancy Dillon's Choice*, and *From Texas to Inchroe*, by Nano Tobin, both for a penny, as also *His Victims*, by Mrs. Maher of Moyvoughly, and *Mrs. Dean's Daughter*, by Miss Grace Christmas. The "Almanack of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland for the year 1907," has been compiled with great care and skill, and is a most useful pennyworth. The recently published *Life of Count Moore* is skilfully condensed into thirty-six pages, and a good portrait is the frontispiece.

13. Very much more numerous are the new publications of the English Catholic Truth Society. *Max and His Brothers*, by C. M. Bearne, and *More Chinese Tales*, by Alice Dease, are additions to the host of penny stories. Among these last *M'Carthy's Message*, is a very good variation of an old and probably a true story. There are six new sketches of holy persons—*Princess Louise de Conde*, *Mother Margaret Moystyn*, *Ven. Gabriel Possenti*, C.P. (born as late as 1838), and some others. The last of these wonderful pennyworths is *St. Peter in the New Testament and in the Fathers*, by the Rev. R. H. Benson. Twopence is the price of *In the Hour of Death*, by Martin Peaks—a week's preparation for that momentous crisis. *Our Faith*, by Cecil Leyburn (price, Threepence), is an excellent proof of the authority of the Church, the Real Presence, Confession, and Papal Infallibility. Those and several controversial subjects are treated more fully by the Rev. P. M. Northcote, O.S.M., in *The Way of Truth* (price Sixpence net). Another valuable sixpence worth is *The First Eight General Councils and Papal Infallibility*, by Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. And more valuable still, and at the same price, *Fortifying the Layman*, by Father Ernest Hull, S.J., who is doing such excellent work as Editor of the *Bombay Examiner*. Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, recommends warmly "this most important and instructive little book." The same accomplished prelate introduces Miss May Quinlan's exceedingly clever collection of sketches in the slums, *My Brother's Keeper* (price One Shilling). Finally, we have for the same price *Conference Papers*, 1906, containing Father Gerard, S.J., on Agnosticism, Father Benson on Christian Science, and seven other useful papers.

14. Messrs. Burns and Oates, London, have issued in a particularly neat volume, price Half-a-Crown, net, a third edition, of *School Days at Saxonhurst*, by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. Every one knows that this is Stonyhurst. It must have a great interest for those connected with that famous College, since even outsiders find it entertaining. Another product of the same busy and clever pen is *Josephine's Troubles, a Story of the Great Franco-German War of 1870* (price Five Shillings). Mr. Fitzgerald witnessed many of the scenes that he describes, having escaped from Paris only a week or two before the investment. Both these books are illustrated. Of late years Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has published several books of piety; and it is well to remind the readers of this story, written of course many years ago, that Dickens himself showed his faith in him as a novelist very practically. Bulwer Lytton called *The Second Mrs. Tillotson*, "a really great novel."

15. Messrs. Browne and Nolan, Ltd., Nassau Street, Dublin, are issuing, in shilling monthly parts, a very valuable work, *A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction*, edited by the Rev. John Hagan, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome. Two parts have now appeared, and the complete work will be comprised in four volumes, corresponding to the four parts of the Roman Catechism of the Council of Trent. In addition to a new translation of this great work the Catechetical Instructions of Father Raineri will be given, and also a translation of the Catechism of Pius X. This important undertaking has been inspired and rendered almost necessary by the Holy Father's recent Encyclical, *De Christiana Doctrina Tradenda*.

16. Dr. James S. Walsh, of New York, who is trebly doctor—in medicine, in philosophy, and in law—has published through the Dolphin Press of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, an extremely useful book, entitled *Catholic Churchmen in Science*, namely, sketches of certain priests who are at the same time great scientists, Copernicus, Linacre, Father Kircher, and some others, whose names would not be familiar to any of us. This admirably written book is another of Dr. Walsh's many services to Catholic literature.

17. Father Vincent M'Nab, O.P., has edited *The Decrees of the Vatican Council* (London: Burns and Oates, price 2s. net). Benziger Brothers, New York, has published this month two books of a different character—a grave and solid treatise on Christian education by the Rev. C. J. O'Connell, of Bardstown, Kentucky, and a juvenile story, *Tooreladdy*, by Julia Walsh—very brightly written, but these American young folk have a very peculiar way of speaking and acting.

18. Another book for young readers is *A Young Patriot* (Blackie & Son, 89 Talbot Street, Dublin). It has been adapted from G. A. Henty's *Orange and Green*, by Mr. H. P. Courtney, and is described on the title page as "A Story Reader for Senior Standards in Irish National Schools." The late Mr. Henty was wonderfully successful as a writer of books for boys. He acquired a high reputation for the skill and thoroughness with which he qualified himself to tell his hundreds of striking stories, with their plots laid in many different countries and in many different periods of history. We do not know what rank his *Orange and Green* holds in his long array of fiction. It deals with the Siege of Derry, the Battle of the Boyne, and the Siege of Limerick, and has two heroes, one on the side of James, the other on William's side. Mr. Courtney has abridged it very skilfully in two hundred pages; and, with a serviceable binding and a few pictures, the price is only Eightpence.

19. In prefixing a pleasant preface to a pleasant book, the Bishop of Salford said that he was deterred from calling it a foreword by some pronouncement of "his friend Hilaire Belloc" on that expression. Not having the fear of Mr. Belloc before his eyes Abbot Gasquet sets a "foreword" about the Abbot of Aberbrothok in front of an artistic issue of Robert Southey's *Inchcape Bell*, with a score of quaint illustrations by Lindsay Symington (London: Burns and Oates, price One Shilling). The slim paper-bound tome of most royal quarto ends with a very interesting note by Everard Meynell about the Bell Rock Lighthouse, built by the great engineer, Robert Stevenson—who, we are told, died in 1850, the birth-year of his famous grandson, Robert Louis Stevenson, of *Treasure Island*.

20. The Rev. David Dunford has translated, and Washbourne of Paternoster Row has published, in a neat little shilling volume, *Memoriale Rituum*, "A Reminder of the Rites for carrying out in small parochial churches some of the principal functions of the year," namely, the Blessing of the Candles on the Feast of the Purification, of the Ashes on Ash Wednesday, of the Palms on Palm Sunday, and the sacred ceremonies of the last three days of Lent. We are just in time for the first of these, the second of February.

21. *The Record of the Maynooth Union*, 1905-6, contains excellent papers by the Rev. A. Murphy, the Rev. Innocent Ryan, Rev. T. Barrett, O.P., and the Rev. P. J. Dowling, C.M., and many other interesting items. But the point which has caught our notice is Life Membership. Those who pay ten pounds are members for life. Already those who pay only the annual subscription of a pound have contributed eleven pounds, and many will go on as one-pounders for twenty, thirty, or forty years. We have had the curiosity to note that out of 34 bishops 7 are Life Members; out of 72 Meath priests, 1; out of 18 Derry priests, 3; out of 7 Dromore priests, 1; Raphoe, 1 out of 9; Dublin, 1 out of 59; Kildare, 2 out of 36; Ferns, 2 out of 27; Cloyne, 1 out of 39; Limerick, 2 out of 19; members outside Ireland, 2 out of 22; Maynooth College Staff, 11 out of 23. The other Irish dioceses have no representatives among those *ames d'élite*, Life Subscribers, though of course very many are members of the Maynooth Union.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

MARCH, 1907.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS

I.

ALTHOUGH death has snatched away those whom we love, they are not dead, as long as they live in our remembrance and affection. In the Elegy and Epitaph the memory of the departed has been embalmed and treasured up for future ages by the literature of every land. The grief of the mother and the father over the dead child, the mourning, indeed, of any human heart for its beloved, breaks naturally into speech, which is, in effect, a rude threnody or unformed song of sorrow. The utterance may not express itself in measured rhythm or be sustained in prolonged effort; yet, however brief, grave, and severe the phrases that interpret the sigh of tenderness and regret, they are, in essence, a chant or lament, the outburst of impassioned feeling. Grief, no doubt, is sometimes so vehement that it is stricken into silence, that "whispers the o'erfraught heart and bid it break," or it gives way to unrestrained weeping and inarticulate moan; but when it has spent its force and is softened into chastened melancholy and tender reminiscence, it finds in song appropriate utterance and commemoration.

The English language is particularly rich in elegies. Four of the most famous are Milton's *Lycidas*, Shelley's *Adonais*, Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*, and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. More universally known and more frequently quoted are Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Unless my memory is at fault, this poem is excluded from "The Flower of the Mind," the excellent anthology compiled by Mrs. Meynell, on the ground,

I suppose, that there is nothing particularly striking or original in the thoughts. But the thoughts are such as appeal to all hearts, and so exquisite a setting has been given to them in the sweet and flowing verse, that the stanzas have imparted keen and constant pleasure to innumerable readers.

Gray was once at a bookseller's where he saw a case of handsomely bound French classics, the price of which was one hundred guineas ; and he said to a friend that he would purchase the volumes if the cost were less. The Duchess of Northumberland heard his remark, and, learning, after his departure, who he was, bought the books and sent them to him with a note saying that she forwarded the packet as an acknowledgment, however slight, of "the infinite pleasure she had received in reading the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, of all others her most favourite poem."

It is related, also, that General Wolfe, when floating down the St. Lawrence to attack Quebec in 1759, repeated to his brother officers a passage from the "*Elegy*"—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

He said that he would sooner be the author of the poem than the conqueror of Quebec. It is, of course, a well-known fact that he took Quebec, and that he and his gallant opponent, Montcalm, were slain in the struggle : a striking instance of the truth enshrined in the last verse of the stanza which he had quoted.

We have some long epitaphs from Wordsworth's pen, but, perhaps, the best example of the elegy which he has written is the beautiful little poem, "*She Dwelt among Untrodden Ways*."

A lady whom Landor knew in her childhood died in India, and when the poet received the news of her death, he wrote this short lyric—

Ah, what avails the sceptred race ?
Ah, what the form divine ?
What every virtue, every grace ?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom those wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see ;
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Of this brief plangent strain Charles Lamb wrote to Landor, in 1832: "Many things I had to say to you which there was not time for. *One*, why should I forget? 'Tis for 'Rose Aymer,' which has a charm I cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks."

Landor wrote, also, the following lines on a child's death for the bereaved mother:—

The scythe of time, alas, alas,
Always cuts down the freshest grass,
Nor spares the flowers that would adorn
The tranquil brow of blooming morn;
He lets the corn grow ripe, then why
Bids he the germ be nipt and die?

Herrick's snatch on "A Child that Died" recalls the simple elegance of the Greek epitaph:—

Here she lies a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

Of "The Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter," by Herrick, I quote two of its thirteen stanzas:—

O thou, the wonder of all days!
O paragon, and pearl of praise!
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the maiden train! We come
And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb.

May no wolf howl, or screech owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre.
No boisterous winds or storms come hither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft, sweet earth; but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

"Paula's Epitaph," which follows, is by Miss Louise Guiney:

Go you by with gentle thread:
Here was Paula who is dead.
Eyes dark-lustrous to the look
As a leaf-pavillioned brook;

Voice upon the ear to cling
 Sweeter than the cithern string ;
 Whose shy spirit, unaware
 Loosed into refreshful air,
 With it took for talisman,
 Climbing past the starry van,
 Names to which the Heavens do owe—
 Candour, Chastity and Hope.

"On a Blessed Spirit Departed," by W. B. Yeats, gives us the Celtic note :—

All the heavy days are over
 Leave the body's coloured pride,
 Underneath the grass and clover
 With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty :
 Bear the gold-embroider'd dress,
 For she needs not her sad beauty,
 To the scented oaken press.

Hers the kiss of Mother Mary :
 The long hair is on her face ;
 Still she goes with footsteps weary.
 Full of earth's old timid grace.

She goes down the floor of Heaven,
 Shining bright as a new lance,
 And her guides are angels seven,
 While young stars about her dance.

There are two well-known elegies by Thomas Moore, "She is far from the Land," and "Oh Breathe not his Name."

I must not forget Aubrey de Vere's "Year of Sorrow," and his Memorial Sonnets, especially those on his father and on Cardinal Newman.

The year 1882 witnessed the deaths of three poets, Longfellow, D. F. MacCarthy, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and it is thus referred to in Katharine Tynan's "A Sad Year"—

And as the year went by,
 Death called our best and dearest to his feast—
 Poet and artist, ruler, sage and priest,
 A goodly company.
 The Spring's flowers waxed pale,
 Summer cast rue for roses in her path,
 And the lone Autumn brought its meed of death,
 And sad was Winter's tale.

"The Dead Patriot," by the same writer, is solemn and impressive as a funeral march.

Very sweet is "The Dying Girl," by Richard Dalton Williams :—

At length the harp is broken,
And the spirit in its strings,
As the last decree is spoken,
To its source exulting springs.
Descending swiftly from the skies,
Her guardian angel came ;
He struck God's lightning from her eyes,
And bore Him back the flame.

Of Cardinal Newman's lines on the death of his sister ("Death came unheralded"), the second stanza is as follows :—

Joy of sad hearts and light of downcast eyes !
Dearest, thou art enshrined
In all the fragrance of our memories ;
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

Rossetti's lyric on a similar loss, "My Sister's Sleep," opens and concludes thus :—

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve.
At length the long-ungranted shade
Of weary eye-lids overweigh'd
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

* * * * *

Our mother bowed herself and wept :
And both my arms fell, and I said,
"God knows I knew that she was dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock,
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
"Christ's blessing on the newly-born !"

Phoebe Carey has written stanzas full of pathos on the death of one "whose soul from its prison-fetters was loosed by the hand of God."

One moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell,
As the sight of the life immortal
On her spirit's vision fell ;

Then the look of rapture faded,
 And the beautiful smile was faint,
 As that in some Convent picture
 On the face of a dying saint.

Mrs. Browning's poem, "Cowper's Grave," thrills with poetic passion, inspired by deeply moved sympathy and religious feeling; and a similar elegy, "Wordsworth's Grave," by William Watson, has won a large measure of praise for its restrained simplicity, unerring taste, and dignity of expression.

The few examples which I have cited serve to show, I think how interesting a subject is the commemoration of friends departed in English literature. Striking as are those commemorations in the form of elegy, there are in prose many similar that merit to be set side by side with them. Such are Edmund Burke's words on his son's death, and on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the address of President Lincoln on the dedication of the battlefield of Gettysburg as a national cemetery. Of the latter a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* said in January, 1866: "Je ne crois pas que l'éloquence moderne ait jamais produit de plus élevé que le discours prononcé par lui (Lincoln) sur la tombe des soldats morts à Gettysburg." Lincoln's words are these:—

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this Continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced: to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion: that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the

people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

This address is worthy to be associated with the splendid panegyric which Thucydides placed upon the lips of Pericles when speaking of those who fell in battle during the first year of the Peloponnesian War. Let me conclude with an extract from this specimen of ancient eloquence :—

"Offering up their lives collectively, they have, each, gained glory which will never die, a sepulchre most illustrious : not that wherein their bones lie mouldering, but that wherein their fame is treasured, to be refreshed by every incident either of word or deed that stirs its remembrance. For of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre : it is not only the inscription upon the memorial columns in their own land that records their glory, but even in a country where they were unknown, an unwritten inscription dwells in the heart of everyone, more durable than material monuments."

II.

Two well-known monographs on sepulchral inscriptions have been left us by Dr. Johnson and Wordsworth. Johnson's essay, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1740, commends those epitaphs as the most perfect which set virtue in the strongest light and are best fitted to rouse the reader's emulation : the inscription should be dignified, simple and unadorned. He disapproves of the long panegyric on Sir Isaac Newton's tomb, and suggests as a substitute,

ISAAC NEWTONUS, *natura legibus investigatis, hic quiescit.*

That Johnson was a stickler for Latin as the most suitable language for epitaphs, readers of Boswell's *Life* are well aware from what is narrated (vol. vi. ch. 7) of the inscription for Goldsmith's tomb. In the Middle Ages, Johnson says, epitaphs were "drawn up with greater propriety than can be shown in those which more enlightened times have produced." To bear out this assertion he quotes the following example :—

*Orate pro Anima
miserrimi Peccatoris.*

He praises this simple petition as "an address to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased and of concern for his own hap-

piness. There was nothing trifling or ludicrous, nothing that did not tend to the noblest end, the propagation of piety and the increase of devotion."

Wordsworth states that the custom of writing epitaphs sprang from the belief in man's immortality. Without such belief "man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows: mere love or the yearning of kind towards kind could not have produced it." It may, however, be alleged that the wish felt by every people to preserve the remembrance of the virtues and heroism of their famous men and to propose them to the living as worthy of imitation, naturally resulted in the brief and striking epigram or epitaph engraved on their monument. This kindly impulse received, doubtless, greater force from the doctrine of immortality which the Christian religion teaches. Beautiful as are many of the sepulchral inscriptions in the Greek Anthology, what, after all, do they express but unavailing regret, a sigh breathed for the unreturning dead, to whom there is no blissful resurrection? Thus we read of a young girl:—

Thy bier, and not thy bridal bed, sweet maid,
With grieving hands thy parents have arrayed.
Thou from life's troubles and from childbirth's pains
Escap'st; for them a cloud of woes remains.
Fate, at thy twelfth year, wrapped thee in the mould—
In beauty, young; in moral merits, old.

The famous epigram by Simonides on Leonidas and the Three Hundred who fell at Thermopylæ has often been quoted as a perfect specimen of the epitaph. But it is, in truth, rather a pæan or brief song of triumph, which all Greece knew and sang for centuries.

Go, stranger, and tell at Lacedæmon that we died here in obedience to her laws.

Or, as another version expresses it,

Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

This lesson of obedience to duty at all risks is the same which is dwelt upon in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade":

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Nowadays there is much wild talk at times of "liberty"; but man's perfection, as well as glory, is found, not in so-called liberty, but in reasonable and steadfast obedience to the restraints of Divine law and the precepts of duty.

The following epitaph on an unknown Greek sailor drowned at sea—"Ask not, mariner, whose tomb I am here, but may thine own fortune prove a kinder sea"—was much admired by Mr. Gladstone, who (as we learn from Mr. Morley's *Life*) "felt its pathos and its noble charm—so direct and simple, such benignity, such a good lesson to men to forget their own misdeeds and mischance, and to pray for the passer-by a happier star."

Of ancient Latin epitaphs an interesting example comes to us from the past of two thousand years in the words which the Roman mother uses to commemorate her grief and love for her lost son:—

Lagge, fili, bene quiescas.
Mater tua rogat te,
Ut me ad te recipias.
Vale!

Laggus, son, thine be good rest.
Thy mother prays thee
To take me to thee.
Farewell!

In the cemetery, or Campo Santo, of Bologna we find a modern Latin inscription in which a Christian mother speaks thus:

Angela Ricci, I now am buried here, having lived fifty-one years
Always sorrowing for the loss of my son, I willingly departed, after six
months' illness. Thanks, O merciful God! Now I am united with my
sweetest son, the love of my heart.

As a rule, the simpler and briefer the epitaph the more dignified it is, and the more effective. That on Tasso's tomb is:—

OSSA TASSI.
[Tasso's Bones.]

The heart of Cœur de Lion was found interred in Our Lady's Chapel, Rouen Cathedral, and on the casket that held it were the words:—

HIC JACET COR RICARDI, REGIS ANGLORUM.
[Here lies the heart of Richard, King of the English.]

Another effective epitaph is that at Oxford:—

PRAEIVIT.

[He is gone before.]

Again in the Roman Catacombs:—

PAX TECUM. IN PACE.

MARTYR.

Among modern nations the French, owing to their naturally epigrammatic turn of mind, have succeeded in producing many happy inscriptions both in Latin and in French. Upon the tomb of the Count de Tenia, who was singularly prosperous in his undertakings, are engraved the words,

TANDEM FELIX !

Inscription on the tombstone of a mother who was the first of the family to die:—

LA PREMIERE AU RENDEZ-VOUS.

In the poem addressed by Malherbe to Du Périer on the death of his daughter, these lines occur:—

Mais elle était du monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin,
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

She was of a world too prone to give
Saddest fate to fairest flowers ;
A rose, she lived as the roses live,
Through a few bright morning hours.

Louis Veuillot composed for his tomb an epitaph which Gounod adapted and set to music under the title of "Dernière Prière." I venture on a rough translation of my own:—

Placez à mon côté ma plume,
Sur mon cœur le Christ, mon orgueil ;
Sous mes pieds mettez ce volume,
Et clouez en paix le cercueil.

Après la dernière prière,
Sur ma fosse plantez la croix,
Et si l'on me donne une pierre,
Gravez dessus : " J'ai cru, je vois."

Dites en vous-même : " Il sommeille :
Son dur labeur est achevé ; "
Ou plutôt, dites : " Il s'éveille :
Il voit ce qu'il a tant rêvé. . . . "

J'espère en JÉSUS : sur la terre
 Je n'ai pas rongi de sa loi ;
 Au dernier jour, devant son Père,
 Il ne rongira pas de moi.

Set ye my pen here at my side,
 And on my heart Christ crucified ;
 Be at my feet this volume hid,
 Then nail in peace the coffin lid.

When ye the last sad prayers have said,
 The Cross plant firmly o'er my head ;
 Grave on the stone ye give to me,
 " Faith once was mine ; lo ! now I see ! "

And say : " He sleeps for evermore,
 His sorrows and his toils are o'er ; "
 Or else : " He wakes to light and love—
 What here he dreamed he sees above."

My hope in Jesus : for His Name
 I never shunned defeat or shame ;
 Him I confessed on earth alway—
 Me He'll confess on Judgment Day.

The best English epitaphs are remarkable for terseness and point. Ben Jonson's is :—

O RARE BEN JONSON !

To him is ascribed the epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, though some writers declare William Browne to be the author :

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,
 Learned, fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Saintsbury, in his *Elizabethan Literature*, calls these lines " the crown and flower of all epitaphs."

Herrick on Charles I. :—

Be not dismaide, tho' crosses cast thee downe ;
 Thy fall is but the rising to a crowne.

On Mary Queen of Scots :—

Death is Release.

Somewhat similar is the quatrain which the poet, Father Robert Southwell, S.J., wrote on his own death—he suffered at Tyburn under Elizabeth :—

My skaffold was the bed where ease I found,
The block, a pillow of eternal reste :
My hedman cast me in a blissfull swounde,
His axe cutt off my cares from combed breste.

Johnson in the *Rambler* says : Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance, that he recommended it from his tomb.

I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knowest now who I am, or more properly who I was. For thee, stranger, I who am in darkness cannot know thee, but I entreat thee to know thyself.

Johnson adds that the advice enforces “ a precept, dictated by philosophers, inculcated by poets and ratified by saints.”

Elegies and epitaphs are not, indeed, the sole means by which the memory of the dead can be perpetuated. Great names may be inseparably associated with natural objects, with seas, fields, and mountains. Of Greece Byron says :—

While kings in dusty darkness hid
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The grave of those who cannot die !

Nevertheless such association owes much, if not all, of its permanence to the monumental inscriptions, graven at first on marble or brass and then stereotyped for ever in literature ; and many a heroic deed has doubtless failed to survive because it lacked a written memorial.

It is well for the world that the memory of the choicest spirits of the human race—its sages, its heroes, and its saints—has not perished. The example of the dead is ever before us, their unwearied patience in life's combat, their high ideals, their love of truth, their hatred of wrong, their courageous, and even passionate, striving for all that is noblest and most becoming an immortal, spiritual nature : all this teaches the invaluable

lesson that if we are true to ourselves, to duty and to God, we can walk in their footsteps, can front life with hearts full of hope and courage, and can become, like them, to some extent an influence to cheer, to guide and to bless.

M. WATSON, S.J.

THE CALL OF THE SPRING

WITH banners green and gold unfurled
The Spring steals in upon the world,
On tiptoe takes it by surprise ;
Sweeter than violets are her eyes,
Sweeter than primroses her breath,
That gives new life to seeming Death.

By pasture green and babbling rill
Flaunts her ensign, the daffodil ;
The snowdrop, pale and shy and sweet,
Tinkles low bells before her feet ;
The tulips lift their chalices
Dew-filled, for her dear lips to kiss.

And at her touch my heart, too, wakes,
And sighs for country fields and brakes,
Far from this drab and dusty town,
Clad in dull robes of grey and brown—
For some deep woodland, lone and wild,
Remembered since I was a child—

Where for a little, even I
Might in the lap of Springtime lie,
Forgetting pain, forgetting Death—
My heart wakes for a little breath
From its dull dreaming, wakes and cries
For cowslip meadows, Springtime skies.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF LIFE

IN some back number of this magazine, probably in some batch of "Pigeonhole Paragraphs," we discussed the question, which is the happiest time of human life. We see the same question started in almost the only number we have ever seen (August 9, 1907) of *Le Gaulois*, which calls itself "le plus grand journal du matin" in Paris—it is left far behind in size by the morning papers of Dublin, London, and New York. M. Henri Lavedan, an eminent writer of the day, has published a novel called *Le Bon Temps*; and this suggested to some one who does not give his name the idea of going round to sundry celebrities and trying to extract their answer to the question, "Quel est le bon temps? Est-ce la jeunesse? l'âge mûr? ou la vieillesse?"

The first person that the inquisitor caught was M. Paul Bourget; but he was feverishly busy, writing an article, and not a syllable could be got from him except that the new story is a masterpiece. Not a word on the abstract question mooted by one of its heroes, that youth alone is happy.

Better luck with the Marquis de Ségur. By the way, it is mentioned elsewhere in the *Gaulois* that M. Lavedan is backing the Marquis's candidature for one of the two vacant *fauteuils* in the French Academy. Is he a nephew of the Blind Apostle of Paris?

"Ah, sir, what a question to put to me? At what moment do I place what is called *le bon temps*? There is no harder question to answer. 'It was yesterday,' M. Lavedan assures us in the delightful book which has started you on your present quest. As for me, I should be tempted to say, 'It will be to-morrow,' if I were not touching the age when the mind feels near to the dreadful *never again*! Doubtless the time of youth, more than any other, knows the joy of living; but this fugitive joy, the impatient looking forward to the future and *la fièvre du mieux*, prevent us from enjoying it thoroughly at the time, and, when we look back on it later on in life, the memories that we have preserved of it are too much mingled with regrets."

The Marquis goes on to remark that, though it is hard to find in the past a period of conscious and stable happiness, most people cherish the memory of certain glorious moments of the heart's expansion, rapture, perfect gladness—"certaines minutes

supérieures d'épanouissement d'enivrement, d'allégresse absolue." The one that he describes as his own most vivid recollection of the sort was the afternoon of September 2nd, 1870, when his father came running from the village post-office in a hidden nook of Normandy with the ecstatic news that at last the hour of vengeance had come, that the Prussian army was annihilated. The rest of the day was spent in preparing fireworks and other tokens of triumph. But the morning brought the news of Sedan. "This was the strongest impression of my first youth. I had at once before me the two faces of human happiness, the intoxication and the disillusionment."

Our inquisitive friend seems to have called on the persons who took no notice of his letter of enquiry. He found M. Chaplain (is he a painter?) in his office or studio at the Institute. "I don't read." "But the good time of life—is it the time that the artist consecrates to his art?" M. Chaplain replied, "My best time was the four years I spent in Rome."

The only lady questioned—Madame J. Marni, whose titles to distinction are unknown to us—has no opinion on the point. "I have seen gloomy childhoods, despairing boyhoods, triumphant manhood, and silly old age."

M. Paul Adam gives the most elaborate answer of all, but it does not lend itself to quotation. He places the happiest time of life between thirty and fifty, and he advises a young man not to have *un ami* but *des amis*. "Celui qui ravage l'existence, c'est l'intime." No particular friendship—but many good and true friends. "Le bon temps commence après la trentaine."

M. Huysmans is better known to us than M. Adam. The mystic author of *La Cathédrale* lives in religious solitude at St. Sulpice—or rather did live there till that historic home of piety and learning was broken up by an infidel and tyrannical government, of which a Dublin newspaper that pockets much Catholic money has quite lately declared, with abominable effrontery, that it has "given proof on proof of its anxiety to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of Catholics!"* Are

* The *Saturday Review* of January 26 informs us that "according to the French Government's own organ, the *Journal Officiel*, 1,252 of the churches and chapels which a few years ago belonged to religious communities, military and civil hospitals, colleges and schools, etc., have already been desecrated and turned to profane purposes. The chapel of the Invalides, which only a month ago was used as a parish church and had a large congregation, is now, by order of General Picquart, Minister of War, closed to the public for divine service, and as recently as last week, when the Spanish Ambassador inquired whether the baptism of a well-

susceptibilities not wounded by robbery and exile? M. Huysmans has found his way into the Church by a strange route. It is a pity that after his conversion he is not able to send a more cheerful message to the world outside. "God loves a cheerful giver;" and St. Paul commands us to rejoice in the Lord always. "The icy words fell slowly from his lips. 'The happy time? Others may have known such, but I never.' Then, as if speaking to himself, 'Ah, life, is not an amusing business—no, not by any means, in any degree, at any time.' Then he added roughly, 'Tell your readers that, if you like—nothing but that, but tell them that. Or rather no!—say nothing at all.'"

A less austere personage gives his views next—M. Alfred Capus who, it seems, is one of three dramatists of the day too well known to make it necessary "*de tracer leur silhouette*."

"We give the name of our happiest time to those hours of our life when we begin to forget. Doings that once seemed intolerable appear delightful in proportion as we lose our remembrance of them and their reality fades out in our minds. The stories of our past are like hunting stories: they never happened as the hunters tell them, and that is the reason why we love them so much."

Finally (but this first instalment of August 9, ends with the words *A suivre*), M. Henri de Régnier, who is the most *académisable* of the younger poets, cannot remember his youth as being a particularly good time. But then his companions were less gay and amusing than the heroes of M. Lavedan's delightful masterpiece which makes one long to be again twenty years old.

known officer's child, to which the King of Spain intended to be a sponsor, might take place, he was informed "On no account." The magnificent chapel of the Marist Brothers, of Plaisance, 46 Rue Pernety, Paris, one of the finest modern Gothic churches in France, built by that community and with the aid of private subscriptions in 1899 at a cost of 600,000*fr.*, has been recently sold for 130,000*fr.* to an old tradesman, who is now allowing it to be turned into a cinematograph show and questionable *café chantant* of the Montmartre type, having cabinets particuliers in the erstwhile side-chapels. The high altar now supports the stage upon which probably blasphemous and indecent songs will be sung and 'sensational' pictures shown for the benefit of very mixed audience. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is to become a supper-room which will be the resort of the lowest class of *demi-mondaines* and so on. This is what the paternal Government of Messrs. Clemenceau and Briand allows God's house to be turned into."

Such is their "anxiety to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of Catholics."

THAT CRY

OCH ! there it's again on the sad wind borne !

Oh ! will it always keep sounding so ?

Why won't it leave me and let me mourn

Alone, for the lad from my bosom torn ?—

The half of whose loss I yet only know.

Ever since over his bonny brown head

Closed the wild waters of Dundalk Bay,

Then cast him from them, and backward fled,

Leaving him there in the moonlight, dead—

That cry is with me by night and day.

Oh ! well I knew when I heard it then,

That the world had lost all its charms for me ;

Something beyond any mortal ken

I heard in that cry, that said, " Never again

With life in his bosom your love you'll see."

I tossed that night on a sleepless bed,

Coupling my love's with the Holy Name—

Praying to Him who for sinners bled—

Many a decade to Mary I said,

And my pillow was wet when the morning came.

When the morning came ! when the morning came !

Oh, why did I live to see ?

Then I heard of the wreck, and I heard the name

Of the luckless barque, and a sword of flame

Went straight to the heart of me.

And I was one of an awe-struck band

Of women weeping, and sad-faced men,

And I found my love on the wreck-strewn strand—

Then along the sea and across the land

Sounded that cry of the night again !

'Tis come to be part of my being now—

Och, sure, I know it will never cease

Till before God's Glory my head I bow,

And we two keep there our earthly vow—

I and my love in the Heavenly Peace !

J. H. DONNELLAN.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S HEIRESS

A STORY

CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY next morning, Mrs. Arrowsmith, Charles and Punch took their departure before most of their guests were awake, and long before any of them were up and about. To get them ready in time was hard work, and Betty and Mrs. Arrowsmith's maid were busy packing till the very last moment.

Hoping for a few words with Elizabeth, Charles wandered up and down, lingering on the stairs and in the corridors, as long as he possibly could. But she was nowhere to be seen, and at last telling himself that she must be designedly keeping out of his way, he was obliged to go disconsolately in to breakfast.

"She is anxious to avoid me—is afraid from what I said last night, that I will worry her again," he murmured. "Oh! Betty, can it be that you do not love me? Can it be that I am no dearer to you than poor Frank? My darling, my darling! This uncertainty is horrible."

As the carriage came round, and Mrs. Arrowsmith was about to step in, Elizabeth, a hot spot on each cheek, her eyes looking as though she had been weeping, came running down the hall-door steps and threw her arms round that lady's neck.

"Good-bye," she cried with emotion. "And please, dear Mrs. Arrowsmith, don't be long away. I feel as if all kinds of dreadful things were going to happen at Rathkieran without you. So please, please, come back soon."

"Foolish child!" Mrs. Arrowsmith embraced her warmly. "Nothing dreadful could happen, and I'll be back surely in two or three days. Take care of Lottie and yourself, and be as happy as possible."

"If only the visitors were gone," stammered Betty, "I wouldn't care so much."

"Tut, tut! Nonsense. They'll nearly all go this evening. You and Sybil will be great friends when I come back."

Elizabeth's face grew white, and her lips trembled.

"She doesn't like me. I—I don't think we could ever be friends."

"That's just an idea. Try to get over it, Betty, for my sake." And kissing her again, she stepped into the carriage.

"Good-bye," the girl said, bending towards her; "I'll try

to do exactly as you wish." And with a little sob, she turned away.

The next moment Charles Arrowsmith came hurrying out of the house, followed by Punch, who, kissing the girl quickly, ran on, and bounded into the carriage.

"I was looking for you—longing to see you," Charles said, in a low, suppressed voice. "I—I had something I wished to say."

"Hush!" she whispered. "Wait——" her face grew crimson, "till you come back."

"But may I hope? Elizabeth, may I hope?"

She raised her beautiful eyes to his face, for one brief second, then turned them quickly, and shyly on the ground.

"Perhaps that is—yes—if——"

"Charles, we'll miss the train," cried his mother pettishly. "For goodness' sake shorten your good-bye to Elizabeth and come along. She won't run away till we come back."

"I trust not, indeed," he murmured. "Good-bye, my darling," and pressing her hand between his own, he gazed at her with adoring eyes. Then, he tore himself away from her, and jumped into the carriage,

Till the sound of the wheels died away in the distance, Elizabeth stood upon the steps, her hands clasped, her heart beating tumultuously; her face lit up with a great and wonderful happiness; her eyes shining and full of tears, fixed upon the morning sky.

"Ah," she whispered, "can it be true? Does he really love me? Is it possible that Charles could think me, poor little worthless me, good enough to be his wife? Yes, I saw it in his eyes—heard it in his words and voice. But oh! for his sake 'tis a pity—and—and his mother will not like it. He wants money and she hoped he would marry an heiress—a real one—such as Sybil Bindon. I would hate to disappoint her—the best friend I ever had—disappoint her, and perhaps ruin his prospects for life. But oh! I love him."

"So you were up to see the travellers off?" said a voice that always gave her a thrill of uneasiness. "How very attentive and sweet of you! Wasn't Mr. Arrowsmith deeply touched by such devotion, Miss O'Neill?"

Elizabeth's colour faded, and her lips tightened. Then, drawing herself up with dignity, she turned and faced Miss Bindon with a calmness that surprised that young lady immensely.

"I am Mrs. Arrowsmith's governess," she said coldly. "It was my duty to see to Punch's things and give him his break-

fast. I must now go to Lottie." And she moved on up the steps.

As she passed in to the hall, Sybil Bindon looked at her and laughed.

"You are really cleverer than I thought," she remarked. "Your manner and answer are worthy of an accomplished well-practised town coquette, rather than a simple country girl. I respect you more than I ever did."

Elizabeth blushed to her eyes, and gazed at her wonderingly,

"My manner came naturally. My answer was a true one," she said simply. "I had to get up to look after Punch."

"Of course you had. And now, there won't be many people in the house after to-day. You and I, I believe, are to be the only girls. Let us, then, be at least civil to each other till Mrs. Arrowsmith and her son return?"

"Oh, certainly," Betty cried, "and afterwards, too. I have no wish to quarrel with you, Miss Bindon."

"I suppose not," she laughed, and to Betty's ears there seemed something like a sneer in her laugh. "However, as 'sufficient for the day' is always my motto, we'll say nothing about 'afterwards.' Things will arrange themselves then."

"Very well. Just as you please," answered Elizabeth, her head high. "And now I must go to Lottie." And she tripped off, greatly relieved when she found herself safely away from the handsome, haughty heiress. "I will be as nice as I can to her, till dear Mrs. Arrowsmith comes back," she murmured. "And then—well, she will probably soon go away. She can't stay here always. And now I know," with a bright blush, and a quick throb of joy, "Charles will never marry her."

The truce of peace was on the whole successful. Sybil Bindon patronized Elizabeth in a way that was sometimes galling to the girl, and made it very difficult for her to keep her temper. But the thought of her own happiness, the certainty that Charles loved her, and meant to ask her to be his wife, helped and strengthened her so much that she soon ceased to pay any attention to Sybil's rude attacks, and merely smiled indifferently, no matter what she said or did. This angered the spoilt young beauty, and increased her desire to get rid of Elizabeth before the return of Mrs. Arrowsmith and her son to Rathkieran. But plot and plan as she would, this was no easy thing to do. Lottie, the house-servants and visitors had been left in Elizabeth's charge, and till her mistress returned nothing would induce the girl to go, even to Dowcra for the day. There were many people to look after, many things to do, and very faithfully Betty tried to fulfil her trust.

On the morning following Mrs. Arrowsmith's departure, Elizabeth received a letter that distressed and alarmed her. It was from Ted, telling her that he was in a hole. That he owed money to the bank, and that unless she could help him out of his difficulties before the end of the week, he would be dismissed and ruined. As she sat weeping over this letter, wondering how in the world she would manage to save the poor boy, Sybil Bindon entered the room, and in a sudden burst of confidence, which she regretted the next moment, Elizabeth poured forth the whole sad story.

"And the worst of it is, I have only about half the money," she sobbed, "and Uncle Mike is not in a position to give me the rest, I know. And oh! they will all grieve and be so disgraced if Ted is dismissed from the bank. Poor Ted! he's wild and harum-scarum—but such a nice boy."

"Let me give you the money. I have plenty—and would be so pleased——"

"No, no, thank you, no!" Elizabeth grew white and red, and a sudden terror seized her. She had betrayed her cousin to this stranger. Oh, what a stupid, unkind creature she had been! But nothing she told herself would induce her to accept money from Sybil Bindon. To do so, would be treating her as a friend, and well she knew in spite of her apparent kindness in offering her this money that the girl hated her, and looked upon her as an enemy. Under those circumstances, she felt that to accept such a favour from her would be wrong and impossible. And yet had Elizabeth humbled herself and allowed Sybil to help her out of her difficulty much good might have been done, and the fact that this loan had been given and accepted, would have lessened the cruel and damning suspicions which were so soon to gather round her, and ruin her happiness.

"You'd better not refuse a good thing when it is offered," Sybil said, with a light laugh. "I'm not always so generous, I assure you."

"I will not trouble you, thanks," Elizabeth replied stiffly. "I have some money, and can sell one or two little things to make up the rest. I'd rather do it all myself."

"Pawn you diamonds."

Elizabeth flushed and seemed about to speak. Then suddenly, gathering up her letters, she ran out of the room.

"Little idiot!" cried Sybil Bindon angrily. "So it's to be war, after all. Well," flinging herself on a sofa, "all right, she'll perhaps be sorry some day. However,"—shrugging her shoulders—"it makes things easier for me, and may help me to get her away."

That evening Elizabeth received two letters, one from Mrs. Arrowsmith, announcing her return accompanied by her broken hearted Flora early next morning. The other from Charles, pouring forth all his hopes and prayers for the future, and begging her to be his wife. This, her first love-letter, filled the girl with an immense joy, and for some time all her troubles and worries were forgotten. One thing in her lover's rapturous epistle saddened her for a moment, and brought tears to her eyes. That was the fact that he was detained for a week in London on business. "But after that, mine own," he wrote, "we'll have a happy time together, and it will only remain for you to name the wedding-day. The man who absconded taking with him so many thousands from my office has been found, and before very long all the money will be refunded. So we shall be able to begin comfortably. My darling shall have a home worthy of her."

Her heart throbbing with happiness, Elizabeth pressed his dear signature to her lips, and without delay, sat down and wrote him a loving, tender little letter, promising to be his wife and to love him faithfully till the end of her life. This written and posted, with a painful pang at her heart, she remembered poor Ted, and in all haste sent him a note enclosing five pounds, all that remained to her of her half-year's salary, and assuring him that she would take the remaining ten to him very soon, when by selling some little pieces of jewellery she would be able to get the money. This she could not do, however, till after Mrs. Arrowsmith's return, when she hoped to get to town for a day.

"I'm afraid those two brooches aren't worth much," she thought, examining her various treasures. "But they're all I have to dispose of. To sell my pearls would be impossible. Dear, oh! dear, what a pity I haven't something like that cross of Mrs. Arrowsmith's. That would be worth selling now."

The return of the mistress of the house with her married daughter, Flora Gibbons, caused a flutter of excitement that was anything but unpleasant, after so many dull and uninteresting days. Elizabeth, servants and visitors were all delighted to see the travellers, and flew hither and thither anxious to show them every attention, and minister to their wants.

As they settled down quietly in their rooms to rest, Lottie declaring that she was going to stay with her mother all day, Elizabeth asked leave to go up to Dublin for two or three hours.

"Dublin?" Mrs. Arrowsmith looked up in surprise. "Well, really you are in a hurry. What on earth do you want rushing

off to Dublin, the very instant I get home. I've hardly seen you, Betty."

Betty flushed to her eyes. "I have some pressing business to do. And you are tired. We'll have a long chat when Lottie goes to bed this evening, and I can have you to myself."

"Very well, dear. I suppose you must go. You must tell me all about your business when you come home again."

Elizabeth's colour faded, and her eyes grew sad.

"No, dear Mrs. Arrowsmith. I hope you will not ask me to do that—as—as—it does not altogether concern myself."

"Well, I'm not curious"—and smiling, "I think I may trust you, Betty."

"I hope so." A deep blush now dyed Betty's cheeks crimson. "She doesn't know yet," she thought. "Charles has told her nothing. Oh! what will she say? What will she say?" And she turned quickly away, overcome with emotion, and slipped out of the room.

"There's something odd about Elizabeth to-day," thought Mrs. Arrowsmith, looking after her. "She starts and trembles at every word. Has Betty been well, Lottie?"

"Oh! all right," answered Lottie carelessly, her whole mind absorbed in a new doll from London. "just as she always is."

"I can't think that," Mrs. Arrowsmith murmured. "She looks to me like a person with something on her mind. I wonder if she and Sybil Bindon quarrelled much."

"I hate Sybil Bindon," Lottie said with decision, looking up from her doll. "She's an inquisitive, prying cat."

"Hush! Lottie, for shame! I never heard such language. It's most unlady-like."

"But true," Lottie answered unabashed. "She was always poking about in the rooms. Why, I found her in here, just up at your dressing-table, one day. Jolly cheek I call it. And then she offered me a box of chocolates—a lovely blue satin box—if I wouldn't tell."

"You didn't take it, I hope, for, if so, you've behaved very badly."

"Not likely. I told her I'd tell, and she laughed and said you wouldn't object to her looking round the old house, she knew, and she didn't care whether I told you or not. But she did all the same, I felt certain."

"Oh! you know too much," said her mother with a little laugh. "But she was right. I am glad she went over the house; and if you had been a polite girl you'd have told her so, and shown her all there was worth showing."

"She's no friend of mine." Lottie shook out her doll's frock. "Punch liked her far better than I did. He told her about the secret hiding-place and showed her the old well. I wouldn't, I can tell you."

"I don't like your tone, Lottie. It is extremely pert."

Lottie pouted, but made no reply. She was sorry to have vexed her mother. But nothing would induce her to say anything nice about Sybil Bindon. She had heard her speak unkindly, upon several occasions to her beloved Elizabeth. This, in Lottie's eyes, was an unpardonable offence.

CHAPTER XIV

ELIZABETH spent a depressing and tiring afternoon in Dublin. She was deeply grieved to part with her jewellery, which had belonged to her mother, and was for that reason very dear to her loving little heart. But Teddy must be saved at all costs. This good-natured, rather heedless young cousin had always been her favourite, and for his sake she was willing to make the sacrifice of the few treasures that belonged to her.

"I'll pawn them and redeem them again as soon as ever I can," she told herself. "So it will only mean parting with them for a little while." And for the first time in her life, she shyly made her way into a big shop with three golden balls hanging over the door.

The man behind the counter was very civil. Fascinated by her sweet, bashful manner, he waited on her with alacrity, and telling her, to her surprise, that the brooches were quite worth what she asked for them, because of the delicate workmanship of their antique setting, he handed her eleven pounds.

Delighted, Elizabeth thanked him profusely, bade him good afternoon, and hurried out of the shop.

Teddy Tiernan met her by appointment at Mitchell's in Grafton Street, and with much emotion and heartfelt gratitude, received the money, swearing that he would pay her back in regular instalments out of his salary as soon as possible.

"You're a brick—an absolute brick, Betty," he cried, "and I'll never forget this to you. Come what may, I'm your friend for ever."

Betty smiled. She knew poor Ted meant every word he said, but she could not help thinking that he would not be a friend upon whom one could rely with anything like security.

"He means well, and is a dear, lovable fellow," she thought.

"But, thank God, I shall not want much assistance from him. Charles, my best beloved, will be all the friend I shall ever require."

"The Governor's awfully down on his luck," Ted remarked, pocketing his ten pounds. "I didn't dare to ask him for a farthing—and I was in a bad hole. It's hard work living as a bank clerk, Bet."

"I'm sure it is. Your salary is wretched. Perhaps by and by you may get into something better."

"Perhaps. But the chance is small, unless"—his dark eyes lighting up suddenly—"Uncle Terence were to turn up trump after all. If you become an heiress, Betty, you won't forget me?"

"No, Ted, you may be sure of that. Now come and have some tea." And she sat down at a little table, her face flushing brightly, her heart giving a quick bound of pleasure, as it flashed through her mind, that without waiting for Uncle Terence, his uncertain return, and fortune, she might before very long be able to put Teddy into some better place, in which to earn his bread. At a word from her, Charles would be sure to help him, and smiling happily, she began to pour out the tea.

Though satisfied that she had done a good afternoon's work, and that her advice and words of encouragement were likely to sink into Teddy's mind and make him take life more seriously, Elizabeth felt weary and very low-spirited as she walked slowly up the drive to Rathkieran. An unaccountable sensation of uneasiness, a feeling of approaching trouble that she could not understand, weighed upon her heavily.

"I'm tired—after my trip to town and—and all I have gone through," she told herself. "Then, I'm anxious about what Mrs. Arrowsmith will say to my engagement to Charles. He'll have to tell her at once when he comes back. I hate talking to her, and meeting her affectionate and trusting eyes, till she knows. Yet I dare not speak. He must do that. And now, as soon as I have taken off my boots and things, I must dress quickly for dinner, and go to her. We'll have time for a nice, long talk. I am anxious to know what Mr. Gibbons has promised to do about Uncle Terence. Australia is, of course, a large country. But by making inquiries he might perhaps hear something that would lead to our discovering him. It is a forlorn hope, but still I cling to it. My poor, dear wanderer, oh! if he could but hear some news of you!"

As the girl stood before the glass, putting the finishing touches to her toilet for dinner, Mrs. Arrowsmith's maid opened the door, and came slowly in. She looked scared and white,

Elizabeth thought, and wondering what was wrong, the girl suppressed a feeling of indignation at the woman's coolness in entering without knocking, and putting it down to forgetfulness caused by some worry of mind, let it pass without remark.

"Mrs. Arrowsmith wishes you to go to her bed-room at once," Jane said in a voice and tone of exceeding rudeness. "You are not to delay a moment. She has a question to ask you."

Elizabeth looked at her, her eyes flashing.

"You forget yourself—and who you are speaking to, Jane, I think," she said, her head erect. "Please tell Mrs. Arrowsmith that I will be with her in a few moments."

"The sooner the better, or she'll be in to you. She's in a tearing temper," cried Jane, and she flounced out of the room, banging the door loudly behind her.

"The woman has gone mad," thought Elizabeth, fastening a few flowers in front of her dress, her fingers trembling with agitation. "But what can have happened? Something must have gone wrong to make her so insulting and Mrs. Arrowsmith so angry. I must really go and see."

Flora Gibbons and her mother stood together near the fire in the bed-room, conversing in low, eager voices. They did not look up as Elizabeth entered, and awed by their pale, anxious looks, and suppressed tones, the girl paused uncertain whether she should interrupt them, or steal quietly away.

"Jane was dreaming; dear Mrs. Arrowsmith is not angry," she thought quickly. "She seems in trouble and so does Mrs. Gibbons. But"—

Flora raised her head, and turned suddenly scarlet, as she saw Elizabeth lovely and charming in her simple white muslin, a spray of pure white flowers on her breast, standing on the threshold, the dark oak doorway framing her as a picture.

"She is there," she whispered in her mother's ear. "See Elizabeth is wondering why you have sent for her, and oh!" (with a little gasp), "how sweet and innocent she looks!"

With a long drawn sob, Mrs. Arrowsmith clutched the shelf of the mantel-piece, and leaning against it, for a moment, as though to steady herself, dashed one hand across her eyes, and then turning suddenly, faced Elizabeth, without looking at her, however but keeping her gaze fixed upon the floor.

"Come here, child," she said huskily. "See I have something to—to show—to ask you." And trembling visibly, she held an empty jewel-case towards the astonished girl.

Elizabeth went quickly to her side, her long, white dress

trailing softly behind her, her sweet face anxious and perplexed. her eyes full of wonder and inquiry.

"You remember, the beautiful diamond cross, that was in this case, and that I told you was so valuable?" Mrs. Arrowsmith asked, looking up sharply, as though longing to read the girl's inmost thoughts.

"Oh! yes. Of course, I do," Elizabeth answered, a vague feeling of uneasiness creeping over her. "You locked it up in your secret drawer, a drawer impossible to find, you said, unless by someone who had seen where it was, and how it opened. You told me no burglar could ever discover it, and that your jewels were, therefore, quite safe."

"No burglars have discovered it," Mrs. Arrowsmith's breath came thick and fast, her bosom heaved painfully. "But a thief has—someone in the house—who was afraid to take too much at once, and so in my absence has stolen the cross." And with an imploring expression and gesture she once more held the empty jewel-case towards Elizabeth.

"This is terrible," cried the girl. "But who can have done it? No one in the house, you told me, knew how to open that drawer."

A shiver passed over Mrs. Arrowsmith; she dropped the empty case on the dressing table, and a deep sob escaped her.

"One person alone knew about that drawer, Elizabeth," she said, and her words were scarcely audible, so great was her emotion. "One person as dear to me as a daughter. I—I showed it to her—and explained how it was opened myself."

Elizabeth started, and turning white to the lips, uttered a cry of anguish. "You showed it to me. But—you do not mean—you cannot think that I—I to whom you have been as a mother—that I would touch it? Oh!" with a little moan, "for God's sake don't say—don't suggest such a thing. It would," flinging her hands before her face, "be far too terrible."

"I must—think it—in spite of myself," Mrs. Arrowsmith cried. Then bursting into tears, she sank upon the sofa, and buried her face in the cushions. "I'd rather lose every jewel I possess than believe it. But—the thing is forced upon me."

Elizabeth white as the dress she wore, with clenched fists and set teeth, stood speechless before her accuser. Erect, motionless, rigid she seemed suddenly turned to stone.

Mrs. Gibbons looked at her mother heart-broken, and torn with grief, and then at the young girl so lovely and tragic in her misery, and felt deeply sorry for both.

"You must not be surprised that my mother should suspect you, Elizabeth," she said gently and sadly. "For everything points to you, as the——makes us think that you took the cross, perhaps, only to return it. First, you knew the drawer—then, you were seen running out of this room, where you had no business to be on the night of the ball—by my mother herself and my brother, Charles."

A spasm of anguish passed over Elizabeth's white face. Her lips parted, but she shut them tightly again, and made no remark.

"Then, to-day," continued Mrs. Gibbons, "before we had been many hours in the house, you rush off on business to Dublin, leaving my mother to find out from Sybil Bindon that you had gone to raise money in order that you might pay the debts of your cousin, who had got into trouble in the bank. Is that true?"

"Quite." Elizabeth was now crimson over cheek and brow. "I had sent him all I had—the money you gave me for my salary—or part of it," turning towards Mrs. Arrowsmith. "But it was not enough, and so I went to a pawn-shop, for the first time in my life, and pawned three brooches, that came to me from my mother. That is the whole true story."

"Elizabeth," Mrs. Arrowsmith started to her feet, "tell me all—confess, child. Let me know where the cross is—and I'll hush the matter up. Say not one word"——

"Too late, mother," Flora whispered, "everyone in the house knows that the cross is gone. 'Tis the talk of drawing-room and servants' hall alike. Thanks to Sybil Bindon's evil tongue everyone knows that Elizabeth had been told the secret of the drawer, was hard up for money, which she required desperately, and had gone to raise it in Dublin to-day."

"No matter. If I redeem the cross—say I found it," Mrs. Arrowsmith cried feverishly. "I shall be able to stop that talk, avert all suspicion. But in order to do that I must know where the diamond cross is. Elizabeth, speak. Tell me—for your own sake—where it is to be found."

Elizabeth straightened herself. Her face was white again, but her eyes were full of a proud and angry light.

"You are unjust—and cruel," she exclaimed, clutching nervously at the flowers upon her breast, and crushing them ruthlessly in her trembling fingers "to believe such things of me. But I tell you—I swear—that I know nothing of your cross. I never saw it—never touched it."

"Elizabeth," Mrs. Arrowsmith gazed at her longingly, but with doubt in her eyes, "if I could only be sure—of that."

A moan broke from Elizabeth's white lips, and she turned slowly away.

"I cannot say more," she said, looking back, her fingers on the handle of the door. "But some day God will prove me innocent. I leave myself in His hands. Good-bye. Late as it is, I return to Docwra to-night."

"Elizabeth," Mrs. Arrowsmith flung herself forward and threw her arms round the girl's waist. "You must not do that. That would be to confess yourself guilty. To run away like a coward would be destruction. Stay and live it down—and—and together we'll look for the cross."

"Then," her lips quivered, "you do believe me innocent."

"Oh, yes. I cannot look at you and think otherwise. Stay and help me to clear up this mystery. I cannot bear to see you go."

A sharp knock at the door startled them, and before anyone had the presence of mind to bid the would-be intruder to depart, Sybil Bindon pushed it open, and walked in.

"Ah! I see," she remarked airily, "a council of war. Well, and what has Miss O'Neill to say for herself?"

"That the whole thing is a mystery and that she knows nothing about the cross," said Mrs. Arrowsmith, hurriedly, and looking Miss Bindon calmly in the face. "It's just what I expected, of course, and we are all going to put our heads together and consider how we can best unravel the mystery. Elizabeth," taking her hand and drawing her across the room to the sofa, "you sit here, beside me. Flora you take that seat and, Sybil, make yourself cosy in that arm-chair. We have just a quarter of an hour before dinner, and as we are all ready, we may give ourselves up to the consideration of the various pros and cons of the situation, before we go down to the drawing-room. Now, Betty, you must be the first to speak. What do you think is the best course to pursue? I'll never rest till I find my cross."

Betty turned white and red and looked helplessly round her.

"I—I don't know—can't think," she moaned. Then, with a deep sob, she threw her arms round Mrs. Arrowsmith's neck, and letting her head fall forward on her breast, burst into a loud and passionate fit of weeping.

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

(To be continued.)

A HOMESTEAD

FROM Waterville, where now we dwell,
Our stalwart steed had travelled well,
More Irish miles than I can tell.

The mountain road still upward wound,
Bogland and boulder all around,
And barren heights, with cloud-wreaths crowned.

But when the road turned downward steep,
We saw the wild Atlantic leap,
And lash the cliffs, and foams and sweep.

Descending slowly towards the west,
We reached below a haven blest,
St. Finian's Glen, our place of rest.

In Kerry sunshine's fitful gleam,
That ocean valley was a dream,
With its delightful mountain stream.

'Neath ferny coverts bounding free,
It sang, and joined in harmony
The mystic minors of the sea.

Beyond a silver-shining strand
Rolled in translucent billows grand,
We felt as though in fairyland.

Not so our worthy Mrs. Shea,
She was no unsubstantial fay,
And all her life was work-a-day.

White-kerchiefed head, clear, kind eyes keen,
Bare feet, skirt homespun, coarse but clean ;
In her domain she reigned a queen.

Her dwelling was no cabin small ;
Within was room enough for all,
Without were pigsty, roost, and stall.

Her dairy was her special pride,
She welcomed us her house inside,
Brought milk, and would not be denied.

That kitchen had a homely air,
A fire of fragrant turf burned there,
The dresser boasted gorgeous ware.

Her husband came, with smiling face,
Her boys and girls, a hardy race,
Whose world was that secluded place.

A little friendly chat, and then
We travellers took the road again,
Ne'er to forget St. Finian's Glen.

DEBORAH WEBB.

August, 1906.

TERRY

SUNSHINE, be bountiful, pour out your gold for her ;
Thrushes, be cheery till daylight is done ;
Crocus and daffodil, laugh through the mould for her ;
Terry this morning is ten years and one.

Angels, watch over her, make her way beautiful,
Shield her from dangers that lurk for her harm,
Keep her a child that is loving and dutiful,
Keep her a girl full of innocent charm.

All the world smiles to her, Terry smiles merrily,
Facing the world with delight in her eyes ;
Robins peep out at her, saying, " Why, verily
Here is a birdie in girlish disguise ! "

So may she be as the years fly along to her,
Brimming with happiness, sparkling with fun,
Greeting with gladness the friends that shall throng to her.
Sweet as a child is at ninety and one.

J. W. A.

A LESSON FOR US AT HOME

SOMEONE may read this page who has neglected the duties of religion for a long time, although he could receive the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion to-morrow if he chose. Such a person might be touched by the letter which we venture to put into print exactly as it was written by a poor man who is far removed from those religious consolations which are at our disposal in abundance, and which, alas! we are too apt to undervalue an account of their very abundance. Our account before the judgment seat of God will be far more strict than that of persons situated like the writer of the following letter, from which we will suppress only his name and address.

“ MY DEAREST AGNES,

“ It is with pleasure and delight that I am writing those few lines to you after my long silence. Well, my dearest sister, I am very sorry for the way I have treated all of yous, and I ask your forgiveness. A great change for the better has happened to me since I wrote to my dearest sister Annie, for I have been to Confession and Holy Communion two days ago, so I thank the Great God for being so good to me, as I think it is over six years since I was at Confession last. Well, now I will explain how it came to me. I believe that our Divine Lord has performed a miracle on me in sending a priest to me. I have been saying the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin every night for this last six or seven months that the Sacred Heart of Jesus would grant me the favour to be able to go to Confession and Holy Communion soon; so I began to think the Lord was keeping me a long time without granting me the Favour. However, I have kept on saying it. So about three weeks ago I was reading one of the Sacred Heart Books that Mary Jane sends me, and I saw in it a Novena to St. Francis Xavier; it was to be said for nine days. So, I was just saying it for about three Weeks when a priest rode up to me on Horseback and asked me if I knew a man by the name of Tom O'Neill.* So I told him I did, and then I asked him was he a Catholic priest, and he said he was. So there and then I told him that

* We give this name in place of another equally Irish. God bless the Dutch priest for riding many a mile in search of the Irish exile.—ED. I. M.

I wanted to go to Confession. So he told me to prepare myself that day and that he would come up the next day and hear my Confession. So he came and he heard my confession in my own little house ; for I am living by myself and cooking for myself, and before he went away I got him to Bless my little House, and I also served his Mass. There were only ten men, one woman, and nine children at the Mass. You must remember this is one of the wildest parts of New Zealand where I am living. There is no chapel, and a priest only comes here once in every three or four months, and, even if you did meet a priest here, you would not no him, for the are nearly all foreign priests with big long beards on them. The priest that was here two days ago is a Duch priest but speaks very good English, and he is a fine young Fresh Looking man, God Bless him. He told me that he would try and come here once a month if he can, and he is going to send us a post card to let us know when he will be coming. Well, dear Agnes, I can assure you that I feel very Happy and contented in my mind since I received our Divine Lord, for I know there is no consolation in this world only Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and with their Holy help the like will never Happen me again. I would like you to offer up a Mass and Holy Communion in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and one in honour of Holy St. Francis Xavier for the favours the have granted me. Well, my darling sister, sometimes I get very lonely and down Hearted when I come to look back and think of all my relations and friends, and to say that I have got no one to talk to me. But I deserve it all ; I have no pity for myself, and I don't expect any pity from any one else. I am the lost sheep of the Family. But thanks be to the Lord and his Blessed Mother for allowing me to live so long, a poor wreched sinner as I am. Well, I hope that I have finished my wild ways, for I know that our Lord has called me and that is a warning to me ; so I mean to follow in the footsteps of our Blessed Lord for the remainder of my life with the assistance of his Holy help, the Holy Virgin and Holy Saint Joseph. I hope Annie will excuse any faults or mistakes in the letter I wrote to her, as to tell you the truth I thought my Heart would burst when I was writing to her. Don't think for a moment that what I say is only put on, for God himself knows that it is not. For I have got one of the most tender Hearts of any one of the Family, although I have not wrote to yous, but I have never let yous out of my mind. For I always say a little prayer for all my Brothers and sisters that is alive, every day, as bad as I am, God Help me. Well, my darling Sister, I have no more to say

at present, so I will draw to a close, with love to Annie and yourself, I remain,

"Your ever loving brother."

I have punctuated this very human document, but with that exception I have copied it faithfully with its occasional eccentricities of spelling. Why does "Horseback" begin with a majuscule while "priest" is fain to be content with a lower-case initial? In one place the writer spells "know" phonetically, while further on he supplies the superfluous *k* and *w*. But how well he expresses his feelings! He could not truthfully adopt Gerald Griffin's words:—

I have a heart—I'd live
And die for him whose worth I knew;
Yet could not seize his hand and give
My full heart forth, as talkers do.

This Irish exile *can* give his full forth, he can speak well from the heart. How perfectly at home, too, this young Dutch priest makes himself with these Irishmen and women and children—for I am sure they were all Irish. "I believe in the holy Catholic Church." If a Lutheran minister from Holland had lighted on a little colony of English Protestants, what could he do for them? How little they would have in common! "She is of all countries and of all times, this wonderful Church of Rome!" Kinglake exclaimed in his first book, *Eothen*. And mark how the Irishman carries the faith with him into his lonely exile. The only time I ever met the famous French preacher, Père Félix, S.J., I repeated to him a compliment which he had paid to my country on this very point, and which I then had off by heart. I remember some of his words still. *Imitez la petite mais féconde Irlande*, he exclaimed in one of his conferences at Notre Dame—"imitate the fertile little Erin who, *affamée sur ses propres rivages, s'en va semer sa graine généreuse* over distant lands." The Irish exodus has certainly extended the bounds of the Catholic Church. But "charity begins at home," and Ireland must be maintained as a Catholic nation in order to be able to send her missionary sons and daughters to less favoured regions of the earth. God bless the earnest men like Dr. Douglas Hyde and the late David Comyn who have shown such patient enthusiasm in their persevering labours to revive and keep alive the good old Irish tongue; but thanks be to God that the world-wide English language is not the monopoly of heresy, but is spoken also by the Celtic race that has remained faithful to the One Church Catholic and Roman.

M. R.

BLACKBIRD

ALL the grey days of Spring,
Blackbird is warbling.
I hear the golden tone
Amid branches grey as stone.

Before the violet leaps
From the wet green deeps
Of dykes, and mossy drains,
Full of the April rains :

Before the primrose dreams
By little, grassy streams,
In pastures, where the sheep
Watch over lambs asleep ;

Before the daisies come
Out of the rich, red loam :
All the grey days of Spring,
Blackbird is warbling.

My days are grey as stone,
Since I am left alone :
And Spring delays her foot,
And my heart is mute.

Give me the heart of the bird,
O high, heavenly Lord !—
The bird that sings in the dark,
Among boughs haggard and stark !

ALICE FURLONG.

DR. JOSEPH'S DISCIPLINE

DR. JOSEPH is but half the name of a learned, holy, burly Yorkshireman, long since dead, who was parish priest to a congregation of Irish emigrants full thirty years ago.

On something of a compensation principle the word "discipline" in the title is contrived "a double debt to pay." It does service well enough for the patriarchal methods which he employed towards wayward members of his Hibernian flock. He understood our race, though he hailed from Haworth, where his father had been church warden (in his Protestant days) to the eccentric Irish parson, Patrick Brontë, as is duly set forth by Mrs. Gaskell in her account of Charlotte's wooing by the Rev. Mr. Nichols. And the Irish understood Dr. Joseph; not because he was a transparently honest English convert, with forthright British ways, and maybe an "Englified" prejudice or two, but because he was buoyantly holy and self-denying, and had the heart of a little child.

The other significance of "discipline" is intimately bound up with the first, as will appear in due course. If "the Doctor's" anger with others for the meaner and more cruel backslidings knew but wide bounds, his severity towards himself knew none at all. † †

When he died at Jerusalem, on a visit to

those blessed fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed Feet
Which (nineteen) hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter Cross—

survivors of his flock, *more Hibernico*, canonized him forthwith. I can imagine the Doctor being at once alarmed, pained, and amused at this. A ducat might safely be wagered on his comment. "The 'devil's advocate' would have too strong a case," he would say, "if they took *me*" [with terrific emphasis] "to Rome."

He himself, by the way, had been "devil's advocate" (*Promotor Fidei*) in the process for the beatification of poor Mary, Queen of Scots. But that learned episode affects the erudite side of his many-faceted life as theologian, army chaplain, controversialist, preacher, journalist, author, professor, and parish priest. The old neighbours—as his

parishioners who dated from the Famine Year called themselves—knew little of the studious portion of his life. It was his discipline, in the broader sense, that they knew and admired, and that after all concerns ourselves solely in this particular note of remembrance.

His methods at times, especially when he was confronted with the drink evil among his poorest parishioners, were apt to be alarming. I am afraid the sage Father Valuy would shake his head over some of them. But I am sure that Father Eyre, to whom we owe the *Guide for Priests* in its incomparable English edition, would only have chuckled. *Potius admirandi quam imitandi* would have been his severest censure of the Doctor's devices against drunkenness.

Picture to yourself the Doctor's broad form, of a sunny Saturday afternoon soon after the garden labourers had been paid, slowly, but with sturdy stride, moving down the street of the market town where he toiled. His face is frank, open, nay, beaming, bestowing its smiles alike upon the just and unjust of his congregation. But his heart is full of pious guile. A couple of men's hats go off; a couple of working-women curtsy. The Doctor has a word with his rather sheepish-looking sheep on the narrow pavement, so choosing his ground that their entry to a big public-house is barred. Others come along, salute, and pass on with a grin, but feel the Doctor's eyes "boring holes in their backs" till they have steered a straight course down the interminable, old-world street, with its inns on either side.

The door opens behind the Doctor, and out comes an unmistakably Irish little maiden of ten summers or so, with a huge can of beer in one hand, and may be smaller measure of spirits in the other. *Sans cérémonie*, the Doctor takes both, and decants them into the road. The child scampers home with the empty vessels, not nearly so concerned as you would think.

"The Doctor caught me," will be an overample explanation to a bibulous father.

In *Oliver Twist* Charles Dickens makes Fagin speak of the "kinchin-lay" (corrupted Yiddish for thefts from children sent on errands) as the proper work for a timid beginner in the career of crime. The Doctor's physical courage was so great and (to the perturbation of his friends) so proven, that he could afford to develop his operations as a "kinchin-layer" with ever-increasing artfulness and audacity. In the end, Catholic child-messengers would hand him their jugs of beer, unbidden, and he would pour them into the road abstractedly,

and without spoken censures. Then he would plunge into his breviary (or some other good book, for he was a mighty reader in the open air) and saunter down the street with but one eye open for further libations. And the result? It was this; that children who frequented the Doctor's schools were no longer sent on errands to beer-houses. So that he was a pioneer of recent Temperance legislation in England—legislation which has admittedly failed, however, through the apathy of the police, and the strength of the brewing interest.

Another result of Dr. Joseph's "kinchin-lay" must be chronicled, as it leads up to a droll and characteristic anecdote. Heavy drinkers of the second generation (English-born and sometimes the offspring of mixed marriages) were hard put to it to lay in supplies of drink for christenings, weddings, and wakes. Elder children refused to run the errand, by the Doctor's orders, and the little ones were sure to be robbed *en route*. So the choice was this: either for the grown-ups to go themselves and face the Doctor's blazing ire, in the open high street, or to get the publican to send liquor to their homes by one of his potmen or other hangers-on. This last was the favourite method.

But before telling the story, I had best write down once and for all that the Doctor was no teetotal monomaniac. He believed that truly moderate drinkers had a right to exist. He himself abstained during the days of which we are speaking. In after years I have seen him take a little wine at a "good man's feast;" at a plain college dinner, too, he would drink a glass of beer with his meal. Spirits, I fancy, he eschewed completely. Certainly he kept none in his house, and, during a long acquaintance, I never saw him take any. He was no Manichean, therefore, in this vexed and vexatious question, but a wise Englishman, who knew that hunger-stricken, worried Irish emigrants could abstain altogether more readily than they could be moderate, which was the conclusion arrived at by one of the sagest of his countrymen—Dr. Samuel Johnson—concerning, not the Irish, but himself, as you may read in Boswell's Life. I am glad to have this chance of coupling the two names, for Dr. Johnson and Dr. Joseph had a hundred good points in common, including a genuine affection and respect for Ireland and the Irish, untainted by airs of patronage.

It is of the Doctor's first memorable raid on a Sunday shebeening-house that I am about to tell, with a pen all unequal to the task. Only the genius of an unproselytized William Carleton—such as gleams forth with Catholic sympathies but

little impaired, in the pages of *The Miser*—could adequately paint the scene.

The British Sunday of years ago was perhaps the most prolific cause of week-end drinking among the Irish. It was glum, it was dreary, it was hypocritical; in a word, it was Pharisaic. They sowed the wind, those Sabbatarian Mid-Victorians, and their descendants are reaping the whirlwind of a desecrated day of rest. It is the old story of the Puritans and the Restoration. The Roundheads cut down the May-poles, and barred God's tenderest gift to the young—the glee of innocent recreation. A few years went by; the devil was busy with poor harassed human nature; the nasty comedies of Wycherley and Congreve held the stage, and the children of Puritans flocked to see them.

So with the British "sabbath." Licentious now, a generation back it would have been found austere—nay purgatorial—by the very Fathers of the Desert. One of these marvels of penitence, as readers of Alban Butler well know, was wont to play with a tame vulture in hours of recreation. He would have horrified all Protestant England had he done so near London any Sunday in the seventies. But to-day he could drop Mass and take his vulture to a bridge-party, and be called a good fellow—"unbigoted," the phrase runs.

"There is no pleasure here of a Sunday," I heard one of the oldest "neighbours" say in my childhood, "except the pleasure of misery." I asked my parents what "the pleasure of misery" was, and they told me that he meant the public-house. Mass of an Irish morning, the joyful preparation for it after the toil of the week, the cheerful chat of friends when God's debt was paid, and the simple field-sports of the afternoon—the absence of all these made the day of the Lord in England a day of gloom indeed.

Taine, who came to London in the seventies, was depressed beyond measure by a British Sunday. "The aspect," he wrote, "is that of an immense and well-ordered cemetery. . . . But what is to be done in England on the day of rest? There is the church or the pot-house; intoxication or a sermon." *

One dismal Sunday afternoon, then, word was brought

* A tiny Protestant baby-girl, nursing her doll in the lane near my house last Sunday afternoon, asked me if I thought she was wicked, "'cos auntie says it is wrong to play with my dollie on Sundays." There is real desecration of the Sunday in England. Witness the joint protest lately signed by Archbishop Proune. But the dour Sabbath observance which gave the devil his fulcrum has not entirely disappeared. The little one with the doll, I found, had just endured the ordeal of a solid hour's Wesleyan "Service for Children." She is scarcely four years of age.

to Dr. Joseph that there was a drinking-party in the "Hundreds"—a poor quarter in his parish, of which some account has already been given by the present writer in the pages of the IRISH MONTHLY.

He started off at once, taking with him a tall, strapping youth whom he was educating for the priesthood, and whose parents were among the best of the many good Irish who dwelt in the "Hundreds." It was not for protection that Dr. Joseph needed his sturdy *alumnus*, whom I shall call by his Christian name of Edward. It was for guidance to the proper house, a matter requiring special knowledge in an ill-lit square of unnumbered cottages. Edward, of course, knew the quaint old place by heart—"Casey's house," "Murphy's house," and all the rest of them—long before he had taken up his abode with the Doctor, who would never have a woman servant, but managed his simple housekeeping with the aid of one or more promising Irish lads, whom he clothed, fed, lodged and taught in return. At one time he had as many as half a dozen of them in his queer little presbytery, and kept them in excellent order by a *quasi* monastic "rule," which answered very well. Clerical readers can imagine how he was bantered over this by brother-priests into whose hands a printed copy of the "rule" had fallen—or been smuggled. But their jokes were [good-humoured, for the "rule" was sensible and devotional, though the frank *minutiae* showing the apostolic poverty of the household were amusing in type. And of course there were no vows.

There was not a soul to be seen in the fairly spacious "quad" of the Hundreds when Dr. Joseph and his guide emerged from the heavy archway leading to it. Edward indicated the house which was the objective of Dr. Joseph's attack. It was tenanted by people whom I did not know, but I knew the house itself well in yet earlier years, for it was next but one to that in which Tom Griffin, the "quiet man," was wont to say his beads of evenings, with a crucifix and a loaded musket over the mantelpiece. The Doctor rapped at the door; there was a cry of "come in;" and he and Edward entered.

The latter is my authority for saying that the scene beggared description. Not that there was heavy drunkenness. The Doctor had acted too swiftly for that. Besides, it was but three in the afternoon. But the conflicting emotions of surprise, shamefacedness, disappointment on the one hand, and a conviction that "the Doctor" was right on the other, annoyance at the loss of a comfortable long drinking bout,

humorous approval of Dr. Joseph's cuteness, and an overwhelming desire on the part of twenty stalwart men to escape by the window, stairs or door as swiftly as might be—these things left Edward speechless with silent laughter; silent, because the Doctor was as red as a turkey-cock, and his eyes were blazing. Moreover, corporal punishment in moderation was believed in and practised by the Doctor.

In a room fifteen feet by twelve there were twenty Irishmen. On a deal table in the centre were twelve gallon cans of beer. These the Doctor, without a word, proceeded to fling through the open doorway, vessels as well as contents. There was a swift *sauve qui peut* for the door, and after some agonized squeezing of men and splashing of ale through the narrow jambs, all of the toppers escaped—save one. He was hampered with a wooden leg, and could take no part in the *mêlée* of the two-legged nineteen.

Only three or four cans had been spun out the door by this time, so deliberate was the Doctor, so swift were his victims. Boy-like, young Edward watched the manœuvres of the one-legged man with awed fascination. The Doctor was hurling can after can at a methodical pace; if he of the wooden leg could stump into safety in the brief interval between two discharges, he might yet go home to his wife with clothing unsoaked. This was his only course—this, or to remain till all was done, and bear alone the brunt of the Doctor's tongue. He hurried to the door; slipped heavily on the ale-soaked threshold; and down he fell on his back, uninjured but unable to rise, and feebly waving his wooden limb in mute protest as cataracts of ale came full upon him.

His face was what Edward called a "picture" as the Doctor stepped gingerly over him and made his way home, withholding all spoken reproach. Indeed to scold him would have been almost literally "pouring water over a drowned rat," and the Doctor was as chivalrous as he was absent-minded. He had apparently forgotten the whole incident by the time he reached home, and began to prepare his evening sermon. And in a somewhat long and intimate acquaintance, I never once heard him refer to a scene so rich in comedy, though he was full of humour.

The "Hundreds" never forgot. Of all that merry, foolish, kindly crowd, only the wooden-legged man survives. He is very aged, and an inmate of an institution near my home. I have to keep my eyes from him at Mass, for his presence is a distraction that moves to laughter—and to tears.

Some of the English and Protestant dwellers in the

"Hundreds" began to vapour a little after this incident about the Doctor's "tyranny." They wouldn't stand such high-handed goings-on from their minister, they said; they were free-born Britons, and the rest of it. The Doctor was told, but took no notice. Then a vague rumour arose, no one knew where, that the whole population of the Hundreds would see that Dr. Joseph never entered their precincts again.

This was enough. Ever a fighter, the Doctor publicly announced that he would preach a course of open-air sermons in the quadrangle of the Hundreds. And he preached them, too, in cassock, cotta and biretta, with acolytes and candles, "all" as Pepys would say, "very fine." I heard one of the series, and, so far from causing disturbance, the "mixed congregation" was reverential in the extreme as it stood beneath the stars and hung upon the Doctor's silver tongue. "He'd call a bird out of a bush with the talk of him," said one long fellow afterwards. It was indeed a beautiful sermon, on the love of God and our Lady.

So much, then, for "the Doctor's discipline" in general. Now for the incident which gives a double meaning to our title. It occurred some years later than the events faintly sketched above. The Doctor, so to say, was now firmly in the saddle of his sometime unruly parish. Edward was still with him, taller and stronger than ever, and only waiting till the end of the summer vacation to begin advanced studies in one of the Catholic colleges. He and I were of about the same age, and I saw much of him during the holidays. Here is the story, substantially as he told it to me.

A poor woman in one of the more evil slums of the Doctor's parish was cursed with a husband who, quiet and inoffensive enough in his sober moments, was a fiend in drink. She was of frail constitution, and there were no children of the marriage. Thus she was lonely and defenceless when he beat her in fits of drunken rage—and beat her he did, most cruelly and unmercifully. Sometimes she fled to a neighbour's house, when he was all but murdering her. But she always accepted his words of remorse, and of seeming repentance next morning, and never once threatened the law or sought the help of the police. And so, with breaking health and a broken heart, she lived with him for years.

The Christmas before the summer vacation when Edward was telling me this sad story—which had a pleasant ending, thanks to the Doctor—her husband had given her so fearful a beating that she had to be sent to the hospital. The man

was arrested, and sent to prison for six months, in spite of her pitiful protest to the magistrates that "he was the best an' kindest husband in the world, barrin' when he had the drop o' drink taken."

The Doctor heard the whole true story for the first time when he was visiting the poor brave silent creature in the hospital-ward. She had kept it only too well from him before. Doubtless the Doctor thought much, but he said little, for there was little enough to be done till her recovery, and her husband's release.

The two things fell about the same time. On the Sunday evening which followed the husband's release from prison and the wife's discharge from hospital, the poor woman made her way to Benediction through the long fragrant avenue of limes which led from the town to the church, almost a mile away. Her husband stayed at home, ashamed to accompany her. He should have prevented her from going, unattended, so long a walk, at the close of a sultry day in June. Weak-willed, as soon as her back was turned, he made for the nearest public-house.

The Doctor's church was always thronged at the evening service. What with his own people, with inquiring Protestants (among whom he made many converts), with soldiers from a neighbouring cavalry depot, whom he pressed into the open-air processions that he loved, and with every child in the place who could squeeze in to hear the good singing and music—often supplemented by military players—the packed little church was no place for a sick woman.

Feeling faint during the sermon, Mrs. R—— made her way feebly out, followed by a sympathetic woman who saw that she was looking ill. As she came into the open air, she became dizzy and fell on the short flight of shallow stone steps leading from the church door. Her companion feared that she was dead, and quietly re-entered the church and called another woman to her aid. Between them they did what they could, without causing disturbance, to revive consciousness, and at length succeeded. Then they dressed, after a fashion, the wounds on her brow and temple, and sent for Dr. Joseph, the moment the sermon was over.

Among the Doctor's belongings was an old but comfortable bath-chair, which he lent without fee to poor convalescents in his parish, lending also the willing services of one or other of his junior "novices." When it was not thus employed, it was stored in an outhouse in the presbytery garden, and afforded at times, I am afraid, rather riotous recreation to

vivacious members of the "community" who were wont to trundle one another in it at quite notable speed.

Poor Mrs. R—— was sent home by the Doctor in this conveyance, with a strong young fellow to draw it gently along, and the two good women to take care of her when she reached home. He told them to call a doctor on their way, to try to find out in what public-house the husband was; and to wait with their patient till the evening service was over. "Then I shall come at once," added Dr. Joseph, as he went back to the church for the Benediction, and without any doubt prayed hard for light, and for the tiresome strayed sheep whose wanderings had caused all this sorrow.

Nine o'clock saw the Doctor at Mrs. R——'s bedside. He was infinitely relieved to learn from the medical man's report that his services as a priest were not called for. The wounds were superficial, and the shock, though severe, would no more than "throw her back" by some weeks in convalescence. She must be kept perfectly quiet for a day or two. †

† In the country towns of England, public-houses close at ten o'clock on Sunday nights. The Doctor's scouts, Edward and the other, made a further report of their reconnaissances towards half-past nine. R—— was nowhere to be found. This was bad news indeed. The Doctor paced softly up and down the landing outside the sick woman's room. His presence had reassured her, and she had fallen asleep. One of the two good women had arranged to spend the night with her, but both remained for the present, fearing the husband's return, and waiting upon the Doctor's plans. These must have been disconcerted by the turn events had taken. For the moment he retained Edward with him, and sent the other youth to intercept the now assuredly drunken R——, and try to warn him of his wife's condition. While waiting thus, Dr. Joseph and Edward sat in a small spare room of the cottage, which opened from the further end of the landing. The summer twilight thickened into darkness as the minutes spread, and it is just possible that the Doctor was at his wits' end till ten o'clock struck, with no sign of the wanderer.

"I am glad there is a bed in this room," he said suddenly to Edward. "Take my keys home, open with this one"—showing a small key—"such and such a drawer of my desk. Bring me what you will find there."

Edward ran his errand, opened the drawer, and found within it a light but extremely serviceable scourge of leathern thongs.

This, without more ado, he stuffed into his jacket-pocket,

and carried unobserved through the now bacchie streets to where the Doctor still kept solitary vigil..

It was a quarter past ten. Scout number two presented himself and his report. All his inquiries had brought no tidings of R——. Small wonder this in a market town that had been a great change and posting place in coaching days, and that retains to this day over fifty many-roomed inns in its winding narrow streets.

The Doctor again retained Edward, and sent the other youth home with the keys, to lock up and await their return.

Towards eleven the missing R—— came home, riotously drunk, and singing. Then the good strong Doctor put into practice a maxim quoted with approval in "Winged Words" some months ago: "In some crises, nothing does so much good as an honest burst of temper." He thrust the astonished toper into the spare room and bade him strip and go to bed there at once. He also told him many other things, but the man was too dazed to understand his reproaches. He prepared for rest, however, babbling foolishly, and laughing to himself. The Doctor looked at his watch. There would be no reasoning with the man for hours. And then the storm burst, as the schoolmaster instincts of the Doctor's Anglican days leapt upward. He drew out his discipline and laid into his man with right good will. Edward, who had the sense of humour to a fault, stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth and stood clear of the stinging lashes.

Save for one unearthly screech at the first well-delivered blow, it was a silent performance. And at length it partially sobered the luckless R——. I have always respected the poor man's memory for the first coherent remark he made to the Doctor. "Hit harder, Father," he said, "hit harder."

But the Doctor went on with measured, well-swung blows as before, though the now penitent R—— adjured him again and again to lay on more severely.

When all was done and the tale of stripes as methodically completed as if the Doctor were murmuring the *Miserere* beneath his breath, the man had come to himself. And, as has been said, he was a harmless, hard-working creature when the malt was not "abune the meal."

It is pleasant to add that the end of all well justified the means, and that the good woman of the house at any rate found reason ever after, at the dangerous end of the week, to bless Dr. Joseph's discipline.

God rest Dr. Joseph's soul.

JOHN HANNON.

A SONNET FOR MARCH

WHEN blow the winds of March, there comes to me
A dream of far-off years in Holy Land.
There 'mid the hills, I see two figures stand ;
A grey-haired man who worketh patiently,
And by his side a Boy—oh, who is He ?
Had ever mortal child a mien so grand ?
And see ! He holds a hammer in His hand
And to the old man turns inquiringly.

What doth He seek to know ? Is not this Child
The Uncreated Wisdom, by Whose might
The suns revolve, the stars their courses keep ?
Yes, this is He, Boy Jesus, meek and mild,
And holy Joseph turns to guide aright
His little hands. O mystery wondrous deep !

MARY CORBETT.

INTERCHANGE

I ASKED the mountain : " Why art thou so dark ? "
The mountain answered : Ask the passing cloud !
I asked the mighty sea, that thundered loud,
" Why art thou changeful ? " And it bade me mark
The interchanging sky, now bright, now stark,
And stiff as corpse within its coffin shroud.
I asked the weeping sky : Why hath it bowed
So low, it stifles even the singing lark.

And the sky answered : Ask the valleys low
Whence fog, and mists, and clouds and rain arise.
But I stopped there. My reason could not range
Effect and Cause in one fair, cosmic flow.
I read within the Iris of its eyes—
Nature is but eternal interchange.

P. A. S.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Folia Fugitiva: Leaves from the Log-Book of St. Erconwald's Deanery.* Edited by the Rev. W. H. Cologan. London: R. & T. Washbourne. (Price 5s. net.)

The priests of a deanery in Essex have been in the habit of meeting in conference every month, going beyond their obligations; and on these occasions one of them reads on some ecclesiastical subject a paper which his brethren discuss. This extremely interesting volume is made up of eighteen of these papers, Monsignor Crook contributing six, the editor five, the late Bishop Bellord, Dr. Adrian Fortescue, the Rev. Thomas Gerrard, Rev. Edward Watson, and Rev. Thomas O'Hagan one each. Most of the subjects and the treatment of them will be found pleasant and profitable to clerical readers. Some items would please the general reader, such as the account of the historic old convent of New Hall.

2. *The Goad of Divine Love.* From the Latin of St. Bonaventure. London: R. & T. Washbourne. (Price 3s. 6d.)

The title page is much more communicative than we have allowed it to be. It gives the original name *Stimulus Divini Amoris*, adding that it was written in Latin by the Seraphical Doctor, St. Bonaventure; but the editor's preface tells us that Brother James of Milan, about the year 1300, compiled it from St. Bonaventure's writings. Brother Lewis Augustine translated it about 1640; and now, as it was hardly to be found outside the British Museum, the Rev. W. A. Philipson, of the archdiocese of Westminster, has edited it and revised it for publication, changing some obsolete or objectionable words. It is, with all its quaintness, full of piety and unction, urging all the motives for loving God, beginning with the Passion, and therefore furnishing very appropriate spiritual reading for the present season.

3. The holy prelate mentioned in the first paragraph, Dr. Bellord, formerly Bishop of Gibraltar, bequeathed to the Sisters of Mercy, Callan, Co. Kilkenny, the copyright of his two volumes of *Meditations on Christian Dogma*. The Sisters have issued a new edition, the sale of which is for the benefit of the Missionary School attached to the convent for the training of postulants for convents in missionary countries. Cardinal Moran, Archbishop Bourne of Westminster, the Bishop of Halifax, and Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, have borne

in writing the strongest testimony to the singular worth and solidity of these Meditations. We quote the opinion of Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory :—

“ From a constant use for some years back of Dr. Bellord's *Meditations on Christian Dogma*, I feel pleasure in stating that I consider it a most ennobling and elevating work, and that, if read through and meditated on often, it cannot fail to excite our admiration, love, and respect for the great dogmas of our holy faith, while at the same time stirring us up to better, holier, and purer lives. I consider the work unique in the exquisite aptness of its language and explanations of the abstruse mysteries of our faith.”

The Sisters of Mercy, Callan, will send the *Meditations*, post free, for 7s. 6d.

4. Dr. William Stang, Bishop of Fall River in the United States, whose death has just been announced, was formerly professor of theology at Louvain. The summary of moral theology that he then proposed to the students, is now published through Benziger, under the title of *Medulla Fundamentalis Theologiae Moralis*. It is brief, clear, well-arranged, and admirably printed. The price is four shillings net.

5. In announcing the retirement of General Kelly Kenny from the Army, the newspapers spoke of him as one of the very few soldiers of his rank whose reputation had not suffered in the miserable Boer War. Another Irishman who showed in the same connexion knowledge and courage where others showed the opposite, is Sir William Butler. The author of *The Great Lone Land* is still as skilful and brave with the pen as he has ever shown himself to be with the sword. Burns & Oates have brought out a new edition of *Red Cloud, a Tale of the Great Prairie*, price three shillings and sixpence. For us the first chapter at home in Kerry is the most interesting ; but boys, for whom chiefly it was written, will find the interest growing more and more intense with every new adventure, in the unexplored wilds of Canada.

6. We have often complained of books coming just a little late for some feast or season for which they were specially appropriate. This is not the case with a work published by Messrs. Gill & Son, O'Connell Street, Dublin, for the Rev. W. M'Loughlin, who gives as his address Mount Melleray Abbey, near Cappoquin, Co. Waterford. Not only at Passiontide, however, but at all times we may read with profit *The Crucifix the Most Wonderful Book in the World*. The lessons taught by our Divine Redeemer are here summarised very effectively,

with much earnestness and simplicity. The publishers assure us that the book has been "printed and bound in Ireland." At that rate we never need go outside Ireland for excellent printing and binding.

7. Longmans, Green & Co., Paternoster Row, London, have issued at the net price of half-a-crown a third revised edition of *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*, by Father John Gerard, S.J., F.L.S. The reputation of this work for brilliancy and solidity is well established, and its diffusion is a blessing in these days when the dogmatism of pseudo-science is so rampant. For such a volume of three hundred pages so finely printed and bound, half-a-crown is a very moderate price.

8. Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, have published in two large and thick volumes, *Meditations for the use of the Secular Clergy*, from the French of Father Chaignon, S.J., by Dr. De Goesbriand, Bishop of Burlington, in the United States. We think that any priest who has an opportunity of examining these two stately volumes will be anxious to become their possessor, even though the price is fixed at eighteen shillings net. The Bishop of Burlington, in his quite too brief preface, mentions that Father Chaignon's chief employment for thirty years was the conducting of retreats for priests. He was born in 1791, entered the Jesuit novitiate in 1819, and died in 1883. The present work has gone through some twenty editions in their original French, and has been translated into several European languages. It has contributed and will contribute to the sanctification of thousands of priestly souls, on whom depends the salvation of so many millions of souls.

9. The second quarterly part (October, November, December, 1906) has appeared of *Roman Documents and Decrees: a Collection of Apostolical Letters and Encyclicals, etc., and Decrees of the various Roman Congregations*, edited by the Rev. David Dunford. It is sent post free for four shillings a year, which we advise our reverend readers to send at once to the publishers, R. & T. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London. The size of the page, etc., has been chosen very judiciously for binding, and the volumes of the series will be well worth binding.

10. Messrs. Burns and Oates have brought out in a very pleasant form a new edition, price 3s. 6d., of Mrs. Innes Browne's *Honour without Renown*, which is a successful continuation of her first tale, *Three Daughters of the United Kingdom*. They have also issued a new and enlarged edition of Mr. John Carroll's *Drawing of Foliage, Flowers and Fruit*. There are twenty-four

reproductions of photographs from nature, and forty examples of "Floriated Design." The price is only half-a-crown.

11. *A Tuscan Penitent: the Life and Legend of St. Margaret of Cortona*. By Father Cuthbert, of the Order of St. Francis, Capuchin. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 4s. 6d. net).

This neat volume consists of two parts. Father Cuthbert tells, in seventy out of three hundred pages, the story of the Penitent of Cortona in the modern style, critical and chronological; and then he gives the legend of the saint as told with much unction and simplicity by a contemporary Franciscan, Fra Giunta. Our contemporary places very aptly on the lips of St. Margaret that word of the repentant queen in *Idylls of the King*, "I must not scorn myself; He loves me still."

12. *St. Joseph: Leaves from Father Faber*. Collected and arranged by the Hon. Alison Stourton. London: R. & T. Washbourne. (Price 1s.)

The saintly and brilliant founder of the London Oratory was tenderly devoted to St. Joseph. Miss Stourton has gathered from his writings, especially *Bethlehem*, the passages concerning the Foster-father of our Divine Redeemer. The dedication is *For several Josephines*. This holy booklet is just in time for March, the month of St. Joseph.

13. The Catholic Truth Society of London has reprinted in a penny pamphlet, under the title of *Plain Words on Church and State in France*, two admirable articles which appeared in the *Saturday Review* for August 18th and December 15th, 1906. "They show the view of the present crisis which is taken by a clear-headed and fair-minded non-Catholic journal." The Chicago namesake of that parent Society publishes *The Religious Crisis in France* by Mr. William J. Onahan, who condenses into sixteen pages the history and present aspects of the struggle that is going on in France.

14. Perhaps we have already called attention to a novel French school book, or rather a novel method of teaching French—*Word Pictures in Rhyme: Causeries Rimées*), by S. Christine Boyd, late Inspector in Modern Languages and Oral Examiner in French for the Civil Service in Natal. It is published by Mr. John Murray, the great publisher of Albermarle Street, London, finely printed, and with many amusing illustrations. Some who have put into practice the method here described report excellent results.

15. Messrs. Burns and Oates announce an interesting booklet for St. Patrick's Day—the life of the saint told in verse for children by Katharine Tynan with pictures by L. D. Symington. We hope the painter will prove himself equal to

the occasion. We have not the slightest misgiving for the poet, though the little book has not reached us yet, as it ought to have done if it wanted to be fully in time for the feast.

16. The *Irish Messenger* Office (5, Great Denmark Street, Dublin) has made an excellent addition to its series of Penny Stories in *Joe Callinan, a Story of Country Life in Ireland*, by N. F. Degidon. It is an interesting tale, very well written, and skilfully put together, a clever dissuasive against emigration and some other things that need correction. But the pill is judiciously sugared, and the moral is not pointed too sharply.

17. We may end this month with two quarterly publications in honour of the Blessed Virgin—*The Child of Mary*, by the Sisters of Providence, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Vigo County, Indiana, U.S.A., and *Madonna, a Magazine for the Children of Mary* which issues from the *Irish Messenger* Office, 5, Great Denmark Street, Dublin. The first of these is No. 1 of Volume I., but the other is No. 4 of Volume IX. On opposite sides of the Atlantic may they both be welcomed by increasing numbers of the devout clients of Mary.

18. Another last word in order to welcome the first number of *Hermes*, the new organ of the students of University College, Stephen's Green, Dublin. Its subtitle is somewhat original—"An Illustrated University Literary Quarterly." Subscribers are sure to get excellent value for their annual subsidy of one shilling and a-half. Mr. Keane contributes an admirable paper on the Australian poets, Gordon and Kendall, whom most of us have heard of before; but who has heard of the three "sons" of Australia that he ends with—Dyson, Paterson and Lawson? The excellent essays on three very different subjects by Mr. Thomas Bodkin, Mr. Aidan Cox and Mr. Maurice F. Healy, make us hope for great things from our young men of the future. The reviewer, who signs himself "Ceasg" ought to have far more vigorous reprobation for many deplorable items in the *Shanachie*; and how can he say that all may join in the "pantheist's prayer," which is his own description of the lines which he quotes from Mr. George Russell, who (more pagan than Ovid with his "os homini sublime dedit coelumque intueri jussit") upbraids believers for their error in looking up to heaven? This sickly, affected neo-paganism is peculiarly un-Irish.

ERWARTUNG

Will' vom Lenz der kalte Winter träumen,
 Und der junge Frühling schon von Rosen,
 Und der stolze Sommer will nicht säumen
 Alle seine heissen grenzenlosen
 Wünschen nach dem goldnen Herbst zu jagen,
 Möchte gern den Purpurmantel tragen,
 Schauen seines Schaffens Freudenfülle ;
 Doch der Herbst sehnt heimlich sich nach Stille.

M. WEIH.

EXPECTATION

Cold Winter broods upon a dream of Spring,
 And the young Spring upon a rose unblown
 And Summer, in his splendour glorying,
 Yet sendeth heart's desire to the unknown
 Gifts of the golden Autumn,—fain would reign
 In her dim purple, see the ripened grain,
 The garnerers by his torrid labour blest ;
 But Autumn longeth secretly for rest.

G. O'N.

ON A HARSH REVIEWER

This critic may be likened to a Pot
 Sooty, but fashioned of good brazen metal,
 Thriving by calling black—e'en when 'tis not—
 His compeer of the hob, the cheery kettle.

J. H.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

The Blessed will know each other in Heaven, by Abbé Méric, has gone through more than thirty editions in French. It is published in English by Burns & Oates; the French original, *Les Elus se reconnaîtront au Ciel*, is published by Donniol, 29, Rue de Tournon, Paris. But the second English edition, 1892, does not give all the matter of the thirtieth French edition, 1898. The important pages 96-100 of the French are left out between the two paragraphs in page 65 of the English translation. Comparing the French and English of the paragraph beginning "St. Augustine, mourning a friend, etc.," in page 65, I notice that M. Ringer translates exactly enough; but Abbé Méric only paraphrases St. Augustine, who in Pusey's translation (*Library of the Fathers*) says at page 159 of his "sweet friend, Nebridius," that he lives in Abraham's bosom. "There he liveth; for what other place is there for such a soul? There he liveth, whereof he asked much of me, a poor inexperienced man. Now lays he not his ear to my mouth, but his spiritual mouth into Thy fountain and drinketh as much as he can receive, wisdom in proportion to his thirst, endlessly happy. Nor do I think that he is so inebriated therewith as to forget me, seeing that Thou, Lord, whom he drinketh art mindful of us."

* * * * *

I remember a very excellent and efficient French Jesuit being praised as *un homme du présent*, one who lived for the present moment, doing the present moment's duty, not weeping or moaning over an irrevocable past, not dreaming about a remote and uncertain future. The wisdom of such a policy is thus insisted on by some writer whose name we should give (as we always do) if we knew it.

"It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Anyone can carry his burdens, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life really means to us, just one little day. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. God gives

rights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living."

* * * * *

Publishers used to accompany the books sent for review with a request that the editor would "cause a copy" of the notice to be sent to them. I objected in a Pigeonhole Paragraph to the stiffness of that phrase "cause a copy," and—but I do not say *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*—a simpler formulary is now employed, and the formulary is varied oftener. C. L. Van Langenhuysen of Amsterdam, has a new expression for "the number containing your review." He ends with a prayer "de lui faire remettre en son temps le numéro justificatif." I can understand how the *pieces justificatives* in the appendix to an historical volume "justify" the statements made in the body of the work; but what does my review of this book justify? Perhaps my keeping it without paying for it, or the publisher's generosity in sending it for nothing.

* * * * *

Boumard and Sons, 15, Rue Garanciere, Paris, ought to get some one else to turn into English the prayers on their pious pictures. There is one here of "St. Joseph our Model in Holy Communion," on the back of which is a great deal of ludicrous English. King "Pharaon" says to his people, "I your King, (I say it to you again), showing to you the one whose the first Joseph was but the figure;" and it ends by looking forward to "the handsome day" when the vicissitudes of our wretched earth, etc. *Beau jour* was beyond this translator's skill. I hope he has been dismissed from his post before this.

* * * * *

Miss Ethel Clifford is a daughter of Professor W. K. Clifford, who was an aggressive Agnostic; her mother is a successful novelist; and she herself was married lately, evidently as a Protestant. In a recent volume of verse, *Love's Journey*, she refers thus to the Blessed Virgin. The *Westminster Gazette*, quoting the lines with praise, considers it a flaw to use "pity" in the last line in a different sense from the two earlier lines:—

More than mortal help I need,
More than mortal pity;
Yet I fear to pray to God
In His starry city.

I would have a woman's help,
 Know a woman's pity.
 Is there none to hear my prayer
 In God's starry city?
 Women would to women pray
 In the hour of pity.

* * * * *

Since the death of his gifted wife, "Ethna Carbery," Seumas MacManus has published a good many poems which she left behind her. The latest that I have noticed is *Mea Culpa* in the *Ave Maria* for May, 1905:—

Be pitiful, my God!
 No hard-won gifts I bring,
 But empty, pleading hands
 To Thee at evening.

Then she tells how she fared through the spring, summer and autumn of life, till now it is winter. And she ends:—

My patient God, forgive!
 Praying Thy pardon sweet,
 I lay my lonely heart
 Before Thy feet.

* * * * *

The *Ave Maria* of June, 1905, attributes this saying to Sir Rowland Hill: "I like short ejaculatory prayer: it reaches heaven before the devil can get a shot at it." Perhaps the Rev. Rowland Hill, a noted preacher a hundred years ago, born half a century before the Founder of the penny post, has been confounded with his better known namesake.

* * * * *

I have hitherto given Napoleon the credit of a saying which, it seems, he only drew from another by his question. "What is wanting," said Napoleon one day to Madame Campan, "in order that the youth of France be well educated?" "Good mothers," was the reply.

* * * * *

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
 Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
 Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
 Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Simonides
 Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
 When each had numbered more than fourscore years.

I do not know where these lines occur. But did Cato

learn Greek at eighty"? One of 'the' points insisted on at present by biblical scholars is the universality of Greek at the time of Christ's coming. As it was providential that all the civilized world should at that crisis be under the single Roman authority, so the Grecian tongue was then spoken also by the whole civilized world. Even at Rome itself but little Latin was needed. These anonymous lines may be contrasted with Rossetti's *Superscription* :—

Look in my face : my name is Might-have-been ;
I am also called Too Late, No More, Farewell.

* * * * *

Talibus affatur Matrem sine nomine matris,
Ne materna pium laceraret viscera nomen.

I do not know who versified this sweet and true idea of our Redeemer's motive for saying to His Blessed Mother, "Woman, behold thy Son." Robert S. Hawker of Morwenstowe, while still a parson, gave the highest meaning of all to this mode of address. But this other is touching and perhaps true.

To call His mother "mother"
He doth, through love, forbear,
Lest that sweet name with anguish
Her mother-heart should tear.

* * * * *

The only Protestant bishops in Ireland who won fame in literature were, I think, George Berkeley, Thomas Percy, and Jeremy Taylor. The last two were bishops of a diocese in which I take a filial interest—Dromore—but Taylor was also Bishop of Down and Connor. Jeremy Taylor spoke well on a point which a Catholic Bishop of Dromore of later times treated very effectively. Dr. John Pius Leahy used to exclaim in treating of the Passion : "Let not the lying canvas depict our Lady as swooning away in her grief and terror on Calvary. No, she stood," etc. Two hundred years earlier Jeremy Taylor wrote as follows :—

"There stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother. She *stood*, without clamour and womanish noises—sad, silent, and with a modest grief, deep as the waters of the abyss, but smooth as the face of a pool, full of love and patience and sorrow and hope."

* * * * *

I chanced lately to look over the seventeenth volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, as far back as November, 1810. On page 38, in an excellent article on the Catholic Question, two Protestant bishops figure very creditably. Dr. Bathurst

Bishop of Norwich, is mentioned as having delivered in the House of Lords a speech in favour of Catholic Emancipation "full of sound reasoning, candour, and conciliation;" and Dr. Law, Bishop of Elphin (a see since suppressed in the then Established Church), is quoted as saying: "By far the greatest part of the population of my diocese are Roman Catholics. I know I cannot make them good Protestants; I therefore wish to make good Catholics of them; and with this intention I put into their hands the works of Gother, an eminent Catholic divine." Law and Bathurst. It is remarkable that the son and daughter of the Bishop of Norwich, who was the only Protestant bishop to vote for Emancipation, became Catholics. The Rev. S. Bathurst died not many years ago, a Catholic priest; and his sister, Grace Bathurst, married an Irishman, Mr. Grace of Grace Hall, near Athy—which made the signature of her letters rather odd-looking. But Dr. Law—was he of the Ellenborough family? If so, his Catholic proclivities reappeared in the next generation when William Towry Law gave up his fine prospects in the Anglican Establishment and became a fervent Catholic, suffering many privations for the faith. He was the father of Augustus Law, S.J., of saintly and amiable memory.

* * * *

There is a queer saying to the effect that "half is more than the whole." I am not sure of the meaning intended to be attached to this saying, which has come up before my mind as I was proposing to take a note of a point that has just struck me forcibly, namely, how useful and effective a mere shred and fragment of a prayer may be when want of time or want of fervour hinders us from using the entire prayer. A friend of mine once very truly called this sentence from the devotions for the Stations of the Cross "a perfect prayer." "Grant, O Jesus, that I may always love Thee, and then do with me as Thou wilt." Out of the wonderful "Universal Prayer" of Clement XI, Mother Catherine Macaulay, foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, used habitually this one petition: "Discern to me, O Lord, the nothingness of this world, the greatness of heaven, the shortness of time, and the length of eternity." I know a pious soul who finds the Hail Mary too long, and contents herself with repeating over and over slowly before the altar the last half only of that little prayer.

* * * *

Some people are too proud to be vain. They are so wrapped up in themselves and they have so comfortable an appreciation of their own merits that they do not need to have the:n supple-

mented by the applause of others. There is a certain humility in the craving that other people show for the esteem of their fellow creatures. An example of the other sort—of the persons who can stand aloof, not caring what other men think of them,—was such a man as Charles Stuart Parnell. Mr. James Bryce in his newest book, *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, says of Parnell :—

“Pride was so strong in him that it almost extinguished vanity. Parnell did not seem to seek occasions for display, frequently neglecting those that other men would have chosen, seldom seeming to be elated by the applause of crowds, and treating the House of Commons with equal coolness whether it cheered him or howled at him.”

* * * * *

In retreats and other special seasons of grace certain thoughts seem so obvious that it hardly seems worth while dwelling on them. Once we have grasped it, it seems as if we could not lose sight of it ; but this is not so. When the sun has just gone down, two friends, walking together, take a survey of the heavens, which are growing dim and pale ; for the sun has departed and the reign has not yet begun of the moon and stars. One of the friends catches the ray of the first solitary star, and he wishes to point it out to the other—but in vain. “Can you not see it ? Well, that is strange. There it is, shining distinctly to the right of the poplar beyond the garden wall.” But if the second friend but once catches sight of the star, it will be impossible for him to lose sight of it again, and he will wonder that he did not notice it sooner. So it is with regard to the vivid consciousness of some spiritual principle.

* * * * *

Trinkelius in his spiritual exercises attributes to St. Ignatius this saying : “Non minus miraculum est videre moestum religiosum qui aliud non quaerit quam Deum, quam videre laetum qui omnia alia quaerit praeter Deum.” “To see a religious melancholy who seeks nothing but God is not less wonderful than to see a religious joyful who seeks everything except God.” And why should not the religious soul who strives sincerely to please God and to attain the degree of perfection God has a right to expect from her—why should not *she* be happy, since she can say to God at each moment, “I am in the state, and at the work at which and in which my Maker, my Judge, my Lord and my God wishes me to be. No matter what may happen to me if I but cling to His love and mercy.”

FAIRYLAND SONG

COME with us, good children, to Fairyland with us !
 To Fairyland with us to play !
 Come join in our dances and songs so enchanting,
 Come ! one, two, three, tra-la-la-lay.

We'll roam through the forest, while moonbeams are chasing,
 'Neath waving boughs, shadows so fleet.
 We'll race o'er the meadows, and laugh till glad echoes
 Laugh back with soft laughter so sweet.

We'll loiter and rest where the grey willows whisper,
 And woodbine perfumes the night air,
 And list to the pipes of the elfin band playing,
 To banish all sorrow and care.

Come ! sail o'er sea to the isle, Innishaulin,
 Where nightly our revels we keep,
 And dance till the dawn in our pearl-paved palace,
 Whilst soundly the sons of men sleep.

But now, gentle playmates, farewell we must bid you,
 And mount on our chariots gay,
 For hark ! the blithe bugles of Elf-land are calling,
 And we must all vanish away.

E. O'L.

A FEW THOUGHTS

1. A snub is a humiliation in one syllable.
2. Some people complain of going to Confession and saying the same thing every week. Well, why shouldn't we wash the doorstep every day it gets dirty ?
3. The priest must be a lion in the pulpit to deal with sin, and a lamb in the confessional to deal with sinners.
4. Some people think that everyone should go up their own flight of stairs and probably fall out of the window.
5. Though the thought of death is terrible, the reality is

consoling. It is but the flinging open of a door, a leap through the dark into the arms of Everlasting Love.

6. Only in proportion as silence overflows into conversation can speech be strong.

T. G. D.

GOOD THINGS WELL SAID

1. In the course of a long life and a large experience in all grades of society, and in various countries, I have often had cause to think that the greatest of all blessings is to have been born and bred in the Roman Catholic faith, and next to that, is the blessing of having had the early care and guidance of virtuous, religious parents, and more especially of a tender, loving, right-minded, pious mother.—*Dr. Richard R. Madden.*

2. Nothing is fit to be printed unless it has been written twice over.—*Cardinal Newman.*

3. A practical politician really means a man who can be thoroughly trusted to do nothing at all; that is where his practicality comes in.—*Gilbert K. Chesterton.*

4. Silence is the unbearable repartee.—*The Same.*

5. Verses should require no humouring from the indulgent reader, but, in the easy and natural pronunciation of the words the accent should necessarily fall where the harmony of the line requires it.—*Robert Southey.*

6. Overpowering proofs of intelligence and benevolent design lie around us, showing us through nature the influence of a free-will and teaching us that all living beings depend upon one ever-acting Creator and Ruler.—*Lord Kelvin.*

7. The habit of newspaper reading and a taste for ephemeral magazine topics block the channels of sounder knowledge.—*Rev. Joseph Selinger.*

8. Newman never said a truer word than when he said that if we carefully define our views, controversy will generally become either hopeless or superfluous.—*Lord Acton.*

9. True heroes are the creation of divine grace alone.—*Rev. Thomas Harper, S.J.*

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LITTLE ESSAYS ON LIFE AND CHARACTER

I.—SOCIAL TALL TALK

I HAVE sometimes been brought into contact with people whose conversation is florid and imposing, and destitute of adjectives of the positive degree—transcendentalists, such folk soar above the commonplace and deal only in the superlative and the unapproachable. In moments of solitude and silence, which with all of us are, alas, too few and brief, memory reproaches them with past mistakes and delinquencies; but when they begin to talk, they are other men, failure and defeat they have never known. The excitement of conversation, the stimulus of vanity, the prospect of fame (that last infirmity of noble minds), with the eagerness to seize the upper hand and outshine competitors, lead them to spurn the bounds of actual experience and mere truth. They embellish, they exert their imagination, they idealize, and they succeed very often in making themselves ridiculous.

When I think of those men, who, indeed, in the spending of money and the other practical details of life show no lack of common sense, I am conscious of a mild wonder, and, casting about for an explanation of their hardihood and brilliancy in conversation, I try to enter into their thoughts and examine their point of view. I am slow to believe that they are liars, or that they have even a wish to deceive; and the best conjecture that I can form of their mental state represents them as excited and dazzled in the presence of listeners, and influenced by a spurious kind of inspiration. Like orators who soar on eagles' wings and carry their hearers with them, they amplify and burst into flowers of rhetoric, and perorate, and would be astonished if anyone accused them of deliberate lying. It is not their fault (no more than it is an orator's) if the listener is deceived.

When from their treasures they bring forth things easy of comprehension, they feel that they confer a benefit and that it is none of their business to provide an intellect that shall save hearers from error. And, no doubt, in their use of the rhetorical figure of exaggeration, which, according to its definition, is "an elegant surpassing of the truth" (Cicero, *De Oratore*), it is sometimes easy to discount their assertions; as when a Gascon, hearing his fellow-soldiers talking of their warlike deeds, said, "I would have ye know that the mattress I sleep on is stuffed with the whiskers of those whom I slew in fair fight." But skilful manipulators of verbiage shun such manifest excess, and yet know how to convey the impression that they are cleverer, stronger, handsomer, or in some other important respect more admirable than their fellows. Praise is sweet, yea, too sweet, for the desire of it leads them, despite their cunning, into many a pitfall.

An acquaintance of mine, Isaac Onstilt, Esq., is a case in point. Vaulting ambition, which so often o'erleaps itself, is one of Isaac's infirmities. His conviction that the world is full of fools he does not hesitate to affirm with loud emphasis, and the rustics of the village near which he lives look up to him with respect and admiration. For *he* is none of those insignificant and poor-spirited folk, whose diction is mean and pointless, and whose whole career from the cradle to the grave is flat and barren, without honour to themselves and without profit to the human race; in the sonorous phraseology of his favourite author, Dr. Johnson, he sets forth his exploits and opinions, and is not deterred by any squeamish modesty from painting himself as he is, a successful man unspoiled by prosperity. At the sea-port to which he migrates for a month every summer, he throws out his chest and walks in the middle of the road, the whole width of which seems scarce large enough for his swaying arms and majestic stride, and people ask who he is. The street arabs keep out of his way. Once when he reproved them for *expectorating* on the side-path, a youngling of the tribe inquired: "Say, Bill, what's that, 'pectoratin'?" "Oh, nothin' but just spit." "Why don't he say so?" "'Cause the yokel don't know no better." During an evening walk he saw a crowd running, and he caught hold of a small boy: "What is it? is it a conflagration?" The urchin gave him a puzzled look and broke from his grasp, shouting: "No, no, 'tis a fire!"

The clergymen with whom Onstilt converses he convicts of want of knowledge of the world and even of mistaken views on certain points of theology and practical morality. To military men he has revealed secrets of engineering, quoting

Vauban as his authority, and he expatiates on the strategy of Napoleon and Von Moltke, which he studied when viewing, as a Cook's tourist, the famous battlefields of the Continent. The good stories of the Duke of A, and the Marquis of B, his particular friends, he retells for the benefit of ordinary people, while a passing allusion is made to the eminent public men who button-hole him to ask his advice and find out the trend of opinion in his county. I abstain from referring to literary and artistic topics, on which he is an acknowledged authority, and shall merely mention the anecdote (I look on it as both ill-founded and ill-natured) that a great living painter, hearing him discourse on the masterpieces of Rubens, Murillo, and Raphael, exclaimed in a loud aside, "Lord, what a fool!" Such is Isaac Onstilt, so loud, so big-hearted, so superior, and so irrepressible, that "I cannot speak him home."

It is proverbially easy to see the mote in another's eye, but I ask myself, conscience-stricken, is there a beam in my own? Can I recall, without a blush, certain tall talk indulged in as a boy, a youth, a man? Verily, I bow my head, and beating my breast in confusion resolve to be blameless in this particular for the rest of my days.

And thou, dear reader, let me ask it in all gentleness, hast thou never narrated thy feasts of agility and strength, thy exploits as a horseman, an angler, a swimmer? Hast thou buried in silence the football goals which thou hast kicked, or that "century not out," with which thou wert credited in a famous cricket match; or, perhaps, the "hat-trick" which stamped thee as *the* bowler of a season? Is there aught with which thou canst reproach thyself in connexion with music, or literary success, or social standing, or thy genealogical tree? But I stay my hand; for thou needest not my help, I am sure, in the salutary exercise, often by thee worthily gone through, of examining thy conscience: thou hast set the house of thy spirit in order, and the dust of the land of tall talk has been shaken from thy feet. Thine is the wisdom of the Germanic proverb, "Who says little has little to answer for," and thou takest to thy heart the advice of the Spanish saw, "No flies can get into a shut mouth."

St. Thomas Aquinas devotes a brief section of his *Summa* to boasting or tall talk, which he terms *jactantia*. *Jactantia*, he says, is directly opposed to truth *per excessum*, and springs usually from vanity or the desire of vain glory.* Yet what

* Sometimes it may be occasioned, he explains, by the hope of material gain, as when lawyers and physicians boast of their attainments and successes. Advertisements of patent medicines must be referred to the same

would be in ordinary circumstances unjustifiable exaggeration, or boasting, is in the case of some individuals but the statement of an undoubted fact. When Giotto with a sweep of his hand draws a circle, or Michael Angelo produces a masterpiece, either may say with truth, "It cannot be better done." The conscious possession of special power is not opposed to modesty, and where singular talents are bestowed, it would be wrong to bury them, and so from sloth or diffidence make them useless to the world.

We are all liable to illusion with respect to ourselves ; and a gentle and charitable judgment of extravagant language will take us nearer to the truth than will a mocking and cynical condemnation of the speaker. All through life fancy and self-love play us scurvy tricks in the views which they persuade us to entertain of our abilities, virtues, and faults, and we often hold with sincerity opinions on such personal points, which clear-sighted friends know to be mere delusion. Yet it is surely our duty to free ourselves, as far as possible, from fog of mind, and cultivate self-restraint, candour, and truthfulness. Social virtues of this character are the bonds that unite civilized men and create the confidence which is essential to trustworthy dealings with one another. Nor is it necessary that we should believe that the commonplace in speech and conduct is the only form of truth, or lies nearest the truth. To man, owning, as he does, an imperishable spirit as well as a body, life and its belongings can never be wholly commonplace. The reflecting and enlightened mind regards the earth as a wonderland, where

We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love.

Is it not the simple truth that in the sunshine and the beauty of this world of ours, in the kindly change of day and night, in the succession of the seasons, in all the marvels of power and wisdom that we see around us, we behold the tokens of a Father's love ? A truth of this nature enlarges our views and impels us to cherish lofty ideals of veracity, courage and nobleness of soul.

Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

Sincerity and unselfishness, hopefulness and energy, industry and perseverance—all of us can, if we maintain a resolute will, become possessed of those qualities, with Heaven's help, and exercise by means of them a beneficent influence on the lives of others and the welfare of our country

M. W.

category. As well as the following inscription in glaring letters on the sign-board outside a diminutive shop in a New York cellar : "Great International and Trans-Continental Umbrella and Walking Stick Emporium."

THE GLENS OF CLARE

God made the winding glens of Clare;
God blessed the smiling glens of Clare;
 And virgins fair,
 And monks of prayer
Hallowed the lovely glens of Clare.

God bless those glens so soft and green,
With many a brook and brake between;
 And sloping down
 The bracken brown
Purples the lovely glens, I ween.

God bless the guardian hill-sides bare
And all the ivied strongholds there;
 Where sword in hand,
 For Faith and Land
Dalcassian did what man may dare.

God bless those dells so quaint and rare,
And every homestead nestling there;
 The peasants' cot
 Is the dearest spot;
God bless its lot in "bannered" Clare.

God bless those gentle laneways thro',
Where linnets sing and ringdoves coo;
 And noon-tide's beam,
 And evening's gleam
Linger, like me, to say adieu.

God made the lovely glens of Clare;
God blessed the lovely glens of Clare;
 And virgins fair,
 And saints at prayer
Hallow still yet the glens of Clare.

R. O. K.

THE FINDING OF THE CROWN

A FRENCH-CANADIAN EASTER STORY

CHARLES James Louis Stuart Monk 'was dead, and in the funeral notice everyone learned his royal names at last.

"La, la, la! it must be ver' true-so," declared Napoleon MacMurdy. "Look you, he is been of blood royal, our ol' Monk: Père Du Charme say w'at is just so, ma frien's; he has picture copy from one medal time las' Stuart King of Anglan', Jacques Deuxieme, w'at Anglish say, 'King Zhames Secon', an' our ol' Monk, he is been ver' imazh of picture. 'Charles-Zhames-Louwee-Stuar'—ver' well, king's names. Ma frien's, our ol' Monk he is been right, King of Anglan', an' not Victorie, I tell you true"

Baptiste Renaud, the Indian vagrant, grunted assent as he re-filled his cob pipe. He had inherited the taciturnity of his fathers; he let the Frenchmen do the talking while he listened. Napoleon MacMurdy and René Beausoleil were in the mood to discuss* dramatic possibilities; the death and burial of the grand old Hermit of Chateaufort had stirred their emotional hearts.

"He is been ver' fine looking man," said René; "I been tol' I look so ver' lak him as I might be his own son, me."

"Yaas, you look lak a gran'son of kings, Beausoleil!" sneered Napoleon. "You have not 'nough nose, you. W'at my Scotch gran'fader say, 'Ver leetle nose, knows ver' leetle.' He had beeg nose like ma namesake the Emperor, who is been so better as all your Charles-Zhames Lou-wee Kings. But, I say, René, w'at our Curé tell us in sermon, eh, ol' fella? Some-bout gol' crown our ol' Monk buried for some to fin', eh?" MacMurdy's greedy little eyes glittered as he asked the question.

"La, la! if ma nose been too leetle, your eyes be not so much beeg 'nough, Napoleon. Ver' good sign you lak money, we know. W'at you say, Ba'tiste?"

Baptiste blew a cloud of smoke before he spoke. "W'at we care for gol' crown? Ol' Monk hated you, René, an' you, Napoleon, an' me, Ba'tiste. Well, we're not much too good, maybe, but we do not steal; no, not even gol' crown. You tink ol' Monk geev it us? I say, no. Here is M'sieu Bonloi; you lak talk, Napoleon; you ask him."

The notary, advancing, smiled for once upon the three

black sheep of the village—Napoleon, the garrulous and greedy ; René, the vain and thoughtless ; Baptiste, the slovenly and lazy ; all three alike only in idleness and indifference to duty. They worked merely to support their lounging days ; they went to Mass at Christmas, at Easter, and other high holidays for the sake of excitement, perhaps, just as they marched every June in the national procession of St. Jean Baptiste. Père Du Charme had not given them up ; he and his good friend, the late Seigneur of Chateaufort, had scolded, pleaded, threatened without avail ; the three vagabond chums were vagabonds still. They knew how they were rated by all respectable folk, and they were not a little surprised when Bonloi greeted them pleasantly :

" I have been looking for you, messieurs," he said. " I have the honour to inform you that you are interested in the will of M'sieu Monk, and that you are summoned to the reading to-morrow morning in my office."

" Interest' in the will of ol' Monk ? ver' excellen' joke, M'sieu Bonloi ! " said Napoleon, impudently. " Did he leave us Chateaufort, maybe ? Yaas, our ol' Monk, he love us so ! "

" M'sieu Monk left almost everything to the Church ; there are no heirs of his blood ; he was the last of his fine old race."

" True King of Anglan' an' Canadie ? "

" Perhaps, perhaps. He was a Stuart, and there is an old tradition—well, he was the living image of King James II, whose crown——"

" Yaas, M'sieu, the gol' crown. It was taken to Trier, in France, an' burie', an' our ol' Monk's great-great-gran'fader bring it to Canadie, an' every Monk he hide it till now the las' Monk is gone dead—an' w'ere's gol' crown, eh, M'sieu Bonloi ? "

" Ah, yes, where ? " echoed the notary, again giving the loungers his newly-benign smile as he passed down the street.

" It's a beeg joke, eh ? but we go hear w'at our ol' Monk have left to us all same," decided Napoleon MacMurphy.

So the next morning the three idlers presented themselves in the notary's office. Napoleon was tidy and clean ; René more spruce than ever, wearing a velveteen coat and a gaudy green and yellow scarf, while Baptiste had gone so far as to wash his face to the ears.

" Aha ! the legatees are here," said the notary, as he came in with the priest. " Shall we go on, mon père ? "

" No need for delay," replied Père Du Charme. " As you say, the beneficiaries are waiting," and he gave the three worthies a kindly greeting. " I must be at Lachine by eleven ; proceed, if you please, M'sieu Bonloi."

"Leg-a-tees! ben'feec-i-aries!" repeated Napoleon, opening his little eyes wide in wondering delight as Bonloi unfolded the last will and testament of Charles James Louis Stuart Monk, Seigneur of Chateaufort. The lawyer read the clauses in which the late Seigneur bequeathed his houses and lands, moneys and chattels to the Reverend Etienne François Du Charme, Curé of Chateaufort, for the benefit of the village church, the parish school, and the Indian mission. Then followed the amazing bequest:—

"To Napoleon MacMurdy, a certain property to be held in trust for him for five years after the death of the testator, and to be given to him on the fulfilment of the conditions imposed in the sealed letter of instructions which shall be placed in his hands in the presence of the Reverend Etienne François Du Charme."

Napoleon immediately straightened up and assumed the dignity of a person of affairs. "Pro-per-tee!" he murmured, delightedly. But as the notary read exactly the same form of bequest to René Beausoleil, and to the Iroquois strayaway, Baptiste Renaud, the Emperor's namesake wore an expression of puzzled injury.

The reading was finished; the letters of instruction were delivered. Baptiste, who could not read, was about to hand his letter to Napoleon, when Père Du Charme interposed. "Come with me, Baptiste," he said, leading the way to the next room. "The instructions are secret," he whispered, and the silent Indian bowed gravely. When the door was closed, the priest read the following message from the dead:—

"Baptiste Renaud, you that know the value of every herb and root in our fields and forests; you that are tender as a woman, active as a child, strong as the warriors of your race, grave as the old chiefs, why waste your days in the company of idlers? You whom the glorious martyrs died to save, why forget their sacrifices? Why incur the anger of the Great Father? Baptiste, begin to-day. Leave the idle white men; labour for your race; show the Indian people how to be temperate, clean, strong. Help the old men; help the little children; be the medicine-man of your tribe. First, make your peace with God, Baptiste. Go to your Easter Communion; communicate every month hereafter. At the end of five years apply to the Notary Bonloi for the property. May you deserve to find the Gold Crown!"

The young Indian stood with bowed head. "Well, Baptiste?" said the priest, looking keenly into the dark face.

"Mon père, I geev you t'anks; you an' M'sieu Monk, peace to his soul! I did not t'ink he knew me so. I will do w'at he

say, mon père. My gran'fader he is been medicine-man of our tribe when he leev. I lak to take he place, but firs' I lak learn read, mon père."

["Very good. And your Easter Communion?"]

"I come to Confession to-night, mon père. Not for gol' crown, no, mon père, but for clean soul firs', so I be clean Ba'tiste, outside an' inside."

Napoleon and René read their letters and avoided looking at each other afterward, to the notary's amusement. "Our business is finished, gentlemen," said Bonloi. Napoleon thanked him profusely and gave a cold nod to René, who returned as curt a salutation as they parted.

The reader will have guessed that the three letters were of similar import. Napoleon was advised to make use of his gift of expression and his talent for business; René was urged to be a credit to his father and to introduce his love of order into the management of the paternal acres. Both were commanded to return to the regular practice of their religious duties and to avoid their former associates. And the last words to each were exactly alike: "May you deserve to find the Gold Crown!"

On Easter Monday, five years later, Père Du Charme and the notary waited for the three. Doctor Renaud was the first to arrive. The "medicine-man" had been up all night with a patient; but for all that he was as fresh and clean as an Easter lily. His linen was spotless, his finger nails pearly; it was easy to see that he practised his favourite doctrine of daily baths. Anything more unlike the lazy, dirty Indian of other days could hardly be imagined.

"With the help of le bon Dieu, Gratiot will be restore', mon père," was his greeting to the priest.

"And you have come to find the Gold Crown?" asked the notary.

The dark face of the Iroquois doctor was illuminated with a rare, swift smile. "Père Du Charme knows how ver' much I care for gol' crown," said he.

René Beausoleil, stout and handsome in his farmer's best clothes of Halifax tweed, came in with a little black-haired child in his arms. "Bon jour, mon père, messieurs!" said he "You see I have bring ma son to get his propertee. Have I prosper? say you, M'sieu Bonloi? Oh, yaas, t'anks to le bon Dieu! I have lost ma fader four years, you know, but after sorry for his dead, I have no more sorry, only but joy, messieurs. I have been work hard, yaas, but I been well reward' in fine

crops. I have four horse an' seex cow an' new plow from Montreal. Ma moder she happy w'en I marry Angelique, an, we have dis ver' fine leetle boy an' leetle sister now. Ah, is't posseebl, Napoleon !"

For the ex-lounger came in with the air of a man to whom every moment has a value. "Morning, gentlemen !" said he, bowing respectfully to Père Du Charme, and extending a patronizing hand to the notary. "You see I have come to claim the property. Why, this is not René——?"

"M'sieu René Beausoleil, the most prosperous farmer in Chateaufort, and the father of a fine young family," explained Père DuCharme, smilingly. "And this is my dear friend, Doctor Baptiste Renaud, who put ten years' study into four and who is my right hand in the work of the mission. You are well met, gentlemen. I hear that you have established yourself with a law firm in Montreal, Napoleon ?"

"True, mon père ; I am kept busy. I have not married. I must find my wife among the good, pious girls of Chateaufort. I have laid up a nice sum of money, but I am quite willing to take the little property left to me by M'sieu Monk."

"You spik lak an Anglish sence you leev in Montreal," said René.

"I am an advocate, sir," responded Napoleon majestically. "I cannot afford to spik lak an habitant,* me."

"I have the pleasure of handing over your property, gentlemen," said the notary, as he opened the safe and drew forth three little boxes, one of which he gave to René, one to Napoleon and one to Baptiste.

"W'at ?" cried Napoleon, disappointedly. "You call a box 'property' !" And, grumbling, he opened the lid and found—the Gold Crown ? You have guessed it ; a crown piece. There was a little note, of course ; certainly Seigneur Monk must have been an eccentric gentleman ! "Have you made the best of your talents ?" ran the writing. "Labor crowns every gift ; have you found your crown ?"

"A beeg joke, lak I said long-while ago," commented Napoleon. "But he is right ; a wise ol' dead man ; pity he was not King, for all ! Yaas, I have ma crown ; I'm a lawyer in Montreal, me. W'at he leave you, René ? A crown piece, too ! 'René Beausoleil,' he writes, 'God gives you land to till for corn and wheat ; your golden crown is buried in the earth ; have you dug it out ?' Yaas, but you have, René ; your crown is found, too. And you, Ba'tiste ?"

* A small farmer in the Province of Quebec.

"The same, a crown piece," the priest answered for him. "His letter runs thus: 'Baptiste, labour is the golden crown of life, but the crown for life and for death is labour in self-sacrifice. Have you found the grand Gold Crown, Baptiste?'"

"We are t'ree crowned Kings, it would seem," said Napoleon.

"T'ree Wise Men," corrected René. "You say not'ing, Doctor Ba'tiste: you never been spik much?"

"I say, God crown M'sieu Monk, who save' us!" said Baptiste, solemnly.

There are no idle vagabonds in Chateaufort nowadays; everybody is helping Père Du Charme and Doctor Renaud in the life-long search which must result in the Finding of the Crown.

HONOR WALSH.

SEEKERS AND FINDERS

We sought a purse of gold upon the moor
Which some one heedless dropped there yesterday.
Of five who sought one found; the other four
All empty-handed had to go their way.

For though all seek, yet only some shall find,
Those happy some for whom the sun's warm kiss
Will cause the earth to bloom. The others, blind,
Must struggle on, scarce knowing what they miss.

Oh! not for them green fire of waving grass,
Bright tapestry of tangled flower sprays,
Glorious procession of soft nights that pass,
Melting like snowflakes into summer days.

Yet, toiling on, the clay that stays their feet
May hold strange meaning, taught by weariness.
The race is won not always by the fleet,
What if to *seek*, not find, be Happiness?

KATHLEEN M. BALFE.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S HEIRESS

A STORY

CHAPTER XV

"My dear child, they cannot surely believe it? The thing is absurd," Mrs. Tiernan cried indignantly. "Mrs. Arrowsmith loves you and thinks so highly of you, that she could not possibly imagine you guilty of such a theft!"

"In her heart she does not; and she has said all she could to show people in the house that she believes me innocent. But she has done so too late."

Elizabeth spoke wearily. She was white and worn. All the brightness had gone out of her sweet face, and her lovely eyes, tearless now, were heavy and red from long-continued weeping. Mrs. Tiernan looked at her beloved niece with loving compassion, then choking with emotion hid her face upon her husband's shoulder.

"Oh! Mike," she whispered, "what can I say to console her? This awful accusation will break the child's heart."

Michael Tiernan kissed his wife gently.

"No, dear, I trust and hope not. Elizabeth is stronger than that. She will not be crushed by such a thing. It is galling, I admit. But God is good, and the dear girl knows that if she is patient, her innocence must and will be proved."

"But meanwhile what is she to do?"

"Live here as our own dear and much loved daughter, again. Thank God, things are not as bad as I at one time feared they might be, and we are still able and glad to welcome her back to Docwra."

"Uncle, you are too good," cried Elizabeth, clasping and unclasping her hands convulsively. "I ought, perhaps, to have stayed on at Rathkieran, and, as Mrs. Arrowsmith said, lived it down. But, oh! I could not. The cold looks, the contemptuous glances were more than I could bear. Sybil Bindon's covert sneers and unkind whisperings were intolerable. Even the servants shrank from me, looking unutterable things and nudging each other in an insolent way, every time I met two of them together. I dared not ask for anything, lest I should receive an impertinent refusal, or an insulting reply. My life was a burden to me; and so I ran away, and knowing how good and affectionate you, my aunt and cousins were, I came

to throw myself on your mercy. Had I stayed on longer at Rathkieran, I should have gone out of my mind."

"Poor child!" He laid his arm round her shoulders, and drew her towards him. "You must never leave us till you prove your innocence most completely."

"And how—oh! how shall I do that?" moaned Eilizabeth. "Till the cross is found—the thief discovered either by chance or his own confession—that is impossible."

"Well, dear," Kathleen said gently, "one of those two things might happen any day. Cecily and I are sure that the whole mystery will be solved before long. Till that happens, try and forget. You are with friends, loving friends, absolutely convinced of your innocence. So don't fret—and please God, things will come right very soon."

Elizabeth raised her heavy, dark-lined eyes, full of gratitude, towards her cousins, and her lips quivered.

"Thank you, dear girls," she murmured. "Your kindness is very precious. But oh!"—a sob choked her utterance—"I was so happy at Rathkieran. This all seems like a horrible night-mare."

"And will pass, as such things do," Kathleen said encouragingly. "Have you no idea who the thief can be, Betty?"

"Not the faintest. The diamonds were in a secret drawer, a marvellously contrived and well-hidden drawer. Mrs. Arrowsmith, in a burst of confidence, showed it to me the night of the ball. And she says I was the only person in the house knew anything about it."

"What? Not even her maid?" asked Cecily incredulously. "That is hard to believe."

"Not even her maid," Elizabeth replied. "Jane knew nothing about it. Mrs. Arrowsmith took out, and put away her jewels always when she was alone."

"And you really believe no one ever watched, or saw her," Cecily asked, "as she was putting them in or taking them out?"

Elizabeth started and changed colour.

"That reminds me," she cried, "that I heard someone at the door that evening, just as Mrs. Arrowsmith was explaining the curiously clever, yet simple way the drawer locked. The door opened and shut, I know—but only for a second. And I have not the faintest idea who was there."

"That person was the thief—you may be sure," Mr. Tiernan said decidedly. "My poor child, if you had only seen him or her, and called Mrs. Arrowsmith's attention to the fact, that some one had looked in, the whole of this miserable affair

might have been averted. At least there would have been a second individual in the house upon whom to throw suspicion."

"I'm sure it was Jane," Cecily remarked, with a wise shake of her head. "I never liked that woman."

"That is no reason why she should be a thief, Cecily," her father said somewhat severely. "You must not judge anyone in that rash fashion."

"Oh! I don't want to judge her rashly or otherwise," Cecily replied. "But the maid was the most likely person to go to her mistress's room at such an hour. Now, wasn't she?"

"I agree." Mr. Tiernan walked up and down absorbed in thought.

"And seeing Elizabeth there, and hearing the whole business of the secret drawer and value of the cross explained," continued Cecily, "she thought it an excellent opportunity to purloin the diamonds and let all the suspicions fall upon our poor Elizabeth."

"It's a great pity," Kathleen cried suddenly, "that Mr. Charles Arrowsmith is not at home. He spoke so kindly about Elizabeth that night at the ball, that I am sure he would leave no stone unturned till he discovered the thief, and proved the child's complete innocence."

"A capital idea, Kathleen," her father exclaimed, a hopeful sound in his voice. "Charles Arrowsmith is the man to do it. He is a clever fellow and a solicitor. He would surely do everything in his power to clear your name. Wouldn't he, my poor Elizabeth?"

A crimson wave swept over the girl's pale cheeks, and her eyes fell before her uncle's inquiring glance.

"Yes"—her lips grew tremulous. "But, oh! 'tis dreadful that he should know—horrible that he should hear such stories."

"He won't believe them."

"No," half to herself, "I feel sure of that—he will not, thank God, believe them. No, not if the evidence against me were ten times as strong."

"Then, you have another good friend," her uncle said cheerfully. "So don't fret. Things are really not as bad as they seem."

"Oh! my God, pity me," moaned the girl under her breath. "Things are hard; it would be difficult to imagine them worse, and I had hoped—believed that they would be so different—so very different when Charles returned from England."

Though conscious of her own innocence, and grateful to her uncle, aunt, and cousins for their kindness and belief in her story, Elizabeth was restless and unhappy. With great fervour and

strong faith, she prayed night and day for grace to bear this cruel trial with patience and courage. Then, full of anguish, she would implore God to show her some way in which to clear her name. One moment she longed to hear that Charles had come back ; the next she told herself it was better that he should stay away, and that his coming would only mean misery for them both. He had not answered her last letter, and she took that as a sign that although he would never believe anything against her, still in the face of all the talk, aspersions, and suspicious circumstances, he felt that their marriage would be an impossibility, and so thinking it would be less painful to let things drop, he had resolved neither to write nor to come to her.

"They'll console him—tell him he had a lucky escape," she cried bitterly. "And he'll believe them—and—and," clenching her fists, "marry Sybil Bindon and be happy ever after. But, oh!" in a flood of tears, miserable and humiliated at the thought that she could be mean enough to think so badly of the man she loved, "how detestable I am! This is not being brave. I ought to know him better. But alas! alas! he does not write. Three days have elapsed since this cruel blow fell upon me. It seems a year—and yet not a word—not a line. Does he," with a sudden spasm of terror, "think my leaving Rathkieran looks like guilt? But, oh! if he had been in my place. If he had suffered as I have done. If he had read contempt, condemnation, dislike, in every face he met. The house I loved so well—where I had been so happy, became detestable. To remember that I had friends at Docwra was the only thing that saved me from despair. I had to come—and thank God I did. To know that one is loved—and—and believed in, in such a trial, is much—much. But, oh! for a word from Charles, though things should be changed between us, would be an inexpressible joy."

A cool little hand was laid upon her burning forehead, and a sweet voice said gently and kindly :

"My dear cousin, do not, pray do not, give way to such grief."

"Oh! Kathleen," with a shudder, "can I help it? Think, dearest, what I have come through and what lies before me. If this cross is not found, I am ruined—my future life but a blank misery."

"You have suffered and do suffer terribly, dear. But you must rouse yourself. If you give way to grief in such a way, you will make yourself ill."

"But what can I do?"

"Take to work; occupy yourself and leave things to God."

There is your violin. You love it. Get some difficult sonata and set yourself to master it. The effort will do you good."

Elizabeth smiled through her tears.

"You are wise, Kathleen, and I," taking her violin from its case, and setting her music book open upon the stand, "will follow your advice. The sweet, sad sounds will soothe me, I feel sure."

"That is right," Kathleen answered, and well pleased to find that the girl had taken her advice so sensibly, slipped quietly away.

For some time Elizabeth worked steadily and laboriously at one of Beethoven's most intricate and beautiful sonatas, keeping her mind upon its difficulties and well away from all thoughts of her own misery. To do so, was a struggle, and, at last, with a deep sob, she threw down her violin, and shutting the music book, told herself she could do no more. "I cannot endure it, I am not in harmony with Beethoven to-day," she murmured. "Indeed, for me the whole world is out of joint. But," catching up her beloved instrument again, "there is comfort for me in spite of all that in these strings. My own little air—the sweet song I love—comforts me and fills me with a happy feeling when nothing else can."

And drawing the bow softly across the strings she began to sing in a low, and almost choking voice. But presently, a deep, long-drawn sob shook her from head to foot, and she sank into an arm-chair, letting the violin fall unheeded to the ground, as she covered her face with her hands.

As she sat thus absorbed in her own miserable and despairing thoughts, the door was softly opened; then shut, with a sharp, quick noise, that startled her, and made her look up.

"Charles!" His name burst from her like a cry. A flood of crimson rushed over her face, then faded, leaving her white as a lily, as staggering to her feet, she held her arms out towards him.

"Elizabeth!"

In a moment he was beside her, her hands in his, his loving eyes fixed sadly upon the lovely tear-stained face, raised so appealingly to his.

At his touch the girl flushed and shrank away with a little moan of anguish.

"My darling! Oh, Elizabeth, how you have suffered?" he cried, drawing her quickly back, and pressing his lips to her little white and trembling hands. "But now—that is at an end."

She raised a pair of startled innocent blue eyes to his.

"Has the cross been found? Oh! Charles, that would end all my misery."

"My darling, I am sorry to say it has not been found. Its disappearance remains as great a mystery as ever."

"Ah!" Elizabeth withdrew her hands from his, and sank down upon the sofa. "Till it is found—nothing matters."

"Come, now," sitting down beside her, "I won't allow you to say that, my love—the happy thought that before long you will be my wife—surely matters—must make everything bright for you as it does for me. You told me in your dear letter that it did. You cannot have changed since you wrote that, my beloved one."

"I have not changed," she answered in a low and tremulous voice. "But everything—every person—has. Oh! Charles," with a shiver, "it has been an awful time."

"I know. I understand. But that will all pass. Once my wife, no one will dare to think or believe a single word against you. If I trust and love you, as I do with all my soul—they—everyone of them must see that the whole thing is nonsense—a grotesque absurdity. No sane man or woman could for one moment believe that you would take one farthing that was not your own. And as for those diamonds—they would be as safe from you in an open drawer, or lying under your hand upon a table, as in the most secret place ever made."

Elizabeth's wan face lit up with a happy look, and her eyes shone as they met his, shyly and gratefully.

"'Tis a joy to hear you speak," slipping her little hand into his. "And if the others thought as you do—even—even a little bit—I'd be content."

"But they will. They must," he insisted, clasping her hand tightly within his own. "And they were fools ever to have thought otherwise, even for one second."

"Yet," the colour deepening in her cheeks, "appearances were greatly against me. I knew the secret of the drawer—the only one in the house, they said, except your mother, Charles, who did—and—and—I was seen by you and Mrs. Arrowsmith running out of her room, the night of the ball."

"Yes, I saw you—and I confess I wondered—not that I ever dreamt you were there for any bad purpose—what you were doing in the mater's room, and wished very much that you would stay and speak to us. I was mad and indignant that our conversation, the first happy quarter of an hour that I had had that night, had been interrupted so ruthlessly by my mother. I was sorry she had had bad news from Flora. But I did wish

she had left us peacefully together in the conservatory a little longer. Didn't you, my darling?"

"Yes," blushing brightly. "Indeed I did, and vexed and annoyed I rushed away, telling myself that for me the ball was over, and that I would go to bed. As I went along the corridor, the door of your mother's room was lying open, and thinking I heard someone moving the chairs about, I put in my head. There was no one there, however, and I was just going out again when I caught sight of your big portrait that hangs over the mantelpiece. I stood looking at it, and then hearing footsteps approaching, I ran away thoroughly ashamed and taken aback, when I saw you and your mother approaching together."

"Would that you had waited to speak to us, and had told us that at the time."

"Would that I had! And, perhaps, if I had had any idea of the awful thing that was going to happen, I might. As it was, I could not—dared not," blushing again, and casting her eyes shyly upon the ground, "have done so. And then, even if I had, it would probably have done no good. It would all have come back to your mother's mind afterwards as only a lame excuse."

"She does not believe you took the diamonds any more than I do, Elizabeth."

"Not now, thank God. But she did at first. Oh! Charles," looking up, her eyes full of tears, "the agony of that moment, when in presence of your sister, Mrs. Arrowsmith told me that the diamonds had been taken, and that I, knowing the secret drawer, must be the thief.—I shall never forget it till my dying day. I was speechless, dumb with horror, misery and fear. I thought of you," covering her face with her hands, "and your love, and told myself that the disgrace would end all——"

"But, my darling, you must have known that I would never—could never believe such a story—never allow such a thing to make any difference in my love."

"Oh! It must make a difference," the girl cried. "Till my name is cleared, no one must know that you love me. No one must guess that we are—were engaged."

"Now, Betty, my own, that is absurd and not at all my idea," he said, slipping his arm round her waist, "I am going straight home to tell my mother of our engagement, and to proclaim the fact to the entire household."

"Oh! Charles, no. Wait. Till the truth is known, I could never marry you—never."

"Elizabeth! You surely do not mean that."

"I surely do. Anything else would be outrageous. When

my name is cleared beyond a doubt; when the whole world learns that the thing was a ghastly mistake——”

“But the whole world knows nothing about the thing, and never will. My mother tells me she will let the business drop. She will take no steps—no legal steps that is, to discover her cross.”

“Then,” with a shiver, “I shall not be sent to prison? Oh! Charles, that is a relief. The thought of that has kept me awake——”

“My darling,” he cried in a voice full of emotion, “this is terrible. Surely you might have known that my mother would never prosecute you. She loves you too well for that.”

Elizabeth's white face grew crimson, then pale again.

“Because she loves me she dares not go into the matter thoroughly—dares not do what it is her duty to do, lest the world should know—hear. Oh!” her voice choked by her sobs, “this is wrong, terribly wrong; and I would rather face the world, and have my name cleared openly and for ever.”

“It is not necessary,” Charles said firmly. “To expose your name to the world would be a crime—a monstrous crime. So few ever heard of my mother's loss or of the foul suspicions that were cast upon you that——”

“Few. Yes—in number few. But people talk so,” Elizabeth cried, in a tone of anguish. “If this is hushed up now, it will haunt and follow me all my life long. There will be whisperings, cruel glances, covert remarks. Oh! Charles, come what may, I must face the thing bravely and prove myself undeniably and certainly innocent.”

“Then you must do so as my wife.”

“Oh! no, no.” She shrank away from him with a cry, white to the lips. “Do not tempt me. I love you,” her eyes shone, her colour rose a little, “but because of that love I will never be your wife till the diamonds are found and my innocence proclaimed. Say no more, pray,” clasping her hands convulsively and gazing at him imploringly. “Do what you can to clear up the mystery; but do not press me to marry you till that is done.”

“Oh! my darling,” he caught her hand, and gently drew her into his arms, “I promise you to respect your wishes.”

“It may not be long, Charles,” she whispered, her head upon his breast. “God is good. He will surely hear our prayers. Our Lady will help us, and soon, very soon, the mystery will be cleared up, and we shall be happy.”

“My darling, my brave little girl, I hope so, I hope so.”

“Sit down now,” she said, withdrawing herself from his embrace, and sinking into a chair, “and let us consider what

is the best thing to be done. You are a solicitor. How shall we proceed ? ”

“ ’Tis a case for a detective,” he answered, sitting down by her side. “ I shall engage one at once. He must come to Rathkieran. Every trunk, box, and drawer of the servants, visitors, and members of the family must be searched. Have you left yours open ? ”

“ All. I only brought a small bag with me here.”

“ ’Tis a pity you came away,” he said sighing. “ And worst of all was your visit to Dublin, the very afternoon that the cross was missed, and your acknowledgment that you had been to the pawnbroker’s.”

Elizabeth flushed to her eyes.

“ You see,” she said, with a little moan, “ there are many things that even you must think suspicious in my conduct. Only for your love, Charles, you yourself would find it hard not to think me guilty.”

“ Only for my knowledge of your sweet, frank nature, only for the straight true look in your beautiful eyes, my beloved, perhaps,” he answered, gazing at her with deep emotion and trusting love. “ But knowing you as I do, any thought of guilt in connection with you is impossible. If every man, woman and child I know swore to your having taken that cross, I would deny it—aye till the bitter end.”

“ Thank God for your trust and love,” the girl murmured softly. “ The thought that you are true to me will give me courage and strength to bear anything that may happen.”

“ And now,” eagerly, “ you will get ready and come back with me to Rathkieran ? The carriage is waiting. My mother will welcome you with open arms.”

She shrank away, her face full of terror.

“ Oh ! no. Don’t ask me to go back till all is cleared up. I could not face Sybil Bindon—the servants—Lottie even—till all was set right again.”

“ Miss Bindon will soon be going. The Whites are gone. My mother will send Jane away——”

“ No, no. That would be dreadful. The poor girl would be ruined. I will stay here at Docwra. They are all glad to have me for the present. Later I will seek another situation as governess. Mrs. Arrowsmith,” a sob choked her, “ will give me a character—speak well for me.”

“ Elizabeth,” Charles cried, “ this is intolerable. I cannot bear to think of you amongst strangers. Oh ! my darling, if only you would come to me.”

She held up her hand. “ Hush ! you forget.”

"No wonder," he cried; "it drives me wild to think of you without a home when——"

The door opened, and Michael Tiernan, looking very grave, stood upon the threshold.

"I am sorry to interrupt you," he said, "but there is no time to be lost——"

Elizabeth sprang across the room to his side. "Is it news—news of the diamond cross, Uncle?" she questioned breathlessly. "Oh! say, has it been found?"

"My dear child, alas! no. As far as I know, nothing has been heard of the diamond cross. Charles is the last person I have seen from Rathkieran, and he has no news of it, I fear."

"Would that I had," groaned Charles. "I'd give all I possess in the world to find out where it had gone to."

"This telegram, Betty," Mr. Tiernan said, taking an orange envelope from his pocket, and not noticing the young man's despairing remark, "is from your Uncle John's housekeeper. He is ill, seriously ill, and wishes to see you before he dies. So you must get ready without delay, dear girl, and come off to London with me to-night."

"I have few things to get ready with, Uncle Mike. All my clothes are at Rathkieran. I only brought a small bag away."

"That is awkward. But, never mind," he answered quickly, "the girls will give you all you require."

"So they will," she replied. And with a shy and hasty good-bye to Charles Arrowsmith, she hurried away.

"I love her and would make her my wife at once," Charles said, laying his hand upon Michael Tiernan's arm. "But she will not hear of such a thing till the diamond cross is found, and this mystery cleared up."

"She is right. No honest girl would marry the man she loved whilst lying under such a suspicion. And you may trust me to take care of sweet Elizabeth for you."

"Yet you are taking her away, forging another link in this cruel chain of circumstantial evidence against her. To her enemies flight to London will seem proof positive of her guilt."

Michael Tiernan staggered back, appalled by the suggestion.

"But she must go. It is important that she should see her Uncle before he dies. Important for her and for him."

"Then take her to him. In many ways it will be good for her to get away. Before long I feel sure her innocence will be proved in spite of all difficulties."

"Amen to that," cried Michael Tiernan. "Meanwhile the dear child," grasping Charles warmly by the hand, "is safe with me."

"Of that I feel sure." And picking up his hat, Charles went slowly away, and entering his mother's carriage, with a sad and heavy heart, drove back to Rathkieran.

CHAPTER XVI

NEXT morning at breakfast, Sybil Bindon announced her intention of leaving Rathkieran the following day.

"I have paid an unconscionably long visit," she remarked, helping herself to a buttered scone, and smiling in a deprecating way at her hostess. "But the fact is, that you have been so kind and charming to me, that I have found it impossible to tear myself away. So that is why I am still here, quite the last rose of summer, I may say, since all the other guests have flown."

"There are no roses in winter," said Lottie pugnaciously.

"Oh! yes, there are stray ones that get left behind," laughing, "like myself. I found one nestling in a sheltered nook at the back of the house yesterday, Lottie."

"You're not a bit like a rose, Miss Bindon. Is she, Charles?" turning suddenly to address her brother, who sat silent and pre-occupied at the foot of the table.

He looked up at the little girl and smiled faintly.

"Roses vary, dear. But to my mind Miss Bindon resembles a lily rather than a rose. She is tall, stately, graceful——"

"Thank you. But you must really spare my blushes," Sybil answered, with a would-be shy glance, the pink in her cheeks growing slightly pinker. "However, your compliment, pretty though it is, is hardly a true one—a lily should be fair——"

"My dear Sybil," laughed Mrs. Arrowsmith, "you may be dark-browed and grey-eyed, but nevertheless you are fair to see. Come now, even Charles could scarcely beat that nicely turned compliment."

"Hardly. Compliments," a gleam of vexation in her eyes, "are not much in Mr. Arrowsmith's line, I fancy."

"No, I regret to say, Charles is not exactly a courtier."

"Then, I should feel flattered at his comparing me to a stately, graceful lily?" And her glance softened and appealingly sought that of the young man, who, absent-minded and gloomy, had heard but little of the conversation, and met her gaze with a blank look that filled her with dismay.

"He doesn't care—hardly knew what he said just now," she thought, with an angry flush. "So all my efforts, my plots and plans have been in vain. Elizabeth might as well have stayed. I have gained nothing by her departure. He

thinks more of her, probably, now that she has fled away in disgrace than he did before. Still, with things looking so black, he would never dare to approach her as a lover ; could not venture to ask her, a suspected thief, to be his wife. I will go to London. There he will be also—and then ! Well, my opportunity must come. He'll try to forget Elizabeth. So after all this business may turn out more useful than I fancied at first. But if it is to do so, I must get out of this at once."

"I am sorry you must go, Sybil," Mrs. Arrowsmith said, breaking in upon her reverie. "Rathkieran will be very lonely when you are all gone."

"You must coax the fair Elizabeth to return," Miss Bindon replied, with a side glance at her hostess, "since you don't believe all these things about her. Why not ? She would be company for you and Mrs. Gibbons."

Mrs. Arrowsmith flushed, and tears rushed into her eyes.

"She will not come back. Nothing," sighing heavily, "will induce her to do that till the mystery of the stolen cross is solved. Her Uncle Michael will not allow her to do so, either. He is much annoyed at the whole thing."

"Naturally. The disgrace for them is terrible. But they are poor ; she cannot remain at Docwra as a dependent, when all their own daughters are obliged to work for their living."

"No. She will have to find another situation, poor child."

"She will not get one easily with such a reputation."

"That is very true. Oh ! I must try and persuade the dear girl to come back here. 'Tis the only chance for her. Charles, would Elizabeth see me ? If I drove over to Docwra this afternoon, would she talk to me—listen to reason ?"

"Elizabeth left Docwra last night, Mother," he answered quickly. "She went to London with her uncle."

"Went to London ! Charles," Mrs. Arrowsmith stared at her son, "you amaze me."

"A most foolish step," Sybil exclaimed. "A sign of her guilt, many will say. She ought to be more careful."

"Her uncle, John O'Neill, is dying," Charles said curtly. "Sure of her innocence, Miss O'Neill troubles little about the unkind remarks that her conduct may bring forth. She thought only of her uncle."

"A person," Sybil answered tartly, "is always considered guilty till his innocence is proved."

"On the contrary," rising and pushing his chair towards the table, "till a person is proved guilty, all the world ought to consider him innocent. 'Tis cruel and wicked to do anything else

especially when, as in Miss O'Neill's case, the evidence against her is purely circumstantial."

"Unless someone had actually seen Miss O'Neill take the cross," she said with slow decision, "the evidence could hardly be stronger."

He reddened to the roots of his hair, and the contemptuous and wrathful glance that he cast upon her, made her bitterly regret her words; and, anxious to appear to the best advantage in his eyes, she hastened to say:

"But then, of course, circumstantial evidence is never to be relied upon absolutely; and no one, knowing Miss O'Neill well, could believe her guilty for an instant."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," he answered coldly. "A word or two in that tone from you at the first would have been an immense help, Miss Bindon. But, please God, we'll prove her innocence—find the real thief," looking her straight in the eyes, "before long."

"Oh! dear me. I'm sure I hope so," she answered, looking away and laughing a little nervous uneasy laugh. "But I declare you quite frighten me. One would think from your voice and manner that you wished to infer that I, if not actually the thief, had a hand in the disappearance of the cross."

He started and grew suddenly pale, as he cried:

"God forbid that I should even think such a thing. But nothing, I assure you, Miss Bindon, was further from my thoughts. To suspect you would be the act of a madman."

"I am not in want of diamonds certainly," she said airily. "nor money; and Mrs. Arrowsmith never confided to me the secret of her jewel drawer."

He winced visibly, and turning away with an indignant gesture, replied jerkily:

"And if she had, no one would have dreamed of suspecting the wealthy Miss Bindon. 'Tis a safeguard in many cases to be an heiress, I assure you."

"If John O'Neill dies, Charles," Mrs. Arrowsmith said, looking up from her letters, as his last words fell upon her ears, "Elizabeth will be an heiress in a small way."

"My dear mother," he said quickly, "what put that in your head?"

"He is the owner of Rathkeiran. The rent I pay for the place would be quite a fortune for a girl."

"When John O'Neill dies, the property of Rathkieran goes to Terence O'Neill and his heirs. 'Tis only failing them that the place would ever come to Elizabeth, when she would succeed as the only child of the eldest son."

"But no one has heard of Terence O'Neill for years. He may be dead."

"He may. But till his death, without heirs, is proved beyond a doubt, Elizabeth will never succeed to the place, nor touch one penny of the money."

"Poor Elizabeth," sighed Mrs. Arrowsmith, busying herself with her letters once more. "And she wanting a little money so badly. It does seem hard."

"I always heard her called Terence O'Neill's Heiress," Sybil remarked, "but thought it a kind of joke."

"Well, you see it may prove a substantial reality, some day," replied Mrs. Arrowsmith, without looking up. "Don't you think it will, Charles?"

"Mr. Arrowsmith is gone," laughed Sybil. "He slipped noiselessly away this moment. The question of Miss O'Neill's prospective heiress-ship does not apparently interest him much. It will be only a small affair at best."

"You are quite wrong about Charles, Sybil. The question interests him deeply; for he knows well what a blessing even one hundred a year would be to the poor girl at present. Lottie, here is a letter for you from dear Punch, enclosed in mine."

"How lovely!" the little girl cried joyfully. "But I think he might have sent it in an envelope addressed to myself. It only," pouting, "seems half a letter when it's sent to you. I must give Master Punch a talking to."

"Well, really," laughed her mother, "you are hard to please. I think it is very good of the dear boy to write to you at all."

"Punch is happy at St. John's, I suppose?" Sybil asked. "They treat little boys well there."

"Oh, yes, they do, indeed."

"Punch is home-sick, mother," Lottie cried as she read the letter. "He'd love to be back at Rathkieran, and says I'm a lucky beggar to be still comfortably here with dear Betty as my governess. It's little he knows," her eyes filling up with tears, "all that has happened since he went away. Oh! he would be sorry. He'd be ready to kill anyone who dared," glaring suddenly at Sybil Bindon, "a word against his dear Elizabeth."

"Punch must not be told, Lottie. Remember that," her mother cried. "Don't mention the loss of the cross—or—or anything when you write."

"But I must say Betty isn't here, mummy?"

"Say she has gone to London to her Uncle John. That will be enough."

"Here's a postscript," exclaimed Lottie. "It's very funny

What can he mean?" reading, "If mother or anyone at Rathkieran should lose anything valuable or otherwise, tell her to ask Elizabeth O'Neill. She knows every secret place in the whole house, and will surely know. If she refuses to own up, she's an ass."

"Own up? Ass? Can Punch know?" Mrs. Arrowsmith cried, deeply agitated. "Has any whisper of this affair of my cross and our suspicions of Elizabeth reached the boy, I wonder?"

"It sounds like it," Sybil replied with a slow drawl as if the subject rather bored her. "Or, perhaps, the sharp little boy may have seen something before he left that made him suspicious, and he wishes to give you a hint."

Mrs. Arrowsmith grew very pale, and she shivered.

"What an awful idea! What could he have seen, Sybil?"

"'Tis hard," shrugging her shoulders, "for me to tell. Saw you, or heard that you had shown Miss O'Neill the secret drawers, perhaps, and on hearing that the cross was gone, thought instantly of her."

"Good heavens." Mrs. Arrowsmith covered her face with her hands. "Even Punch to suspect her! This is awful."

"You see he says she knows all the secret places." Sybil rose from her chair. "That points to his knowing something."

"It does." Mrs. Arrowsmith's face was ashen grey. "I must write without delay, and insist upon his telling me, truthfully and plainly, what he does know. Meanwhile, Lottie, Sybil, not a word of this letter to Charles. It would only worry and vex him unnecessarily."

"You may count upon my silence," Sybil answered, with a doubtful glance at Lottie.

"I can trust my little darling, I know." Mrs. Arrowsmith drew the child into her arms. "She will not say a word that might annoy her brother."

"No, no, mummy." Lottie clung to her as she sobbed out, "And I'm sure Punch never saw—doesn't mean—anything against Betty. He'll have some queer things to say about this letter, I feel sure. It's some kind of a joke."

"I hope so, pet. Well, I'll write and you write, and we'll soon hear the truth."

The door opened, and Charles Arrowsmith strode in, looking anxious and alarmed, and holding an open telegram in his hand.

"Mother, dear, I'm sorry to be the bearer of some unpleasant news," he said, going to her side, and laying his hand reassuringly upon her shoulder. "But I don't think you need be very frightened. The youngster is strong, thank God, and will soon be all right again."

Mrs. Arrowsmith started and gazed at him with alarmed and bewildered eyes.

"Punch! Charles? Is the child ill?"

"Yes, I regret to say he is. This telegram says he developed scarlatina yesterday."

"The poor darling, oh! Charles, I must go to him."

"You must go to Windsor, and be near him, any way," he replied, "though you may not be allowed to nurse him. Miss Bindon, and you and I shall leave for England to-night."

"And Lottie? I cannot leave the child in this big house alone with the servants."

"You forget Flora. She will surely stay and look after the child?"

"Flora will come with me. She would not live here alone with Lottie, Charles, I know."

"Then, Lottie shall go to Docwra," he said with decision. "Mrs. Tiernan will gladly take her in, I know; and Kathleen will give her her lessons. I will ride over and arrange that now."

"You dear thoughtful boy. That will do splendidly," his mother answered in a choking voice. "But, oh! my darling Punch," forgetting everything about the boy's strange postscript in her loving anxiety, "I trust, I pray you are not very seriously ill. But, oh!" with a sob, "I have a real dread of scarlatina."

"Come, now, mother, don't give way to the glooms," Charles said, kissing her. "They do not say he is very ill; and you must not forget that Punch is as strong as a little mountain pony."

"So he is, dear boy. Then," drying her tears, resolutely, "I'll do my best not to fret, Charles, and—and be very hopeful."

"Do, and I feel sure he will be all right again."

Leaving the mother and son to discuss matters alone, Sybil Bindon hurried away to her room to instruct Fifine about her packing.

"It's better than I ever expected or hoped for," she told herself, as she went lightly up the stairs. "With all my plotting and planning I never imagined things would turn out so well for me. To travel together will be delightful. And then, in London, with Elizabeth O'Neill under a cloud and shut up in her Uncle John's sick room—he will naturally turn to me. Truly things have shaped themselves in a fortunate manner. The idea of getting her out of the house was evidently the right one."

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

(To be continued.)

THE PLAIN OF THE WOOD-QUEST

IN the lovely, lonely places that are thine, Eirinn dear—
 Beneath thy skies of chrysoprase, amber and jasper seas ;
 Over thy emerald mosses, 'neath thy ruby-budding trees—
 Beeches showing the spring-time, while winter yet is here ;

I wander, a lonely stranger, come to thee for peace and calm,
 Grief-broken, desolate, alone—a pilgrim from afar ;
 While I mourn, and muse, and ponder where my lost beloved
 are—

In the deep woods there sounds the wild-doves' ceaseless psalm.

I hear it in my heart, where it echoes all the day—
 That soft, low chanting monotone of pleading dove-like
 prayer ;
 It breathes in all my thoughts and hopes, it sounds on every air,
 The *requiem eternam*, that the dear wild wood-doves say.

Have other sorrowing hearts, I wonder, heard it as I hear ?
 The low refrain—" Take two souls, Lady, Lady—take two ! "
 The wood-doves' plaint, the cry of love, the call her ear to woo—
 It seems to plead for my beloved in the sweet Mother's ear.

ROSE ARRESTI.

CAST DOWN

DEAR, do not wake that virginal to-night
 For I am weary, and my senses sleep
 In a Lethean slumber that doth keep
 My spirit locked from music, as from light.
 A poet swept me in his heavenward flight
 Far, far beyond the earth—his cloudy steep,
 Where he trod light as air, but I did weep
 For my own impotence, and wretched plight.

For all my wings of fancy wavering fell,
 And closed in terror of the escarpéd cloud.
 I drew my hand from his—he soared aloft,
 And I am here, but how I cannot tell.
 Dear, do not wake that virginal to-night—
 Steep it in silence, slumberous and soft.

P. A. S.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

DESPITE Shakespeare's dictum, few will deny that even if names do not always affect the characters of their owners, they at least leave a certain impression in the minds of other people regarding them. One can hardly conceive, for instance, of a very dignified or haughty person being called "Mike," though "Michael" might prove stately and high-sounding enough for all purposes. And even the "immortal William" himself might feel a little staggered, and shaken in his belief as to the non-significance of names could he peruse the following account of a twentieth-century competition for maid servants.

"Good character and—what is now a rarity—length of service are the conditions upon which prizes are awarded to female domestic servants in the townships of Harton, under the conditions of the will of the late Dr. Winterbottom, of South Shields. The awards are made every New Year's Day, and this year there have been eight applicants. To each of the following £3 will be handed to-morrow:—*Jane* Gillholme, who has been in the service of Mrs. Wilson, of Westoe, since September, 1893; *Janet* Scott, who has been with Mrs. Maddison, of Winchester Street, since July, 1895; and *Jane* Stapylton, who has been employed by Mrs. James Purvis, of Trojan Street. The other five applicants did not qualify for the awards."

Even without this strong evidence in its favour, who will not say that "Jane" makes the most apt and befitting of titles for the typical maid-servant of a better class; the white-capped, immaculate-aproned, trim, tidy, and sedate domestic who keeps herself and her domain in a state of spotless cleanliness and order? Does not the very name in itself suggest trimness, order, and neatness, as well as those solid qualities of efficiency, good sense and constancy, which made of old-time female servitors the life-long friends and faithful confidantes of the families to which they became attached, in every sense of the word?

There is a quiet dignity and holiness about the name of "Mary" that happily often becomes embodied in those bearing that beautiful name. Whether as maid or mother, wife or widow, one can hardly associate the title with any but the purest and most noble of women. It is, in this instance, I should think, a case of *noblesse oblige*; and most Marys will try, at all events, to live up to the high and holy traditions attached to their

name. "Margaret" is not so satisfactory, especially in its abbreviation of "Maggie." I have known some Maggies wise, womanly, and tender; others, too, I have known, who were anything but womanly or wise.

I remember reading some years ago in the *IRISH MONTHLY*, a reference to somebody called Annie, who, "like all Annies," was good and kind and gentle—unfortunately I cannot just now recall the exact words.* But it struck me as being so very true. I have known a good many Annies in my time, and all of them were good and gentle, patient, faithful, and affectionate. The face of one of them comes up before me, an eldest daughter, and the "Martha" of a large and motherless household fallen on more or less evil times; a golden-haired, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked Annie, the unfailing helpmeet of her father and brothers and sisters, going through the daily dull round of her work-a-day life with a patience and steadfastness born of her great love, while a gentle happiness and "the peace that passeth all understanding" shines for ever out of her quiet eyes.

Then there is another Annie, a widowed mother bearing the trials and heavy responsibilities of her lonely lot with a gentleness and placidity beyond all praise; while, to revert to the "domestic" side of the question again, one of the very best, if not *the* best, of maid-servants I ever possessed or may hope to possess, was also named Annie. She came to me unknown and unseen, in answer to an advertisement; and I cheerfully ran every risk and cost involved in the bringing of a total stranger all the way from the county Cork, on the strength of her two "papers," one of which bore detailed testimony to an employment of three years, whilst the other, short and sweet, gave no evidence as to honesty, sobriety, or the rest, but consisted merely of these pregnant words, "I can confidently recommend Annie W—as a trustworthy good servant; she served me faithfully for ten years."

* Probably these from a poem, "The Irish Children's First Communion," which has been reprinted in *Idyls of Killowen*:—

"And here a curious fancy crosses me,
Which Muse less homely would austere smother—
Something which I have sometimes seemed to see
About the namesakes of Our Lady's mother,
(More numerous than those of any other,
Except Our Lady's own). If arch and canny,
And prone to ply one sly trick or another,
If wild and frolicsome, their name is Nannie—
If gentle, meek and fair, we soften it to Annie."

Thomas Davis's betrothed was "Annie Dear"—Miss Hutton, of Summerhill, Dublin, who survived her patriot lover a few years, and is buried in the little graveyard behind Drumcondra Hospital.—[Ed., *I. M.*]

Faithful she certainly was, as well as gentle, kind, affectionate; and her faithfulness to her new mistress did not desert her even when she left to get married; for, though perfectly happy in her new life, she returned with cheerful willingness and remained for several months looking after the babies and helping the household over the domestic upset occasioned by the arrival of another small addition to the family.

A certain wily flatterer (of the female sex, too) who must have kissed the Blarney-stone, not once but repeatedly, said unblushingly many years ago to the present writer, "I never yet knew a Nora that was not nice." This too amiable assertion may yet have some grain of truth in it; for though Noras as well as Marys and Bridgets and Maggies doubtless have their faults, and plenty of them, I have never yet met a Nora (present company, of course, always excepted) who was not "nice" in the sense that she certainly belonged to the distinctive type of Irish *cailin*, the dark-haired, blue-eyed, shy, soft-spoken maiden whose exact prototype one never meets out of Ireland—the Nora of Alfred Percival Graves' poem, "The Girl with the Cows.

For behind all the fun that her features evince,
Mistress Nora Maguire has lashins of sinse;
But though Nora was careful she never was mane,
But dear as the dew to the hot summer plain,
She'd go stealin' the poor and the sick to relieve,
Unbeknownst in the hush of the dawn or the eve:
And no girl in the service at chapel took part
Who followed the priest with a faithfuller heart,
And no sound in the anthem rose truer or higher
Than the fresh fervent voice of sweet Nora Maguire.

Of course there must be exceptions; and one lady referred to by the Cork poet, Maginn, in these bold terms, "Her name is Nora, and she's out on bail," would probably hardly answer to the above flattering estimate of her namesakes in general. Nora, indeed, seems to have been a favourite name with many poets; for in addition to "Nora Creina," and "Nora M'Shane," and "Nora of the Amber Hair," we have John Greenleaf Whittier's

O Norah, lay your basket down,
And rest your weery hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland,

amidst a host of others.

About the name Katharine there lingers an air of stateliness and nobility, a flavour of queenliness and sanctity commingled.

Someone—again I think it is the reverend editor of the *IRISH MONTHLY*—has remarked that all the queens of the name were called Katharine; all the saints—and there have been many—Catherine. But in its pet-name form of “Kitty,” it grows kittenish and playful whilst in the further diminution “Kate,” some rhymster has robbed us of our ideals by telling us that “Kate has a tongue with a tang;” an effect further strengthened by the recollection of Petruchio’s scolding Kate—“Sweet Kate, curst Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom.”

Elizabeth, too, by association, holds qualities of queenliness and sanctity side by side with others neither queenly nor holy; whilst “Lizzie” seems to embody the careful housewife “busy about many things,” the neat, deft-handed, domestic little person who loves to set her house in order and keep everything in its place. The very softness of Alice suggests a sweet, wise, gentle, womanly character, and the same may be said of “Teresa,” though in a less degree, perhaps, owing to its abbreviation to Tess; whilst Ellen, like Jane and Lizzie, has a thrifty, housewifely, work-a-day sound. But here I had better draw my paper to a close, for although I have confined myself strictly to names of the feminine gender, and to only a few of these, this subject of name-significance might well be continued *ad infinitum* and to weariness.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

Since writing the above, I have read in Robert Louis Stevenson’s *English Admirals*: “Most men of high destinies have high-sounding names . . . And you could not find a better case in point than that of the English Admirals. Drake and Rooke and Hawke are picked names for men of execution . . . Benbow has a bulldog quality that suits the man’s character, and it takes us back to those English archers who were his true comrades for plainness, tenacity, and pluck. Raleigh is spirited and martial, and signifies an act of bold conduct in the field. It is impossible to judge of Blake or Nelson, no names current among men being worthy of such heroes. But still it is odd enough, and very appropriate in this connection, that the latter was greatly taken with his Sicilian title. ‘The signification, perhaps, pleased him,’ says Southey. ‘Duke of Thunder was what in Dahomey would have been called a *strong name*; it was to a sailor’s taste, and certainly to no man could it be more applicable.’ Admiral in itself is one of the most satisfactory of distinctions; it has a noble sound and a very proud history; and Columbus thought so highly of it that he enjoined his heirs to sign themselves by that title as long as the house should last.”

ROSIE

[*Died in Nordach Sanatorium, Black Forest.*]

AH, me ! ah, me ! Whene'er again
 I think upon that lonely child
 Among those mountains grim and wild,
 My heart is filled with loving pain.

And yet not lone perchance, for she
 Was naturally bright and gay,
 And in a brave, unselfish way
 She showed no griefs that one could see.

By all her ailing comrades loved,
 With them, beneath those foreign skies,
 Apart from home and home's dear ties,
 In cheerfulness she daily moved.

I see her laughing—heart at ease—
 On narrow path or roadway broad,
 But always, whether path or road,
 Beneath those never-ending trees.

Or I can see her on a seat—
 Of many seats that fringed the ways—
 At close of sombre autumn days,
 Or with the snows around her feet.

'Twas thus she sat when first, alas !
 I left her in that German land,
 And backward looked—that scene will stand
 Till all things from my memory pass.

Then came she home for one short spell.
 And hope rose high above our pain,
 But soon it ebb'd, and once again
 Gloom filled the hearts that loved her well.

When next I saw her, she had been
 In bed for many months, but still,
 Responsive to her dauntless will,
 Bright eyes shone out from soul serene.

Indeed it seemed as if some years
 Had fallen from her, for her ways
 Were redolent of childhood's days,
 Ere aught had come to call for tears.

And there she slowly pined away,
 Except at moments always bright,
 Whimsical sometimes, gay and light,
 As death came closer day by day.

One joy I had—above her bed
 Her mother hovered, and the love
 That's loaned to earth by One above
 Was ever on the sufferer shed.

Another joyful memory
 I hold—it was the very last—
 Her eyes were almost overcast—
 She opened them and smiled on me.

E. H.

SEPARATION

BECAUSE the doctrine Thou dost teach
 Demands that men be pure,
 And in its fair ideal doth reach
 To all that shall endure,
 They have forsaken Thee, my God !

Because, believing in the might
 Of Thy frail creature, man,
 They have forgotten Thou canst smite
 The while they evil plan,
 And have forsaken Thee, my God !

Forsaken ! Thou dost know the cry !
 It went from Calvary ;
 It was Thy soul's last bitter sigh,
 Its depth of agony :
 " Thou hast forsaken Me, My God ! "

Have pity on them, human, weak,
 Who say they know not Thee !
 Alas ! Thy gifts are used to speak
 This licensed blasphemy.
 How long must these things be, my God ?

EMILY LOGUE.

NOTRE DAME DE CALAIS

READERS of Ruskin will remember that passage in *Modern Painters* where he tells us of the intense pleasure that the sight of the old tower of the church of Notre Dame at Calais always gave him. He calls our attention to the noble unsightliness of it ; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay ; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds ; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling ; its desert of brick-work full of bolts and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock ; its carelessness of what anyone thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty, pride nor grace ; yet neither asking for pity ; not, as some ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days ; but useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman, beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets ; so it stands—this church of Notre Dame at Calais—with no complaints about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness, gathering human souls together underneath it ; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents ; and the grey peak of the tower seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labour, and the church for patience and praise.

With these thoughts in my mind I tarried in Calais on my way south some years ago ; curious to see and learn something more about this old church than what Ruskin tells us. He indeed appears to have viewed and studied it from the outside—"at the foot of the old tower," and never to have entered it. For I cannot imagine the author of *The Stones of Venice* standing before the beautiful altar in this church—a veritable hidden gem—without giving us a pen picture of it worthy to rank beside his matchless description of St. Mark's Cathedral. I found it a wonderful old church indeed outside, and awe-inspiring within. Its absence of all show and care for outside aspect appealed to me as having an infinite symbolism in it. It is of large dimensions, and has somewhat the appearance of a fortress. The plan is that of a Latin cross, and consists of a large nave with aisles, north and south transepts, a choir with choir-aisles, and a side chapel. I believe it was originally built in the thirteenth century. It suffered greatly in the various sieges

to which Calais had been subjected during the early wars between France and England, notably in 1346-47, after the battle of Crécy, when King Edward III blockaded the town by land and sea, and starved it into surrender after a year's resistance. My readers know, of course, that this ancient town—once "the Key of France"—remained in the hands of the English for two hundred years, until 1558, when François de Guise, at the head of thirty thousand Catholics, expelled the invaders. These were very troublous times in Calais, and the old church of Notre Dame still bears evidence of the many bombardments it withstood. In this church many of the kings and queens of France and England have knelt in prayer and offered up thanks for their safe voyage across the Channel, or for the success of their arms. Here came Francis I, Henry II, and IV, of France, Louis XIII, Louis XV, and Louis XVIII, who, as soon as he set foot on French soil, repaired to this church to give thanks for his restoration to the throne in April, 1814.

Among the many treasures still preserved here is a remarkable painting by Rubens of the Descent from the Cross. This picture once adorned the chapel of the galleon of the Spanish Admiral who led the invincible Armada. The ship was wrecked off Calais, and the picture transferred to this church. Many other treasures formerly guarded here disappeared during the French Revolution, when the side altars of St. Peter and the Sacré Coeur were pillaged and many relics stolen or destroyed, including some of St. Justus, St. Fortunatus, and St. Augustine of Canterbury. But the gem of this church is the high altar, which, on account of the rare beauty, delicacy, and grace of its statues, the carvings of its columns and bas-reliefs, its lofty elevation, and perfect proportions is one of the finest examples in France.

The history of the erection of this beautiful work of art can be briefly told here. When France and Spain were at war in 1620, a Genoese ship, bearing marble to the Netherlands was wrecked close to Calais, and Louis XIII, who was in the town, granted the townsfolk the marble for the adornment of their old parish church. The services of many sculptors and artists were at once secured for the work, and many years elapsed before the altar was completed. The cargo of the Genoese ship was not deemed sufficient for the purpose, and black and white marble were brought from Dinan, near St. Malo, and white alabaster and stones of jasper from the beautiful valley of the Rance. The greater part of the altar was finished by the year 1626, as that date is engraved on the plinth of the stone above the heads of the Evangelists. The pedestal and the statue of the Blessed

Virgin bear the date 1628. In the following year the large statues of St. Louis and Charlemagne were added to the altar, and the balustrades at the sides were not finished until 1648.

The height of the reredos, including the carving of the Resurrection, is over fifty feet. Various coloured marbles are used, which add to its beauty. The altar itself is made of pure white marble, and the tabernacle of black marble, with three panels. On the right and left side of each panel is a niche containing statuettes of alabaster, representing two bishops carrying the sacred vessels. These statuettes are still quite perfect. Above and below are the heads of angels. The dome of the tabernacle is made of alabaster; it is surmounted by a lantern on which is perched a pelican, the symbol of charity* in Christian art. The bas-relief on the left represents Moses and the Israelites receiving the manna, the type of the Last Supper, which appears on the right. In the centre is a beautiful oil-painting of the Assumption by the Jesuit Father Gérard Seghers.† He was a noted painter in his day, and this is considered one of his principal works. The balustrades on each side of the altar are the work of Gaspard Marsi, the chief sculptor of Louis XIV, the creator of many of the artistic triumphs of Versailles. His monogram and date, 1648, are carved on one of the pilasters of the balustrade.

On each side of the choir there are six balusters of rose and yellow marble, separated by a pilaster, with a square panel of alabaster delicately sculptured in bas-relief. In the friezes appear fruits and foliage, angels, infants, swans, hares, ostriches, heads of dolphins, and grotesque looking animals. The symbolical meaning of some of these—if they have any—is difficult to conjecture, but beyond yea or nay it is a wonderful work of art, and as such it is the expression of the minds of great men: "As the made thing is good or bad, so is the maker of it." Amongst those who were employed upon the carving of the marbles were Adam Lottman, a sculptor of St. Omer, Pierre Taverne, Antoine Liesse, Jehan Stilleman, Pierre Seyliard, Jacques Lansien, and William Lefebore, all skilled sculptors and masons, who worked as if it were a work of love, in which no speck of flaw could be endured.

Viewed in the solemn stillness, these memorials of vanished hands and of princely munificence gave an impressive grandeur to the sacred edifice to which a more ornate exterior could have added nothing.

ROBERT M. SILLARD.

* And of the Blessed Eucharist. *Pie pelicane, Jesu Domine.*

† Born at Antwerp in 1592.

MY LINK WITH ROBESPIERRE

I HAVE spoken as a child to an aged French nun, who had spoken with Robespierre, "the sea-green Incorruptible." Sœur Eugénie, as she was doubtless entered on the convent books, was plain "Sisther Eugene," in the masculine, to the Irish dwellers in our English village. We ourselves saw little of her, for we lived amid the orchards nearly a mile from her convent, and she was feeble with years even when I first remember her. Also we were not quite so poor as those to whom she ministered, up and down the crooked street which leads from the convent gates. Thus she only came for a chat with my mother when duty-calls gave her leisure, or to bring her big basket for wild herbs and roots which my father got for her in a low-lying field "at the back of the haggard."

It was the day Sister came for the marsh-mallows that she told us of her word with Robespierre. She was a great maker of *tisanes* for her "poor peoples." Now, when Sister Eugene talked *tisane* there was no stopping her. Moreover, there was no telling whither *tisane* as a text might lead, for she was the most deliciously inconsequent of gossips. This particular golden afternoon of a summer's day, with the great chestnut fronting the open door by which we sat one blaze of bloom, marsh-mallow tea took us back to the Terror, with a little collaboration from the chickens scratching on the gravel before us.

Sister began by imparting the whole art and mystery of the making of *tisane de guimauves*. Then came a pious anecdote of a death-bed, which really I cannot connect now, and could not then, with the soft green leaves that lolled on the lid of her basket. In a trice we were back at *tisane* again. Had I coughs? No, thank God. Sister seemed to think this rather a pity; *tisane de guimauves* was so good for them. My mother spoke a word in praise of cod-liver oil. Sister agreed, but upheld an admixture of honey with "ze juice of ze *citron*" in preference. "In my country—for ze children—always," she added lucidly. Thus early was I made to feel that "they do these things better in France." In the Ireland I had never seen, the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" clove to an infusion of senna-leaves, "for ze children—always," and my parents had imported this, with nobler traditions.

Just then the chickens scurried across the doorway to the stables, where someone was shaking corn for them. Sister

looked grave, and shook her head sagely many times up and down.

"In my father's house," she said, "I remember two times—three times so many chickens kill' for Robespierre. I was little girl, ver' small. But I remember as yesterday. So many mans in ze house. Great—fierce—ogly bad mans with guns. And oh!"—(Sister's perorations were *always* in anti-climax)—"they ate bacon and chicken."

Then came a long story in broken English, with casual mention of the fact that Robespierre—who was in authority among the "bad mans" with guns—had asked her how old she was. In *precis*, Sister's narrative is simple enough. Some party of provincial *Sans-Culottes*—perhaps a section of the Marseillais themselves—had reached Paris, and were being billeted out by Robespierre in person. Sister's home was a substantial farmstead outside the old fortifications, with barns and lofts for lodging, and poultry for board, and little more need be said. The appetites of the "Sovereign People" were excellent; the bacon reserved for home use was consumed as well as that intended for market; chickens were slain in scores; no money changed hands, and it was a "drr-readful time, oh, dreadful." "They leave us *nothing* to eat for nex' day!" This was pointed out by Sister as a possibly surprising conclusion, which you might not have deduced for yourself.

The latest cure at the shrine of Lourdes followed, with subsequent mention of the deaths of sisters, father and brothers in Napoleon's first conscription. She took her leave with a final word on marsh-mallows.

So that my "link," so far as French history is concerned, would not afford the minutest footnote of value to the most prolix account of the Revolution. It is rather as a bond with the emigrant of the '48-'50 that I cherish the memory of "Sisther Eugene."

One of the oddities of our village was old Tim Regan. "Old Tim" like Yellow Dan (whom I trust some readers remember), was a Bandon fisherman, blown by the famine-storm from his native seas to the troubled waters of Babylon. He soon sent home for his elderly sweetheart, Joanie, who was in sore trouble in Ireland, and married her in the village. This quaint pair, the story of whose wooing and wedding must be held over for a fuller sketch, were known to the neighbours as "Old Tim and Old Joanie."

Old in years they both were, even in the fateful 'Forty-eight. In all else they were a pair of grown-up, grey-haired children.

They had a hard battle in England at first, for they spoke no word of English when they severally landed. As time went on, they were "coached" by English-speaking Gaels, and ended by mastering a jerky, fairly intelligible, English *patois*, which, however, was more like the wild "Hieland" talk in *Rob Roy* than any "brogue" I have heard.

Sister Eugene was in very similar case. Her France of the '48 had no Famine, but it had a Revolution which sent her to England, to help, with a few other nuns of her Order under an Irish Reverend Mother of hallowed memory, in the foundation of perhaps the most flourishing convent in all the long valley of the Thames.

Pioneer days were hard for Sister. They were anxious enough for the little band—a mere handful—toiling and praying within the gaunt walls of the old mansion they had secured. Luckily it had wooded grounds, and was girt with a high wall to screen them from a No-Popery, anti-Wiseman world.

But Sister had no English, and was thus unavailable for her turn as portress. A splendid judge of provisions, she could not bargain, for the same reason. She was of but small service as *surveillante* of the Irish children for whom that splendid Reverend Mother opened a poor school the moment money permitted. She certainly administered the whackings when they were called for; girls came in more for the rod in the 'fifties and 'sixties than in what have been called the 'nineties and "naughties." I am assured that she followed Solomon's advice with *vim* in cases of real naughtiness, but these were rare.* Rheumatism,

*An old pupil of the Convent's day-school for poor girls writes:—"In my time there was really only one of us regularly whipped by Sister Eugene, poor Nell —, a wild thing. She used to lie on the flagging of the passage leading to the outer gate, and *kick* and *bite* at Sister's ankles! We children could hear Sister saying, in her funny French accent: '*Do you scream? Vill you scream? Now.*' At each '*Now*' down came the cane, and you never heard such bawling as there was from Nell. One day a Protestant gentleman rang furiously at the bell, and asked who was being murdered in the Convent! Sister went on before him with her '*Vill you scream? Now,*' and the gentleman went away satisfied. But after that Nell used to be taken right away to the nun's wash-house across the yard, and we were so disappointed, we enjoyed her screams in the passage so, knowing they were half play-acting, half temper. She hardly cried in the wash-house. Another day a Protestant gentleman rang the bell, and said he had heard a lot about convents, but had never seen the inside of one, and would like to, very much. Reverend Mother was told, and sent two of the Mothers to take him all over the house and grounds. The last place the gentleman visited was St. Joseph's little chapel, and there was a tin money-box before his statue where the young ladies [*i.e.*, the boarders of the Convent *pension*] could put pennies for the poor and for candles. The gentleman took something out of his pocket-book and put it into this. Then he came out with the two Mothers, and stood for a while to admire the piggery, where there was a poor Sister doing her work. She was

that scourge of the peasant woman, forbade her the heavy house-work in which the Mothers who taught as well as the few lay-sisters then had to take part. Poor Sister Eugene could but pray, and look on in distress—leaning on her walking-stick and carrying a little bottle of holy water in her disengaged hand, they tell me. At last the cloud was lifted. Out of the riches of her poverty, Reverend Mother appointed Sister her almoner to the hungry exiles flocking faster and faster into the village, seeking work in the gradens. *Acta, non verba*. Sister could achieve the first, a well-loaded basket saving need of the second.

It was thus that Soeur Eugénie became "Sisther Eugene," and even "Sisther Eujane" with the broader-spoken folks of our race, for nearly forty years, till she was called to a world where food and firing, flannels and beef-tea and boots for many children, with the attendant worries of their distribution to touchy recipients, "can touch her not, nor torture her again." She was almost a hundred when she went to her reward beside Dorcas, and St. Martha, and so many millions of holy housewives.

Now, when Old Tim and Joanie and Sister Eugene had severally managed to master something of the English idiom, they became great cronies, like the three great simple children they were. Old Joanie had been skilled in the dairy before *her* bad times; so had Sister Eugene before hers. Old Tim knew nothing of the Lives of the Saints; Sister filled him full with miracle and legend, till Tim would have passed for a Bollandist in Bandon. This leads me to my father's favourite story of Sister, Old Tim, and St. Joseph.

There was a terrible winter in the 'fifties, when all the market gardeners' men were thrown out of work. Old Tim and my father went daily in quest of some task of indoor labour to keep the wolf from the door and a fire in the grate. But it was useless; the heavy snow brought other trades than that of "Goodman Adam" to a standstill. There was no railway to London then, and goods could not be carted along the snow-bound turnpike roads, with their perilous drifts in places. Work was not to be had, seek as they would.

very ugly, and a great saint. The Sister looked hard at him—a way she had with everybody—and said afterwards that she prayed for him, because he had a good face. Then he thanked the Mother, and said how pleased he was with everything, and went away. When the nuns opened St. Joseph's box, they found a bank-note—I don't know how much for, but we children were always told it was just the amount dear Reverend Mother was short of that day, and had been praying hard to St. Joseph for. The gentleman called once again, long afterwards, to say he had become a Catholic. The nuns always put his conversion down to the prayers of the poor Sister who fed the pigs."

Remember, too, the open hostility—over and above bad seasons, and the fluctuations of what is called the “labour market”—that Irishmen of the Exodus had to face in England. “No Irish Need Apply” confronted every man of them who could read a placard or decipher a newspaper; the rest had the cruel words shouted at them by masters and foremen, and by the British Working Man himself. They were bidden to leave Old England, and go back to their bogs, in the counties. In the cities the rabble yelled “Ahoo, Pat!” when they saw the Irish with their poor bundles, and street-urchins followed the sorrow-stricken bands, chanting “Ahoo, Pat, which way does the bull run?”—whatever that meant.

“The very parrots in their cages cried ‘Ahoo, Pat!’ after us,” said my mother in after years, and others have assured me that this significant statement is literally true. Many—one might say most—of the Cork and Limerick wanderers, by the way, now met with these interesting birds for the first time in their lives, and many and amusing were the misunderstandings which arose when young Irishwomen entered service in a family where a talkative parrot was kept.

From parrots to peers, the cry was the same. All honour to the English nobleman, Lord Petre, who painted across his park gates at Woburn: “Harvest Hands Wanted. NONE BUT IRISH NEED APPLY.” Christian—and Catholic—in its source, the legend was also a fine human taunt to the time-serving squires of Surrey.

Old Tim and my father, after begging for work one day, met Sister in the snow by the riverside path, begging from door to door at the big houses.

They saluted her, and made to pass on, but she held them in talk about their prospects. *She* had done well—Sister showed a bulging basket with pride. How had *they* got on?

Sister Eugene, I believe, would have gossiped with the headsman at her own execution, if he made a remark that pleased her.

“There iss no hope of work; Sisssther,” said Old Tim, whose sibilants were as powerful as all the rest of his consonants. “We haff tried efferywhere, haff we not, Chonnie?”

“Johnnie”—then twenty-five years of age—assented.

“There iss no chance, Sisssther. We cannot get a chob from any chentleman.”

“Then,” said good Sister, with an air of finality, “you mus’ go to Saint Joseph, and *he* is sure to give you vork at vonce.”

"Where duss he liff, Sissther?" said Old Tim. "Tell us at which house duss he liff. We will go to St. Choseph, Chonnie, and ask him for a chob!"

Sister sighed over Tim's simplicity, and went her way silently, *pour faire sa quête*.

When the black-robed, broad little figure was out of ear-shot, my father was surprised to see Tim winking most knowingly and grinning with much satisfaction.

"Ho, ho! Chonnie!" said Old Tim, digging an elbow into my father's ribs, "did not I say well at Sissther? *Where duss he liff? Where is St. Joseph's house?* Did not I say well at Sissther, Chonnie?" And old Tim laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Tim's joke has always struck me as a good example of a peculiar form of humour at his superior's expense in which the seemingly artless Irish labourer is a past master, as Carleton is careful both to point out, and to establish by well-selected instances. The demure *naïveté*, the solemn *ignorantia affectata* of a clever and whimsical peasantry have ever imposed upon the Saxon mind, so that to this day an "Irish way" of saying things is synonymous with a stupid way in England, at any rate in lower middle-class households.

Old Tim knew from his mother, probably before the Act of Union was passed, where the Holy Family "lived." But it is a dark hour that men like him cannot enliven with jest or illumine with prayer. How sad for modern France that faith and fun—real fun—so seldom dwell together in the typical *ouvrier's* head! It is a deep French proverb which says: "*Les gens qui prient sont aussi les gens qui se battent.*" For our people the phrase might run: "*Les gens qui prient sont aussi les gens qui rient,*" without reference to fighting qualities which have never been impugned.

"Did not I say well at Sissther?" Yes, Old Tim, I think it was a fine joke for you to make on a hungry stomach. And St. Joseph can't possibly have minded, for my father assured me that both of them got work, most unexpectedly, before that week was ended.

Another story of that cruel frost, which lasted so long that the villagers could have an ox and two sheep roasted whole for them upon the frozen waters of the Thames—a tidal river. Parsons were "blacker agin the Irish," the old neighbours have told me, in those days of the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy than many of them are now, and saw to it that none of the ill-cooked flesh went into a Papist pot. So Sister Eugene

continued to beg from house to house for her "poor peoples;" mostly, however, for money, clothing, and bedding. As regards food, the Reverend Mother kept the convent cauldrons bubbling merrily in the kitchen throughout that winter—and other hard winters in the after years. One of the poor women whom she had thus tided over a second, and English, famine, got me, as a child, to detach one petal from a bunch of lilies upon her bed where she lay awaiting burial. All Ireland in the village thronged the little *chapelle ardente* where she rested, as yet uncoffined, and beautiful in death. I took a petal, unchidden by the weeping nuns beside whom we were kneeling, and the poor woman kissed it, and placed it in a tiny receptacle—seemingly made for relics—at the back of an old brass crucifix, of good workmanship, which she drew from her breast, where it hung by a plaited brown cord. At the hour of her own death, this grateful soul begged her family to destroy reverently both the hollow crucifix and its contents, by fire, for fear they should some day—however unintentionally—be profaned. But when the end came, they left them still about her neck, to remain in the tomb as emblems of her love of the Crucified, and of one of His virgins, who, having followed Him in His poor and needy upon earth, shall assuredly follow Him "whithersoever He goeth" in Heaven.

Good Sister Eugene, then, went her beneficent rounds during all this said time, in spite of daily increasing rheumatic pains, and the gentle expostulations of her sister-nuns. And one day, far out on the lonely road between Kingston and Esher, she tumbled into a snow-drift.

It was not a very deep one, and she could breathe; but she could not get up. She lay wedged on her back in the deep furrow made by her fall, her half-crippled feet rather higher than her head. It was again snowing fast, and there was not a soul to be seen.

We always thought her rescue providential, and possibly miraculous in the strictest sense. Maybe a miracle did take place, but Sister really never could be got to end up a story concerning herself satisfyingly. The *denouement* would come in such a casual way,

"I lie on my back," she told us in after years, "an' I pray to Got. I say 'Got, O my Got, you *mus'* get me out of zis hole to go and beg for my peoples. What vill they do? What *vill* they do? O my Got . . . please get me up quick!"

As Sister continued to lie thus helpless till the snowflakes had covered her black habit with a thick white fall, her Irish

hearers might be pardoned for inquisitiveness concerning the manner of her deliverance. All they got for the asking was a tantalising *obiter dictum*: "So I got up, an' go to the first big house, an' there they give me so much money that I beg no more that day, but go straight home to ze Convent. An' I go to bed."

Sister's tales always thrilled till the crisis, and then disappointed. There is an ill-smelling rookery in our village called Daly's Alley. It resembles the vanished "Hundred" of Dr. Joseph's parish in architecture, but in nought besides. The less said of its present inhabitants the better, but in Sister's earliest days good people and true dwelt "up the alley," and among them (but hardly of them) a virago of our race who was always charging Sister with favouritism in a certain annual Christmas distribution.

This was the charity known locally as "Lord K——'s Gifts." The Earl of K——was an eccentric Protestant Irish peer, who gave Sister every midwinter many pairs of excellent blankets to be distributed by her among "her peoples." They were woven of the highest grade wool in the market; but were dyed of so forbidding a colour that no pawnbroker in his senses would dream of taking them in pledge. Some said the old Earl was crazed; if so, there was method in his madness. He had dyed his "gifts" before the Famine, when they went to the English poor alone, and dyed they remained when the village flanked by his riverside seat was colonized from Munster.

One winter, the termagant of Daly's Alley did not receive her "gift." Perhaps the omission was an oversight; perhaps for some sufficient reason it was intentional. In either case there was bound to be trouble. Sister told us of it afterwards, in tragic tones: "I go down de alley de nex' day," she said, "an' dat ter-rible woman, she run after me wis a fir-rying-pan in her hand. 'I *kill* you, I *kill* you,' she say. An' she lift ze frying-pan in ze air, over my head . . . an' her eyes, zey flash like fire! An' I say to her: 'Vill you be quiet if you please?' An' she was quiet."

This, "An' she was quiet," may serve as a final example of Sister's countless anti-climaxes. "Poor Mrs. H——" said my mother, talking over the incident later, "she wouldn't have hurt a hair of Sister Eugene's head, if she had been twice as drunk and disappointed."

Old Mr. Howe, the *doyen* of Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum Company, was a great crony of Sister's. A fine Shakespearean actor of the olden school, cast mostly for serious rôles, he could turn comedian in private life, and take roguish pleasure in discussing the Sunday Benediction sermon with Sister, whose

years sent her fast asleep the moment the text was delivered. Sister's *priedieu*, on Sundays, was at the back of the side-chapel or "tribune" to which the public—mostly consisting of her "poor peoples"—were admitted by the nuns. Mr. Howe also sat at the back of the tribune, and could thus observe the precise moment at which Sister dozed off. The rest of us were made aware of her slumbers at varying intervals a little later on by her—well, sonorous breathing!

After Benediction, we used to take out time to leave the convent, especially on pleasant summer afternoons. Those who reached the lodge first, would wait for the rest, without summoning the sister portress to let them out till all were assembled. Sister and Mr. Howe were generally the last to reach the gate. The old actor's instinct seldom failed him when he saw an appreciative "audience" before him. "Sister," he would say, "didn't Monsignor Weld speak beautifully on so-and-so?" "Yes, yes, indeed," poor Sister would say, manifestly flustered. "Oh, beautifully!" "But, Sister, I couldn't follow the next part of the sermon; I'm not a Catholic, as you know. Do tell me what it was about." Sister would plunge into devout generalities, sometimes making good shots, for her hearing was marvellously keen to the end, and there were occasionally wakeful intervals that Mr. Howe had not observed. At other times—for it was a standing joke—poor Sister was all at sea, and the decorous comedy (sustained by the old actor with the most delicate courtesy of speech and expression) would continue till the portress jangled her keys with a smile, and let us out into a world where there is but too little innocent fun. "Well, good-afternoon, Sister," Mr. Howe would say. "But really, really, you were asleep, Sister, you were asleep!" Sister Eugene would throw up her hands. "Measter Howe, *can* you say such a ting?" she would say. For neatness of unmendacity, her reply should commend itself to moral theologians.

Poor "Daddy" Howe! He was born and bred a Quaker—and the "Friends" have ever been the kindest of sectarians. I saw him play splendidly in the "Merchant of Venice" soon before his last tour in America—or elsewhere. He died in the States, and very meagre news of the veteran's death was cabled home. Thus I do not know if he entered the Church at the end, but in the silence of the newspapers there is at least room for hope that he did—at any rate in desire.

As I have said, Sister Eugene's quick hearing remained unimpaired to the day of her death. The day before, she detected a sound of hammering within the building as readily as the Sisters nursing her.

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"Vat noise is dat?" said Sister Eugene, looking up quickly.
"Vat change do dey make now?"

It was now the reign of a new Reverend Mother, who reaped with holy joy what her predecessor had sown, not without tears. The convent was prospering exceedingly, improvements were being effected within and without, and the workmen, at the moment, were in the main hall below.

"Vat change do dey make now?" said Sister.

They told her that a statue of our Lady, with its low, oddly-placed shrine of painted wood, was being removed from the hearth of the big eighteenth century fire-place to make room for heating apparatus.

"Oh, dat mus' not be," cried Sister Eugene in distress, "Reverend Mother mus' never take Our Lady away from de cre. Ask her to come to me, if you please."

Reverend Mother came at once, and listened with interest to Sister's agitated flow of speech. This, of course, I cannot pretend to transcribe, but I know its substance well.

One night soon after the pioneer nuns had come to live in the then bleak old house, a terrible thunderstorm burst over the lower valley of the Thames. The handful of nuns in the great building were sadly unnerved, good souls, and assembled in the dimly-lit hall for company and prayer. As they prayed, a couple of tall trees without were struck by a blinding flash, and came with a great noise to the ground. Upon this the Reverend Mother rose from her knees, and, with help, removed the large statue of Our Lady before which they were praying, from its place on the wall, and placed it in the open hearth-place, down which the dazzling gleam of the lightning played. "Saints," Father Faber observes somewhere, "appear to people of smaller faith superstitious in little things and presumptuous in great."

A pair of candles were then lit before the statue, and the good Reverend Mother called upon her nuns to beg Our Lady to guard them and the house, with all confidence. They were of better cheer, and prayed with a good heart. And when the storm had passed away, leaving terrible traces of its presence in the whole parish, no further scathe had been done to the convent. The statue was left where it stood, in its unlikeliest of resting-places. In time a simple shrine was made to support it. All this occurred in a past that was dim to the younger nuns, but was far more vivid than yesterday to Sister.

"An' so Our Lady *mus'* not be taken from ze fire-place, Reverend Mother." This was the "order," spoken with centenarian lips to her young Superioress.

"I will have the statue put back at once, Sister," said the Reverend Mother. And she went herself to the workmen, stopped the work in hand, and bade them make good what demolition had been effected.

All was well, then, for all ended well. And Sister Eugene's life, too, ended well, and in great peace, on the following day, after a course of all but one hundred years.

There was a beautiful young exiled Princess of the royal house of Orleans receiving her education thirty-six years ago, under the same roof with Sister Eugene. She is now her Catholic Majesty of Portugal, in truth, as in title.

The babies of the Irish poor were her particular pets. She was never so happy as when permitted to carry one of them in her arms up and down the convent garden. This honour on one occasion fell to the lot of the writer of these lines, who, I am informed, demeaned himself on the occasion with an unevenness of temper that has unhappily pursued him through life.

So that I have a double "link" with Robespierre, for the man who slew Sister's chickens also shore off the heads of the Princess's forebears.

But it is little of them, and less of Robespierre that I think when memories of Sister Eugene arise. She is rather my link with lowlier folks, like Old Tim and Joanie, with whom I hope to be one day united, very near to the dear "Saint Choseph," in the House where he "duss liff."

Sœur Eugénie, priez pour les pauvres gens—"ze poor peoples."

JOHN HANNON.

TESSELLÆ

O Mary my Mother, my own, my own !
 Even me a poor sinner you will not disown
 But will smile on me lovingly down from your throne.

Great loving Saint, to whom the Keys were given,
 Oh ! may'st thou ope for me the gate of Heaven.

THE USE OF SUFFERING

WHO on earth is Bibby ? Is he a publisher, or a draper, or a universal provider ? The fact that he has issued a literary publication does not prove that he trades only in books ; for nowadays many great commercial establishments have a literature of their own. I never saw the name Bibby except at the end of an essay on the use of suffering which I found in the portfolio of a holy priest who died early in this year. He had cut it roughly out of a newspaper, no doubt because it had struck him as bearing on his own case, for death was upon him at the time, and he must have had plenty of suffering, though his cheerful, manly spirit tried to conceal it. The writer to whom this contribution to *Bibby's Annual* is attributed—Mr. James Allen—may be Mr. James Lane Allen, author of *A Kentucky Cardinal*, *The Choir Invisible*, and other tales whose popularity has crossed the Atlantic. Most probably *Bibby's Annual* also is American.

Everything that lives passes through suffering. Pain is a universal fact. Why is this so ? What is the use of all the suffering in the world ? Why is there so much pain, and sadness and sorrow associated with life ? These are questions which, in seasons of thoughtfulness and sorrow, pass through every mind. Even the most thoughtless are compelled, by their own sufferings, to revert to them at times. The majority, however, do not search out the answer to this question of the world's suffering, and cannot receive it if it is given to them, but regard it as an insoluble mystery. Yet there is an answer, an explanation, for every fact in life ; every so-called " evil " has its root in truth ; and the fact of suffering not only can be solved by human effort, but must be solved before wisdom and peace can be attained.

Everything in the economy of nature has its use. No worthless thing can be perpetuated. The perpetuation of suffering from age to age is a proof of its usefulness ; it serves a purpose, an end, and that end must be good. What is that end ? Is it not the purification and enlightenment of mankind ? The adherents of all creeds the world over believe that the object of suffering is the purification of the human heart, but it is a matter of belief, or faith, only ; the fact is not understood—it

is not grasped in its simplicity and truth, for its logical corollary—that one's sufferings are the result of one's own impurity, or sin—is nearly always rejected. Truly, suffering is a chastening process; it is that element which forcibly purifies the heart that has not yet learned how to consciously purify itself. Now, that which is pure cannot be purified; only that which is impure can be purified; suffering is, therefore, an indication of the presence of impurity; there is something lurking in the heart that is untrue or impure which brings about the suffering. Ignorance and sin, with their innumerable ramifications of self-seeking and wrong-doing, are at the root of suffering, and each suffers for his own sin, never for the sin of another: for the infliction of pain upon the innocent could not justify the guilty, the purging of the pure could not purify the impure.

Rigorous processes of cleansing must be applied to those things which are befouled by impurities, so that sweetness, health, and comfort shall be maintained. Soiled clothing, choked sewers, and grimy rooms are, with the aid of soaps, chemicals, water, and fire, dealt drastically with, for the promotion of sanitation. Uncleanliness is an unnatural, disease-producing condition. Even so, minds that are stained by lusts, envies, hatreds, vanities, or other impurities must be passed through a cleansing process, and the severity of the ordeal is proportionate to the light or heavy nature of the stain which is to be washed away. A little surface dust is easily removed, but a deep, ingrained stain of long standing requires the most rigorous measures for its removal.

Holiness is spiritual health; sin is spiritual disease; suffering is at once the remedy for the disease and the means of restoring health. It is both a cleansing and a healing process. The use of suffering is, therefore, to purify the heart; to urge men on to sweeter and cleaner issues, to higher heights of nobility and wisdom. The man who grasps and understands (not merely believes) this simple yet profound and far-reaching truth will, when the time of grief, anguish, or painful perplexity overtakes him, look within himself with the object of discovering and removing those stains of selfishness and impurity which made his suffering a necessity and will so make himself a purer and wiser being. The great Purifier, the Refiner of hearts, evermore works in the Temple of the Universe. In His divine crucible the base substances of error are separated from the pure gold of truth, and all must pass through that crucible so that, purged by the fires of suffering, they may be made into pure and perfect vessels fit for holy uses.

The foregoing paragraphs do not penetrate very deeply into the mystery of suffering. In one of the early volumes of this Magazine there was a paper bearing this very title, "The Mystery of Suffering," by the holy and gifted Redemptorist, Father Bridgett, who was sure to treat competently any subject he undertook. The thoughts that he sets forth in this paper are admirable and admirably expressed; but his object was to explain how so holy a pontiff as Pius IX had to suffer so much, and this he does with great power and originality. If it were possible for us to attempt so difficult a theme, we should insist on reminding our readers and ourselves that against such texts as "Blessed are they who weep," and "Whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth," must be pitted such cheerful texts as "Rejoice in the Lord always." In directing his intention before Mass the priest is instructed by the Church to pray for certain graces; and the first of these is joy. *Gaudium cum pace* It is part of God's wonderful mercy for His poor creature man that this earth, though meant for a place of trial and probation, has still so many alleviations for the sorrows and hardships of our pilgrimage through this vale of tears. How much pure happiness God's servants enjoy on earth without waiting for Heaven! Many are frightened at thinking how little they have suffered in the course of a long life. Well, the terminus is not yet reached. May God give us grace to suffer well any mental or bodily sufferings that there may be still for us before the last pang of dying. May a long and severe purgatory be the worst consequence of a life of little pain, much selfishness, and many sins and imperfections!

M. R.

ON A CERTAIN BIOGRAPHY

A Man took pity on a Mouse,
And provender to him allowed;
Then died. The rodent left his house,
And told the world the man was proud.

J. H.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Stepping Westward*. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). London : Methuen & Co. (Price 6s.)

This is the newest addition to the delightful series of pure and pleasant fiction that we owe to this gifted Irishwoman. The page opposite the title names sixteen volumes already published by the same author ; and even this list does not contain all her work, for instance her bright and very successful little plays. The scenes of her stories are chiefly Lancashire and Dorset, only three or four of these being concerned with Irish persons and places. Some of them, like the brilliant *Duenna of a Genius* have quite a different setting from the rest. But all of this admirable series of novels have this characteristic in common that, while lively and entertaining in a high degree, they are perfectly pure and innocent. Unhappily this is by no means a matter of course nowadays with regard to the writings of ladies whose name and standing would not prepare us for the things they dare to give to the world. Mrs. Blundell's newest book is a collection of delightful little comedies which are sometimes varied by a quiet touch of pathos. Even the slightest of these sketches is an exquisite work of art, and gratifies the taste while it does one's heart good.

2. Probably many of us heard first of Father Baker's *Sancta Sophia* in Father Faber's *All for Jesus*. The two books are separated by two hundred years. The old one comes to us this month in two different forms ; but the name *Sancta Sophia* is suppressed in both cases. One title page indeed translates it " Holy Wisdom, or Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation extracted out of more than forty treatises. By the Ven. Father Augustine Baker, a monk of the English Congregation of the Holy Order of St. Benedict. Methodically digested by R. F. Serenus Cressy, of the same Order and Congregation, and now edited from the Douay Edition of 1657 by the Right Rev. Abbot Sweeney, D.D., of the same Order and Congregation." Father Norbert Sweeney's important preface is dated 1876. The price of the present issue is reduced to 3s. 6d., though it is a finely printed volume of seven hundred pages with an interesting portrait of the venerable author as frontispiece. The publishers are Burns and Oates. R. and T. Washbourne, Pater-noster Row, London, are the publishers of *Contemplative Prayer*,

Ven. Father Augustine Baker's Teaching thereon: from "Sancta Sophia." By Dom B. Weld-Blundell, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict. (Price 5s.) This second work is not a reprint of the original *Sancta Sophia*, but a revised and modernized edition of it, not indeed of the whole, but of the part that bears more directly on contemplative prayer; yet the book extends to five hundred pages which are compactly, though very clearly and beautifully printed.

3. *Stray Sonnets.* By Lilian Street. London: Elkin Mathews. (Price 1s.)

This is No. 43 of the Vigo Cabinet Series, shilling booklets of original poetry of varying merit, some of them of very high merit. This half-century of Shakespearean sonnets is thoughtful and graceful, and the very choice of the subjects shows that Miss Street has deep poetic feeling; but there is a certain degree of coldness and monotony, and the thrill of inspiration is hardly discernible anywhere.

4. *The Seven Hills Magazine*, which may be said to issue from the Irish College at Rome, though it is published by James Duffy and Company, of 15, Wellington-quay, Dublin, completes its first volume with the March Number. It has already contained extremely valuable papers, especially those distinguished by the initials of the Rector of the Irish College. Beginning with the next quarterly issue in June, the price will be reduced to one shilling and sixpence, and it will be sent post free to subscribers for six shillings a year. We are sure that it will be more and more prized by a large number of priests on both sides of the Atlantic, including many who have hardly heard of it as yet.

5. The Sisters of Mercy, Newry, have just issued a new edition of the *Manual of the Children of Mary*, which was originally revised by the saintly Dominican Bishop of Dromore, John Pius Leahy. It has been again revised very carefully with some useful additions. It is neatly bound and printed in clear, readable type by the Dundalgan Press (William Tempest, Dundalk). It may be had from the Sisters of Mercy, Catherine Street, Newry, for twelve shillings a dozen; but this does not include postage, which calls for an extra sixpence. Convents and Children of Mary will be glad to have the "Manual" in this cheap and convenient form.

6. *Good-Night Stories Told to very Little Ones.* By Mother M. Salome, St. Mary's Convent, Cambridge. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 2s. 6d.)

We fear that some little people will consider themselves taken in by this pretty book. It is not made up of stories at all,

but of clever little chats which are supposed to be levelled down to the capacity of readers who are familiar only with words of one syllable. Would even these be complimented by being addressed constantly as "Dear Babies"? However, the chats are very pleasant and bring in sometimes interesting little anecdotes. Mother Salome understands her youthful audience well and caters for them most successfully. The numerous full-page illustrations seem to us to possess a very considerable degree of merit by no means common in such publications. They ought to have been marked clearly by at least the artist's initials.

7. *Makers of Modern Medicine*. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Fordham University Press. 1907.

The author of this fine stately volume is a distinguished professor and physician in New York, and has already done much for the history of his noble profession. His essays in medical biography and other cognate subjects have enriched many American magazines, and this preliminary publication has contributed not a little to the fullness and accuracy of the biographical sketches which compose the present interesting and valuable work. A mere transcription of the titles of the papers will be enough to attract the interest of the judicious reader, who will be curious to know something about Morgagni, Father of Pathology; Anenbrugger, Inventor of Percussion; Jenner, Discoverer of Vaccination; Galvani, Founder of Animal Electricity; Laennec, Father of Physical Diagnosis; Muller, Father of German Medicine; Schwann, Founder of the Cell Doctrine; Claude Bernard, Discoverer in Physiology; Pasteur, Discoverer of Preventive Medicine; and O'Dwyer, Inventor of Intubation. We have in this enumeration omitted the most interesting and original chapter of all—Graves, Stokes, and Corrigan, as representing the Irish School of Medicine. The account of Sir Dominic Corrigan in particular is delightful. Dr. Walsh brings out very emphatically the fact that all the original geniuses, all the great discoverers, were believers, while the blatant scientists that pretend to be atheists, can have no better excuse for their impious folly than that which Young puts forward for a section of them:

The undevout astronomer is mad.

8. Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London, continue to issue at short intervals many useful Catholic publications. *Have Anglicans full Catholic Privileges?* is written chiefly for the good of the most Catholic party in the Anglican Community, those who seem to accept almost all Catholic

doctrines except the Pope's Supremacy. The writer, E. H. Francis, is charitable and moderate in his tone. "A Member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo," is the compiler of two pious booklets—*Gems for St. Joseph's Crown*, and *Little Aids to Piety*. She is not as diligent in finding out the writers of the different extracts in the second of these miscellanies as in the first, which draws upon this magazine in quoting Father Bridgett, Rose Kavanagh, Katharine Tynan, and another. The price of each of these three books is a shilling.

9. *Leading Events in the History of the Church*. Written for Children by the Sisters of Notre Dame. London: R. & T. Washbourne. (Price 1s. net.)

This seems to us a work of exceptional merit. It belongs to a series which we suspect has not yet attracted as much attention as it deserves. We do not know from what particular Community of the Sisters of Notre Dame it emanates, and we have not seen the earlier portions of the work. This fifth part consists of 140 beautifully printed pages, giving a very clear and well-balanced account of the chief events bearing on religion during the last century. The general title of this part is *Later Modern Times*, with the sub-title, "Eighth Period—the Age of Free Thought." The first chapter indeed goes further back and treats briefly but very effectively of Jansenism, Gallicanism, Philosophism, and the suppression of the Jesuits. In England the narrative begins with the Gordon Riots, and threads its way through the events associated with such names as O'Connell, Milner, Wiseman, Newman, and many others memorable if less illustrious. In France the reader is shown in a very interesting way the connexion of religious history with such names as Napoleon, four popes of the name of Pius, Chateaubriand (now alas! cut down to "Briand"), Lamennais, Montalembert, Lacordaire, Louis Veuillot, etc. Portraits of most of these are inserted in the text; and there are full-page pictures of O'Connell and Leo XIII—indeed two of the latter.

10. *The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick*. Written by Katharine Tynan. Pictured by Lindsay Symington. With a Foreword by General Sir William Butler, G.C.B. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 1s. net.)

Since we announced this little *Patriciad*—not little certainly as regards the size of the page, which could hardly be larger—many Bishops of Ireland and other countries have given it their blessing. It begins with two very eloquent pages by Sir William Butler. Mrs. Hinkson has told the most important and picturesque events in the career of our Apostle in such a manner as to fix them in the minds of her youthful readers.

Will these take as kindly to the peculiar style of Mr. Symington's pictures? We echo fervently the prayer of the final couplet.

11. The same publishers have issued in paper covers for one shilling net, *Ireland and St. Patrick*, by William Bullen Morris of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Three hundred and twenty pages of most interesting discussions about the career and character of St. Patrick and the Irish race. This London Oratorian was a true-hearted Irishman; and these essays are written with an earnestness and enthusiasm which will make the reader love his memory. In the essay on "St. Patrick's Work past and present," we have been struck with his very high appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Ireland*. Another work that he quotes to good purpose—*Memorandums made in Ireland*, by Dr. John Forbes—was the subject of the first published writing of a youth who was afterwards known as Lord Russell of Killowen. That candid and thoughtful book ought not to be allowed to drop out of existence.

12. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin), has added to its penny series *The Inherent Rights of the Church in regard to Education*, by the Rev. Innocent Ryan, Vice-President of St. Patrick's College, Thurles, and *A Royal Saint—Louis IX King of France*, by A. C. Clarke. More up-to-date in French history is another of these excellent pennyworths which gives us together *The French Concordat of 1801*, by the Rev. Bernard W. Kelly, and (still nearer our time, touching the passing days), *The Vatican and France*, by the Rev. James McCaffrey, S.T.L., D.Ph.

13. *Holy Communion: Preparation and Thanksgiving*. By Canon P. Lejeune. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 3s. 6d.)

The title page further informs us that this work of 400 solid pages has been translated from the French with the author's sanction at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York. A few words of preface ought to have told us something about Canon Lejeune, who quotes some other books that he has written. The present treatise was worth translating, and has been translated well. But the translator has sometimes, we think, been too faithful and might frequently have permitted himself to use slight modifications in the language which would have made the whole read still more naturally in English. This is an addition to our ascetic literature of more than ordinary worth.

14. *Consecranda: Rites and Ceremonies observed at the Consecration of Churches, Altars, Altar-stones, Chalices and Patens*. By the Rev. A. J. Schulte, Professor of Liturgy at Overbrook

Seminary. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers. (Price 6s. net.)

Overbrook is the ecclesiastical seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, to which we owe the *Ecclesiastical Review*, the *Dolphin*, *Church Music*, and many separate valuable works. Father Schulte is Professor of Liturgy in this great institution; and his special qualifications for writing the present work (which is so fully described in its title) are further emphasized by the earnest recommendation of Dr. Ryan, the eloquent Archbishop of Philadelphia. For so finely printed a volume of 300 pages, with numerous illustrations, the price named is moderate.

15. *Friday Fare. Over 100 Recipes for Days of Abstinence or Fasting.* By Mrs. Charles Marshall, M.C.A. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 1s.)

Mrs Marshall is already the author of *A Handbook of Cookery*. It is rather an innovation in publishing to devote the last ten pages to advertisements connected with food.

16. We conclude this month with a warm welcome to *The Dial*. The number for February, 1907, is the first that we have seen. It is issued by St. Mary's College, Kansas. This number is called "Chapel Number," because the students have determined to build a Gothic Chapel, limiting their subscription, it seems, to one hundred dollars each. God bless the work. *Our Alma Mater* for last Christmas (Riverview College, Sydney), gives as Leader of the Opposition in the Debating Society, "Desmond Gavan Duffy." *Stat magni nominis umbra*.

As I have no room for "Pigeonhole Paragraphs" this month, I will mention here that two kind readers have informed me that the lines about Cato and others daring great things in their old age occur in Longfellow's *Morituri Salutamus* on the fiftieth anniversary of the Bowdoin College class of 1825. Also I will ask if anyone can supply me with THE IRISH MONTHLY for January, 1889, which is the only number wanting to make up a complete set of the Magazine for an important library in Rome.

THE EDITOR.

MY LADY'S HARP

ALL shrouded o'er with white the old harp stands
 With draped arm outstretched—a ghostly form !
 The plaything loved of old by dainty hands,
 And longing now perchance for touches warm.

Aye, years, and years, and years ago, they say,
 It came a love-gift to a new-made bride,
 Who, in the dreamy twilight, used to play
 Full sweetly to the loved one by her side.

But all at once the harp stood mute. Ah me !
 And silent lay a gentle form above,
 A weeping hireling cradled on her knee
 The babe that ne'er would know its mother's love.

“ A little useless girl,” they said, “ but fair.”
 Aye passing fair, but what did that avail ?
 Their lord's sole joy had been an infant heir,
 And stern he frowned to hear his daughter's wail.

The child strove rarely with advancing years,
 But all unloved, unnoticed by her sire ;
 In wrath absorbed had been his tender tears,
 His grief o'ershadowed by his baulked desire.

My lady's chamber still was bright and fair,
 With sweetest flow'rs decked daily by his hand ;
 And none beside my lord might enter there,
 For no one durst gainsay his stern command.

But lo ! it came to pass one summer's morn,
 A morn, too bright, I ween, to suit his mind,
 He heard while pacing o'er the castle lawn
 The sound of music borne upon the wind.

He paused in doubt, and soft it came again,
 So faint and sweet that angels might have played,
 A strangely tremulous, uncertain strain—
 “ My lady's harp ! ” the awestruck listener said.

With trembling limbs the winding stairs he trod,
And through his soul the mystic music crept :
Oh ! had the dear-loved spirit left its God
To bring him comfort ere he also slept ?

My lord had reached the sacred chamber now,
Unlooked-for thing ! ajar the ancient door ;
He stood to wipe, with shaking hand, his brow—
And softly sweet the strain was heard once more.

With throbbing heart, and glances strangely wild,
The form so long unseen once more he sought—
Behold ! it was his own three-summers' child
Who had this marvel all unconscious wrought.

It was, in sooth, a quaint and touching sight
To mark the tiny, round-faced maiden stand
Caressing thus, with fingers plump and white,
The harp that once had known her mother's hand.

Her sweet blue eyes were raised in glance serene,
The glance that used to be my lady's own ;
Her mother's features in her face were seen,
Each curve, in softer curve, more child-like shown.

Awhile in wondering silence gazed my lord,
For with the strings the baby fingers pressed
Vibrated in his heart another chord ;
Then swift—he clasped the player to his breast.

M. E. FRANCIS.

GOOD THINGS WELL SAID

1. God is the principle of the three orders of beauty, physical, intellectual, and moral.—*Victor Cousin*.

2. Religion which makes no authoritative claim to human submission, is no religion at all.—*Saturday Review*.

3. Suffering can never be suppressed by statute. It is a law of nature, and, since it must be obeyed, let us at least submit

as sons of God and co-heirs of Christ—not as beasts of burden and as those who believe that all labour is in vain.—*Mrs. Craigie.*

4. Is there anything sadder than work left unfinished? Yes, work never begun.—*Christina Rossetti.*

5. Charity makes us know what not to know.—*Madame de Cr  quy.*

6. It is not enough to do good things; they must also be well done.—*The Same.*

7. The pious, like other people, have in them the taint of original sin. We must not expect their piety to do away with their natural character; it will but attenuate their faults, make the proud less proud, the backbiter less of a scandal-monger, and so on.—*The Same.*

8. Some of the saddest things and most pitiful are those concerning which no one is to blame.—*Emily Hickey.*

9. No life is hopeless, no matter how gloomy the outlook, for there is always God.—*Maurice Francis Egan.*

10. The sweetest word in our language is Love. The greatest word is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three together make the greatest and sweetest duty of man.—*Anon.*

11. Self-denial is never a complete virtue till it becomes a kind of self-indulgence.—*Bushnell.*

12. To a clear eye the smallest fact is a window through which the Infinite may be seen.—*Huxley.*

13. Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—*Charles Kingsley.*

14. To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue.—*Anon.*

15. The highest sanctity is perhaps oftenest attained by illiterate peasants of whom nothing is heard—men who frequented no illusory realms of fancy but deemed themselves sufficiently provided for by a world of Duty and a world of Hope.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

16. To my mind it is certain, as if written with a finger of fire on the firmament of heaven, that the only civilizing agency in the world to-day is the Catholic Church working chiefly through the apostles of the Irish race.—*Canon Sheehan.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

MAY, 1907

NOVELS AND NOVEL READERS

BY THE LATE JUDGE CARTON

[Two distinguished Irishmen passed away lately whom we should like to commemorate in this Magazine, to which each of them contributed at rare intervals very valuable articles. The Rev. Dr. Gerald Molloy was called away with startling suddenness, on October 1, 1906, and Richard Paul Carton in the second month of this present year. Beside a good deal of periodical writing, Dr. Molloy published two or three volumes which will be a slight memorial of his literary accomplishments. Mr. Carton never sought any vent for his cultivated literary taste other than an occasional essay, such as that which he devoted in our pages to the poetry of Aubrey de Vere. We are sure that many of our readers will be very glad to have the views put forward by such a man concerning the novels which may be read with profit. The advice that he gave more than thirty years ago to a society of young men who had been trained by the Brothers of the Christian Schools is by no means out of date. The novels that he refers to are for the most part those which must still be studied by anyone who wishes to deal profitably with that department of literature. If a reader is thus drawn away from the flimsy and objectionable novels which are at present in vogue, he will be so far a gainer both intellectually and morally. This good and gifted man will thus in part answer the enquiries that are often addressed to us by convent librarians and others about the novels that may safely be put in circulation by popular libraries. Such persons, if they have access to the back volumes of this Magazine, will find lists

of "Harmless Novels" at page 206 of Volume 14, and at page 332 of Volume 23.]

* * *

A VAST increase of novels and of novel readers is one of the most marked literary characteristics of the present day.

The best writers of our age are daily lavishing all the wealth of their culture, and the entire strength of their intellectual nature, in fashioning mimic characters, surrounding them with mimic accessories, and making them move for us in mimic scenes through every possible incident that goes to make up the sum of human life. They bring to their task the poet's imagination, the orator's burning power of expression, and the painter's eye. And as the optician makes the same bits of coloured glass assume a thousand shapes in a kaleidoscope, so do they daily present to us in their fictions a thousand new combinations of such old-fashioned materials, as birth, marriage, and death—sin and suffering—poverty and riches—the evil effects of man's greed and selfishness, the undying strength of woman's love. They ransack history for our amusement, and making all the results of modern research and modern science contribute to their works, they give us pictures of every age, and clime, and people.

One has restored Pompeii for us, and peopled its long silent streets with the men and women and little children who lived there during those "last days," and perished in that fearful doom of fire and ashes. The same gifted hand has restored for us Saxon and feudal England, and brought back to life the brave prince who fell at Hastings, and the mighty form of the king-making Warwick, the last of the great English barons. Another builds up for us the broken arches of the Coliseum and the ruined columns of the Forum—places us amidst the cruel and pitiless scenes of the arena, or in the holy silence of the Catacombs, till the daily life of Imperial Rome becomes as familiar to us as the life of our own cities. One makes us traverse the trackless fields of ice and snow that lie around the pole, and follow the Arctic voyager on his dreary and perilous journey. Another fixes the scene of his story in a little island in the southern seas, or amid the strange forms of an Australian landscape. Others love to linger near home, and, going down into the cabins of the Irish peasantry, find in their poor surroundings and in the love, and faith, and patient endurance of their daily lives the richest materials for their art. One mightier than them all has wandered back to the days of medieval story, of border-battle, and of feudal chivalry, and made them live for

us again in such a varied number of scenes of "ladye love and war, romance and knightly worth," that I would get to my lecture's end before I had concluded the catalogue.

The novel, too, in later years has been made to subserve the purposes of the political economist, the reformer, and the satirist. If a social change is to be advocated, or a social evil scourged, or even a legal reform agitated for, a novel is the surest vehicle for reaching the public mind. *Oliver Twist*, for example, led up to the improvement of the poor laws. The abolition of imprisonment for debt was powerfully advocated by those pictures of life in a debtor's prison, which were drawn with so much fidelity, humour, and pathos in *Pickwick* and in *Little Dorrit*. The treatment of prisoners in some model prisons, furnished to Mr. Charles Reade the subject of his powerful story, *It is Never Too Late to Mend*. The present shameful state of the marriage laws in Ireland and in Scotland supplied Mr. Wilkie Collins with materials for contriving those painful situations, tangled perplexities, and harrowing incidents which give interest to *Man and Wife*.

While novels have gone on thus increasing in number, in power and in variety of aim and subject, novel readers have increased with even a more rapid ratio. The novel, the magazine, and the newspaper form the staple reading of most men. The novel and the magazine form the only reading of most ladies. The three blue, red, or green volumes bearing the labels of Greene, or Eason, or Morrow, are common objects in every drawing-room; the gaudy boards of cheap editions are familiar to our eyes, and find ready purchasers on every railway book-stall. I would be glad if I were able to give you accurate statistics of the number of novels which were read within a circuit of twenty miles round Dublin, during the past summer months. Judging from my own limited observation and experience I would say the figures would be rather alarming. And so when novels are so numerous, and novel-readers so many, it occurred to me that some remarks about both might be of use to a society such as I have now the honour to address. The subject is one on which I think I may venture to speak with the authority of some little experience, for ever since I have been able to read at all I have been, and am still, an inveterate reader of novels. I am not going to advocate a habit of indiscriminate or even extensive novel reading—very far from it. But at the same time I am not going to set up for your adoption too high or impossible intellectual standards. I will assume as the basis of the observations which I will address to you, that many of you will not be proof against the literary influences around you,

and that you will to some extent read novels. My object will be to point out to you the special evils and disadvantages of such reading—the dangers to be guarded against in its use—and again to show you in what way and within what limits novels may be made a very important means of educational advancement and intellectual training.

It would be easy to bring forward a vast body of written testimony to the disadvantages of novel reading. I do not here refer to the denunciations against novels and romances, which are to be found in the works of all the great spiritual writers of our Church. This is not the occasion on which such denunciations could be decorously or profitably brought under your notice, and I am not the person who could canvass or enforce them. I refer to the works of purely secular authors, and to those in particular who, addressing their readers from a high stand-point of intellectual cultivation, have sought to lay down sound and abiding canons of criticism, and thus aid in the public diffusion of just principles and literary judgment, and in the acquisition of a true and healthy literary taste. I will call but two of such witnesses, but two whose names and standing in our modern literature make their testimony worthy of all weight. In the first of the lectures delivered by Coleridge, in the year 1811, on "Shakespeare and other English poets," he mentions as one of the causes of false criticism in literary matters the prevalence of novels, and he thus speaks of the perusal of them: "I will run the risk of asserting, that where the reading of novels prevails as a habit, it occasions in time the entire destruction of the powers of the mind. It is such an utter loss to the reader that it is not so much to be called pass-time as kill-time. It conveys no trustworthy information as to facts, it produces no improvement of the intellect, but fills the mind with a mawkish and morbid sentimentality, which is directly hostile to the cultivation, invigoration, and enlargement of the understanding." Coleridge has, in this passage, spoken of the evil effects of novels upon readers. One of the greatest masters of English prose has pointed out in language not less strong, their evil effects upon modern writers. In a very beautiful essay on Goldsmith, De Quincey, after showing how novels in themselves must always want permanence, and that the novel-reading class must count as a large majority amongst its members those who are poor in capacities of thinking, and are passively resigned to the instinct of immediate pleasure, thus proceeds: "The very principle of commanding attention only by the interest of a tale, which means the interest of a momentary curiosity destined to vanish for ever in a sense of satiation,

and the interest of a momentary suspense, that, having once collapsed, can never be rekindled, is in itself a confession of reliance upon the meaner functions of the mind." He then draws the conclusion that a popular writer, who speaks through novels, degrades himself first by speaking to what is least permanent in human sensibilities, and secondly by sycophancy to the lowest order of minds.

The first evil of novel-reading to which I will call your attention is the tendency it has to absorb all your leisure hours, and thus to turn away your attention altogether from books of a more useful and instructive character. This evil, though a negative one, is by no means to be treated lightly. It seems to me an evil, and, I say without any disrespect, likely to press very heavily on young men circumstanced as are the members of this society. For the mental training of others, more favoured than you were, there is given that important time when the university takes up and carries on the work which has been begun in school. The boy leaving school has mastered the mechanical difficulties of knowledge—he has acquired a habit and a power of learning, but in most cases he has acquired little more. "The head unmingled but the judgment ripe," is a combination rare in the history of education. But the training of his school-boy days enables him, in the years of university life, to gather up and assimilate with his mental nature the varied treasures of knowledge put before him. The authors, whose works before were only known as difficult and dreary tasks, become his friends, for his ripening judgment is able to see and to appreciate their wisdom, their power, and their beauty. To you has been denied this rare privilege of a university education. To you have never come "those precious hours, that golden prime," wherein guides and opportunities, and above all, leisure were given to you to store your maturing minds with the beauty of poetry, the exactitude of science, or the experience of history. You were obliged to step direct from the schoolroom down into the battle of life. Far be it from me even to seem to undervalue the priceless benefits of the education you have received within these walls. But I feel sure that the learned and holy men who have trained you and thousands like you to the advantage and glory of our religion and our country would be the last to wish you to believe that the work of your education was complete when you said your last lesson here or finished your last exercise. I can well feel how your time for reading since then has been cramped and narrowed by the pressure of other duties. You must make up your minds that, as time rolls on, it will be more cramped and narrowed still. The increased rapidity of

modern life, the fierce struggle for existence which rages everywhere around us, so taxes the mental and bodily energies, and puts such a strain on the whole powers of man's nature, that he has little left to expend on books. You cannot read everything, and you must prepare yourself courageously at times to confess ignorance of a great many things. And when a selection has to be made, it is all important that you should make that selection wisely. In making it you may learn a lesson from the fortunate suitor in the "Merchant of Venice," who wisely passed by the showy caskets of gold and silver, and turned to the unadorned leaden one, wherein the treasure lay. The princes of Arragon and Morocco lost each a fortune and a wife because of their unlucky choice. And so will you lose a treasure beyond price if you make an unhappy choice of books. If you would wish to complete that education which was so worthily begun here—if you would strive to train your intellects, to cultivate your tastes, to fill your minds with knowledge, which will through life be a real help as well as a never-failing resource, you must often turn away from the seeming wealth and showy glitter of the novelist's pages for more serious and solid reading.

Now, the habit of novel-reading, if extensively indulged in, has an undoubted tendency to produce a distaste for this serious and solid reading, and to unfit the mind for graver studies. In reading a novel no strain is put upon the intellectual faculties. As remarked by De Quincey, in the passage I have already quoted, it is only the meaner functions of the mind that are called into play. If the higher powers of our nature are for any length of time suffered "to rust in us unused," they quickly become weakened, and day by day there grows upon us a greater disinclination to exert them. It is so easy to glide from cover to cover of a book which tells a story with brilliancy, or at all events with what seems to be intellectual smartness, that the hardened reader of novels soon turns with weariness and disgust from the history or the literary essay, which requires some effort to fathom and understand. In time the weakening of the mind thus produced is apparent in the very reading in which it pretends to employ itself. At first some discrimination will be exercised—Scott will be preferred to G. P. R. James, and Trollope and Thackeray will be put before the vicious tales of "Ouida," or the trashy productions of the authoress of *Cometh up as a Flower*. But soon the taste becomes deadened and blunted, and all sense or power of distinction or appreciation is lost. The very feeblest and washiest story is then read as religiously, and with as much apparent interest and enjoyment as if it were a second *Romola*. I read an article lately in one of

the English literary journals, in which this habit of constant novel-reading was treated as a mental disease, analogous to that disease of the body whose symptoms are an alarming and morbid thirst. Physicians tell us that this disease produces a dropsical and flabby habit of body, and the writer of the article referred to showed how what he called the novel-reading disease produced in course of time an analogous habit of mind in the unfortunate subjects in whom it became confirmed.

When novel-reading is indulged in to any extent, to the exclusion of graver studies, it brings with it another and a very serious evil. To a mind uninstructed in the sober truths of history, of political economy, or of science—unfamiliar with the masterpieces of literature, or unaccustomed to apply the dogmas and precepts of religion to solve the problems of social life, novels are calculated, nay, they are almost certain to produce many erroneous and some wholly false impressions. The novelist is not bound or expected to tell the truth absolutely, but to tell it only in degree. We must not expect to find in the historical novel the truth or the severity of history. We must not ask that the domestic novel, or the novel of incident should be an exact literal transcript of facts, and an undeviating account of the consequences which in real life would have been their results. We cannot expect from the novel having for its object the redress of some social grievance, or the furtherance of some social reformation, the same kind of accuracy which makes the value of a Parliamentary Blue Book. We have to grant to writers of fiction a wider and more extensive field. We have often to pardon an anachronism for the sake of a picturesque effect. We must allow facts to be taken for premises—particular and isolated facts which may and have occurred—provided the conclusions are made to follow naturally, and the characters are represented acting, and the incidents resulting in the same manner as might have been expected supposing the assumed circumstances to have been real. "The probability," says Whateley, "which the writer of fiction aims at has no tendency to produce a particular, but only a general belief, i.e., not that these actually took place, but that such are likely to take place generally under such circumstances—this kind of belief being necessary, and all this is necessary to produce the sympathetic feeling which is the writer's object." It was on this ground that Aristotle contended for the seeming paradox that the end of fiction was more philosophic than that of history, since it aimed at general instead of particular truth. This general truth is all we can expect or ought to look for at the hands of the novelist. Not the truth of the historian, the

reporter, or the statistician ; but the truth of the painter, the sculptor, and the poet. The novelist deals with facts as the artist deals with the various features which compose his landscapes—bringing them prominently forward, toning them down in the middle distance, or placing them altogether in the back-ground ; counteracting the heaviness inseparable from a long series of saddening incidents by some stroke of humorous fancy, as he would relieve a dark mass of shade by some brilliant bit of colour, and using the completion of some favourite scheme, or a tender love-scene, as he would a light wreath of curling smoke or a burst of straggling sunshine to give light and life to the entire landscape.

An example will, perhaps, best illustrate my meaning. Long before the publication of *Bleak House*, the delay and expense of the Court of Chancery had often been a topic of public discussion and animadversion. Dickens wanted to show the effects of unsettled and unsettling circumstances on a young man of no great strength of mind or character, but a good fellow withal, and a fair average specimen of a nineteenth-century young gentleman. He wanted, I say, to do this, and he threw Richard Carstone into Chancery. That, of course, effectually did for him, which was all the novelist required. The failure of the young man's projects, his purposeless wavering from one pursuit to another follow, naturally, from the character of the suit in which he is described to have been engaged. But it would be unfair and wholly foreign, I am sure, from the author's intention to conclude that such results would always follow from a Chancery suit, or that "*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*" fairly represents the cases which are being disposed of every day by Lord Hatherly or Lord O'Hagan. But unless the novel reader's mind is educated in the highest meaning of the word, the license of the novelist will be taken for truth, the tricks he plays with history will be undetected, the pictures of past times, which are in every sense compositions, will be valued as if they were photographs, and his descriptions of men and manners will be believed in as if they were transcripts from real life.

The tricks that historical novelists do sometimes play with history are many and various. They contrive meetings which never took place ; they tell of love passages between real men and women who never met in their lives ; they muster armies which had existence only in their pages, and they picture battles which were never fought. Scott, for example, in *Red Gauntlet*, brings the Chevalier St. George to England, in order that a striking tableau might be arranged for the fall of the curtain. I read lately a novel by a very popular writer—Mr. G. J. Whyte

Melville—having Semiramis for the heroine, in which she and her consort, Ninus, are brought together with the bondage of the Jews in Egypt, a liberty with chronology which would have been paralleled if *Ivanhoe* and *Waverley* had been made rivals in love, or Nigel and Brian de Bois Gilbert been brought together as brother students in the Temple.

These tricks are not the worst. The pictures are often disfigured and distorted by political bias, and still more often by religious prejudice. It is no doubt a very great misfortune for us that English literature should be saturated, as it undoubtedly is, with anti-Catholic feeling. This feeling is certainly as apparent in the field of historical novels as in any other branch of writing. Of late years many very beautiful novels in other classes have been written by Catholics. But of historical novels, Protestant or infidel writers have almost a monopoly. I am not forgetting, when I say this, that Catholic literature possesses such works as *Fabiola* and *Callista*, or the work of him whose name must always be mentioned here with mingled feelings of love and reverence—the *Duke of Monmouth*, of Gerald Griffin. Now, if we were to take our notions of European history, and especially of medieval times, from Scott, or Bulwer, or James, or Victor Hugo, or Dumas, we would have very false notions indeed. They would make us believe that Abbot Boniface, or Sub-Prior Eustace, or Friar Bungay were types of the medieval monks; that the spiritual wants of the Parisians of the fifteenth century were ministered to by a parish priest like Claude Frollo; that the Templar and the nun were forgetful of their solemn vows; that religion was a mere observance of ceremonies; that superstition and ignorance were fostered, and all learning discouraged by the Church, so that self and noble alike might be made more subservient to its purposes. We know, or we ought to know, how utterly false to all truth and history these teachings are. But they are presented to us in such subtle, and picturesque, and attractive shapes that it is sometimes hard to detect their fallacy. It is, then, all important to us, Catholics, that we should thoroughly read and know the true history of our religion, and the real part which has been played by the Catholic Church in the progress of European civilization. We should prove for ourselves, and by our own studies, that these so-called dark ages were in truth ages of enlightenment because they were ages of faith; that the Church has ever been on the side of order, of real liberty, and of intellectual advancement; that by her the chains were struck from off the limbs of the slave, and by her woman's love was sanctified, because by her woman's purity was deemed a

holy thing ; that in the study of her dogmas and in the teaching of her precepts the subtlest intellects of the world have been trained ; that for her, architecture has achieved its greatest triumphs, and that for her, and in her honour, music has poured forth its most ravishing melodies ; that she has inspired the brain of the poet, guided and encouraged the brush of the painter, and given to the sculptor his fairest ideals. When you feel and know all this, then, and not till then, should you venture to make an extensive acquaintance with historical novels. But with the knowledge I have urged you to acquire you will have gained a talisman more potent than Ithuriel's spear, which will enable you to unmask every error, no matter in what specious or seductive shape it may be concealed.

As an uneducated mind will acquire from novels erroneous and false impressions of history, so will an inexperienced mind take up from the same sources many erroneous and false impressions of life. The lives that many people lead in novels are in many ways unlike the lives that are being led by ourselves, and by the men and women with whom we daily come in contact. The scenes into which the novelist introduces us are, in general, perfectly unlike those which occur in the world. As his object is to please, he removes from his descriptions every circumstance which is disgusting, and presents us with histories of elegant and dignified, or, at least, picturesque distress. His characters are always seen at their best, and, as it were, in their holiday clothes. It costs nothing to give them youth, and beauty, and wealth, and brilliant talents, and captivating manners, and so these gifts are freely lavished. Vice is always punished, and virtue is in the end triumphant. The industrious apprentice always marries his master's daughter. Making love and getting married are treated as the main objects of life, and no matter what difficulties and obstacles have kept the young people asunder during the entire three volumes, they are sure to be brought together and made happy in the last chapter.

Now, it is not such scenes as these that human life exhibits. We have often to act, not with refined and elevated characters, but with the mean, the illiterate, and the vulgar. Every day brings to us duties the very reverse of romantic, and surrounds us with sordid cares which no effort of imagination can make poetical. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Too often the good man's life is one of toil and neglect, and perpetual struggle, whilst the idle and the profligate enjoy the world's choicest blessings. Men and women of flesh and blood have other aims and higher objects than love-making, and the romance of life does not end, but it rather

begins with marriage. It is true the false impressions of life, which novel-reading is calculated to give, are soon corrected by active occupations, by intercourse with the world, and by habits of real business. But these impressions, even when eradicated, are apt, unless great care is taken, to engender a feeling more dangerous, because more unsettling—a feeling of envy for those above us in station, and of distaste for our surroundings, and for the position in life in which we have been placed. The clerk compelled to toil day after day and year after year in dingy offices, for small pay and increasing expenses, will long to change his lot with those high-born heroes of romance whose leisure and money are alike unbounded, and whose sole object in life seems to be to find out the means of enjoying both. The middle-class youth reads, for example, that passage in which *Lothair*, on his majority, is introduced to all the splendour and magnificence of *Muriel Towers*, and is put in possession of the accumulations of a long minority, and of a more than royal income; and a wistful envy will come upon him as he thinks of the life of labour on which he has entered, and which was the only inheritance into which he ever came. The struggling professional man who finds it hard to make out either time or means for a short annual holiday, thinks his case still harder as he reads how *Mr. Phœbus*, in the same book, is enabled by his earnings to maintain an entire island in the Mediterranean, wherein to pass his vacation, and a stately yacht in which to make his summer voyages. I might go on multiplying instances, but those I have given will sufficiently explain my meaning. Of course such feelings as I have referred to, are foolish and unreasonable, and illogical; but wisdom and sober judgment are not given to everyone. And such feelings will assuredly come with much novel reading, unless a determined check is put upon the roving of the imagination, and unless all dissatisfied longings are kept down with a strong hand. So far as a character in fiction is concerned, the invitation given by *Mr. Anthony Trollope* in the title of one of his latest novels, should very rarely, if at all, be accepted. Believe me it will be the better for you if you do not try to "put yourself in his place."

But while the reading of novels brings the disadvantages and evils I have thus hastily touched upon, I should be sorry if you went away with the impression that they were wholly bad and by all means to be avoided. Even as a means of amusement, if they were nothing more, novels cannot be too highly valued. They take men out of themselves. They lift them for a time, at least, above the petty cares and hard realities of daily life. They fill up odd gaps of time with bright and

pleasant imaginings, which otherwise would be spent in dreamy and listless idleness. They have power, in Longfellow's words, "to soothe the restless feelings, and banish the thoughts of day." They can make the merchant for a while forget his business, and the doctor cease to think of his patients. They can make the clerk forget his daily drudgery, and I myself know their power to turn the attention of the lawyer away from his cases and his briefs. They can give new pleasure to us in health, and they can do much to soothe and lessen the pains of a bed of sickness. They can people a lonely journey or a desolate hearth with bright and pleasant companions. They can draw the captive for a while, at least, from his prison cell. They can bring solace to the wanderer and the exile, for they will speak to him of home and friends. To many a man, amid the snows of an Arctic winter, or in the midst of an Australian bush, or in the backwoods of America, an odd volume of Scott or Dickens has been a priceless treasure and resource. I read lately a small volume of poems by an American poet—Bret Harte—published under the fanciful title of *That Heathen Chinee*. The title is a most misleading one, for the volume contains some pieces of very rare beauty and pathos. One of the poems in the collection bears closely upon this branch of my subject. It is called "Dickens in Camp," and it describes the effect produced by the reading aloud of one of his stories in a camp of Californian miners. With your permission I will read some of the verses:—

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below,
The dim Sierras far beyond uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tint of health
On haggard face and form, that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, for the reader
Was youngest of them all;
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" in English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from them, like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

(To be continued.)

ST. MONICA

No sweeter story, Monica, than thine,
Is left us in the annals of the years;
Of human things it speaks, and of divine,
Of rapture and of tears.

We see thee 'mid the glooms and lights of home,
And hear beloved voices once again,
We see thee lonely in the streets of Rome,
And feel thy exile's pain.

We see thee face to face with life and duty,
Winning to God thy husband's stubborn heart;
We see thee, clothèd in thy mystic beauty,
Do well a mother's part.

Thy son is thine, who gavest him to earth,
And thine his heart, so tender and so human,
And he is thine by right of better birth,
O strong and valiant woman!

The early lights that shine upon his youth
Are but the radiance of thy motherhood,
And thine is every shaft of Christian truth
That warmed his pagan blood.

Thy voice unto his heart of Jesus spoke,
And cast that Name into its furrows deep,
And thine the rainfall of the tears that woke
The seedling from its sleep.

And thine the weary feet, that for his sake,
Trudged by him through the night-time of his dole,
And thine the eyes that saw the morning break
Upon his darkling soul.

And thine the heart that one with his in love
Once watched beside the Tyrrhene sea, at even,
And, soaring earth and purple sea above,
Beheld, one moment, Heaven !

And thine the life that in such rapture closes,
All mindless of the grave that holds the dust *
Which, far from home, in Christian hope reposes,
To rise with all the just.

A. W.

A MAY RHYME

MARY, my Mother, I have little skill
To link sweet words to tell my love for thee ;
And yet my foolish tongue will not be still,
Straining to speak my thought once perfectly.
O Mother, Mother, look into my heart,
Read with thine eyes how very dear thou art,
Then tell thyself in thine own heavenly speech
What my weak phrase must ever fail to reach.

J. W. A.

* St. Monica died at Ostia, the sea-port of Rome, where she had come with St. Augustine on their journey to their home in Africa. Speaking of her burial-place, she said to Augustine: "Lay this body anywhere. Nothing is far to God; nor is it to be feared lest at the end of the world He should not recognize whence He has to raise me up." Her body was transferred to Rome during the Pontificate of Martin V, and is venerated in the Church of St. Augustine. Her feast-day is the 4th of May.

LITTLE ESSAYS ON LIFE AND CHARACTER

II.—OF ANNIVERSARIES AND THE WINGS OF TIME

TO a healthy mind there is a mild charm in anniversaries and the variety of yearly commemorations with which we are blest. Some take a delight in centenaries and tercentenaries. I soar not so high—I limit myself to that natural measure of man's life, a year. To the child, indeed, a year is a century; to the old it is but an hour of a journey that grows in swiftness as it nears the end. But most people look at the twelvemonth as a period divided into four clearly marked seasons, each of which has its own pleasures, and into the dozen moons that bring to us the anniversaries which shine as gems in the "starry girdle of the year."

Ask an American what national holiday is best kept all over the world, and you will receive the emphatic answer, "The Fourth of July, sir, the date of the Declaration of Independence." And, doubtless, the patriotic assertion is not without foundation. All citizens of the United States celebrate the day with abundant feasting and oratory; and if a man were discovered in New York or Boston taking advantage of that time of pleasant leisure to mend his roof, he would find a few revolver bullets hopping playfully about the tiles to remind him that the day should not be desecrated by work. As an incident connected with Fourth of July festivities, I may mention the following quaint fact:

A little girl who once shed tears in the midst of rejoicings was asked why she cried, and she said that she had eaten so heartily of sweets and fruit she found herself quite unable to swallow a morsel more. As it was then exactly in the forenoon, she had to spend the rest of the day doing penance, while everyone else was feasting.

Within the golden circuit of the year we rejoice in the great religious festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. Among days connected with the names of great benefactors or heroes of the race, there is none kept with such fidelity and enthusiasm as the festival observed each year by the millions of the sea-divided Gael in honour of their patron, St. Patrick. In addition to public commemorations of various kinds, families and individuals have domestic anniversaries of their own. The

annual recurrence of the wedding day is not dishonoured with neglect in happy homes ; and with what a radiance the desert of newspaper advertisements glows whenever it mentions a Silver Wedding or Jubilee, and a Golden ! Sometimes from the parents' loving arms death snatches a little child—a flower amid the " bearded grain " reaped at a breath—and the date of the sad event is faithfully remembered, and when it arrives it is marked by a visit to a wee mound, or tomb, in the green churchyard.

What " breather of this world " with soul so dead as not to welcome an anniversary that recalls some important event in his life ? Yea, verily, two anniversaries each member of the human race may, if he will, keep with dutiful observance, namely, New Year's Day and the momentous hour when he inhaled for the first time the air of this sublunary world. No doubt everybody does not keep his birth-day. The older a man grows the more defective is his memory of the year that witnessed his birth, and if a relative or a friend remind him of it and wish him many happy returns, he is, alas ! not grateful, and exhibits only disgust and annoyance. Young people ought to be chary of approaching an elderly gentleman (or, as they at times disrespectfully call him, an old buck) with such congratulations. It would be more prudent to ask him artlessly if he is thirty-five, and, though he will smilingly put by the flattering innuendo, he will be secretly gratified and will look upon the speaker as a good-natured and pleasant fellow. Of course, a man has a perfect right to forget his birth-day, if he chooses, and look upon the keeping of anniversaries as sentimental rubbish. There is no disputing about tastes, and one's taste must, I suppose, be for one's self, sole and sufficient arbiter in this matter. But it is scarcely possible for the most cold-blooded wight to escape paying tribute of some sort to the last moments of the Old Year and the first twenty-four hours of the New ; and as I happen to pen these lines at the opening of January, I will jot down the thoughts that now press for utterance.

Christmas has sped by, and another New Year is dawning. Time passes, flying with unwearied wing, and I am passing with it. Every day that breaks, every evening that spreads its " gradual dusky veil " over Nature's face, draws me on to the hour when night shall come bearing in its hand the sleep that knows no waking. I await my last sickness, but I am, in truth, all my life slowly dying, though I fail to realize the fact ; for I am like those folk who stand on a cliff crumbling so gradually beneath them, that they do not perceive their peril.

Wisdom now counsels me to pause and reflect on the swiftness of the current that is bearing me so smoothly and irresistibly on its surface. Dr. Johnson relates in one of his essays that, when Valdesso asked permission of Charles V to withdraw from a public career, the monarch inquired if his wish sprang from disgust. The other replied that his sole motive was the conviction that "there ought to be some time for sober reflection between the life of a soldier and his death." It would in no wise hurt me if a similar persuasion inspired greater sanity of view, and enabled me to live the remainder of my days to better purpose.

Through dearly-purchased experience, I am convinced, that life wins strength and happiness when man's will is brought into harmony with the will of God ; and strength, happiness, is just what all of us need. And this harmony, what is it but bringing our desires and purposes into conformity with the divinely established laws that rule the universe, and the life of man ? In keeping those laws there is a rich reward. Whosoever violates them must pay the inevitable penalty, and prove that human strength is too puny to make an impression on the immovable barriers which they oppose to lawless human will. Freedom is not reckless license, or unfettered violence, but rather that obedience by which the strong and resolute spirit subjects itself to the yoke of reason and wins through submission the guerdon of true liberty.

And so, what one should most look for is contentment, the determined cutting off of useless and unreasonable desires. One should restrain greed, and learn the art of doing without things. To aim at fair and virtuous deeds is of more importance than to keep one's gaze fixed on the mere avoidance of evil. Too scrupulous attention to shun what is wrong contracts and darkens the spirit, and generates the timidity that will not venture on noble actions lest faults should be committed. How often it happens that even when we do our best we fail ! And life, as we view it in our retrospect of the past, lays no flattering unction to our vanity, for it sets before us many blunders and much that we own to be veritable meanness and cowardice.

As I sit here in my quiet room, casting about in my mind for a motto which may serve as a guide during this New Year, I recall some unsigned verses which once appeared in the *Spectator*. They run thus :—

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet ;
I asked and paused. It answered soft and low :
" God's Will to know."

“ Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year ? ” I cried ;
 But ere the question into silence died,
 The answer came : “ Nay, this remember, too—
 God’s Will to do.”

Once more I asked : “ Is there still more to tell ? ”
 And once again the answer sweetly fell :
 “ Yea, this one thing all other things above—
 God’s Will to love.”

God’s will to know—God’s will to do—God’s will to love :
 here is strength, contentment, happiness. This green earth is
 not an abiding eternal place. Comrades are carried off from
 our side ; reverses strike us ; sickness discloses our slight hold
 upon life ; and the corporal faculties lose gradually their suppleness
 and power. The silver cord that binds together the body
 and the soul is weakening under the strain of prolonged existence ;
 and we are warned to prepare for the moment when time shall
 be no more. Doubtless, our best preparation is to take a
 cheerful view of life’s duties, and do, day by day, our work in
 the world, whatever it may be, with courage, hopefulness, and
 generosity of spirit.

So when that Angel of the darker drink
 At last shall find you by the river-brink,
 And, offering his cup, invite your soul
 Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

M. W.

IN MAY

WE knelt before Our Lady’s shrine,
 Uplifting through the evening air
 Our thoughts to her, with zest divine,
 Upon the love-fledged wings of prayer ;
 When to our wondering ears there came,
 In low reiterated glee,
 The eager-hearted cuckoo’s claim
 To join us in our litany.

"Mother of our Creator"—hark!
The cry goes up to Mary's throne;
And, into one response, we mark
The cuckoo's mingling with our own:
That touch of God's creative hand,
The Spring, on man and bird is laid,
Till, fellow-creatures in the land,
We praise Him through the Mother-Maid.

From priest and people mount on high
The invocations one by one,
Beating upon the azure sky
In alternating antiphon:
"Cause of our joy," to her we say,
Whose Son made fallen earth rejoice;
And while for Christian joy we pray,
Hark! once again the cuckoo's voice.

Then to the Prophets' Queen we raise
The homage of our heart and mind,
Petition following on our praise
With one but beat of wing behind;
When Spring, the prophet of the year,
Through this her herald bird makes plain
That she, like many a sacred seer,
Is subject to Our Lady's reign.

So, from our neighbour's orchard trees,
That jocund sound be often sent,
Through windows opening to the breeze,
To be with our own voices blent:
Oh! sweet to hear the cuckoo-bird,
When May renews the green world thus
Importune, with his hopeful word,
Her whom we pray to "pray for us."

JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

OLD TIM AND OLD JOANIE

IF you walked down the quiet street of our village any day in the younger 'seventies, you would see, at almost any sun-lit hour of the afternoon, a red-cheeked, old little Irish-woman standing in the narrow archway of Daly's Alley. She wears a green plaid shawl, a full, pleated skirt, pinned up behind her waist, like a fishwife's, showing the blue petticoat underneath, and has tufted grey hair, surmounted by a white frilled cap. This is Joan Regan, "Choanie" to Old Tim, "Old Joanie" to the neighbours.

Perhaps the companion of your walk is our village doctor. As he passes Daly's Alley, with its misleading official title of "Stafford Place," stamped deeply in a mortar panel over the entrance, he will drop the topics of the hour—Forster's Bill, French defeats, and Dickens's death—to call your attention to Joanie and the genders of her pronouns.

"How is your husband to-day?" says the doctor.

"A-a-ah!" says Joanie, in sore grief, "poor Tim! She is very bad to-day, sir, poor Tim. She is bad entirely."

Let us suppose that the good English doctor (who had some private means, and medicined the Irish poor for next to nothing, invites you up the alley, that he may have a look at "poor Tim." You go without fear, for Daly's Alley is not the Alsatia it has now become. Its proprietor is Irish, and so are its inhabitants. Moore's maiden of "Rich and Rare" would be as safe there, by day or night, as at home, but she would have to mind where she stepped. An open kennel flows lazily in the centre of the court. One of Old Tim's duties as caretaker is to keep this dubious Styx in order with a broom, and ten to one you will find him at his task. As you catch sight of the slightly-stooped, short figure, your first impression is that it has propped from some Gargantuan Christmas tree, or been swept from the floor of a giant's toy-shop. The face is that of Mr. Punch, as Dicky Doyle has drawn him. Of course the nose and chin are not quite so grotesquely pronounced, and Old Tim's expression is rather of cheerful simplicity than of joviality or shrewdness. None the less, Old Tim might well have posed as model to his brilliant contemporary and fellow-countryman, and his resemblance to Punch was made absurdly complete by a blue cone-shaped cap with its point curving forward, and its tassel dangling over his nose.

The rest of him might have walked out of a coloured picture

in a book of fairy tales. A blue jacket with bright brass buttons, yellow knee-breeches of Irish-cut, rainbow-hued woollen hose, half-shoes resembling brogues—there you have Tim's outer man inventoried. In this garb, or its fellow, he came to England, and it became him well. For, though most of his humour was of the unconscious kind, for twenty years and more Old Tim became the Triboulet, the Court jester-in-ordinary to our laughter-loving people. "Motley was his only wear," and he was even married in it, just as he went to work and to Mass in it.

Your cicerone to the tranquil, unsavoury court, asks Old Tim how he is, and receives a patient answer. But you see for yourself how sorely the old man suffers. He has the "king's evil" on his neck and ear—the torturing and disfiguring affection for which Dr. Johnson was "touched" by Queen Anne, and countless others by Louis XIV—the *Grand Monarque*, however, taking superstition from the ceremony by saying to each sufferer : "*Le Roy te touche, Dieu te guérisse.*"

The doctor's word and your eyes assure you that much of Tim's purgatory is being put into each of his waking hours, but it is not for that that he seems so constrained in your presence. You are a stranger, and (shall we say ?) well-dressed, and therefore, to Tim's mind, a Saxon. Tim gets on very well with English villagers whom he knows by sight ; but, broadly (and also mildly) speaking, he loves not the Sassenach. He fidgets with his broom and looks severely at small boys of the Alley who are making faces at him, and flicking pebbles against his door. The doctor smiles at you while the old man's head is turned and whispers a word about Tim's wonderful English. Then he says aloud : "How is your wife to-day ?" The old man's face clouds over. "Poor Choanie ?" he says. "He is fery bad ; oh, he iss so bad to-day."

So you leave the court ; but, hearing a skirmish as you retreat, you turn round to find Old Tim scurrying lissom'ly after his tormentors, his kaleidoscopic stockings twinkling over the ground at astonishing speed. He chevies the small fry into a corner, catches them, cuffs them ; there are howls, doors open, Irish matrons come out, cuff their offspring lustily again, and threaten to tell their fathers. For Old Tim is well beloved, and the younger generation is growing up disrespectful to grey hair in this particular noisome slum of our cleanly village. As you regain the street, you find a couple of little girls, just out from the convent poor school, demurely asking Joanie—still sunning her old frame and breathing the sweeter air of the open road—how "poor Mr. Regan" is, for the fun of hearing her groan and

invert her genders : " O—oh, she is very bad to-day ; poor Tim, she is so bad."

* * * * *

The promise last month was to give some account of Tim and Joanie's wonderful wooing and wedding. Those who deem that I am doing it Jedburgh justice—execution first, evidence afterwards—have ground for their opinion, but I have wished to give a pen-picture of the aged pair, for which my former canvas proved too small. Its central figure, Sister Eugene, was now more than ever their friend and constant helper, since Tim threw up the spade, and took to the light work mercifully found for him. I doubt if he got very much more for this than the free use of his cottage in the Alley ; but, thank God, the old folks knew neither hunger nor the workhouse gate in England. One Famine was allowed to suffice for their trial.

Tim Regan and Joanie (whose maiden name I forget) were neighbours' children in Ireland. Of the same age, they were great friends from the beginning. For compression, I used the words " old sweetheart " in describing last month Old Joanie's pre-Famine relations to Tim, and the epithet may stand. Yet it was an unhurrying, happy-go-lucky, come-day-go-day sort of sweethearting. To begin with, each of them married somebody else, *en premières nocés*. No one familiar with the match-making traditions of rural Ireland a century ago will be surprised at this in the least. Allowance was usually made for strong aversions, but mere likes and dislikes seem for the most part to have been calmly brushed aside, with the full approval of the two folks most concerned. It was the same in Celtic Brittany too, and in almost the same decade. I haven't her book by me, but I am pretty sure that Madame de la Rochejaqueleine—the true wife who played a man's part in La Vendée with a well-loved husband—never set eyes on him till the banns were safely put up. Yet, as the song says, " the world went very well then." Certainly the results of its marrying and giving in marriage in La Vendée and County Cork were none the worse because few pretty girls made " heroines " of themselves and novellettes of their lives by refusing the *parti aimable*, or the " dacent boy," selected by thoughtful parents.

So Joanie was placidly coupled to a husband other than Tim, and Tim philosophically took unto himself a wife other than Joanie. The first Mrs. Tim lived on till the eve of the bad times, and there was a son of the marriage, who was about eighteen when his mother died. Joanie's husband died a few months after the wedding. In due time Joanie became the mother o

a baby-girl, whom I knew well as a middle-aged, married woman ; she has now been dead some years. Joanie put the child out to nurse, and went to service in a farmer's house.

All this is plain sailing. What may now puzzle romantic readers is why Tim did not marry Joanie when he was set free to do so, towards 1847. I am afraid the reason will disappoint. Old Tim and Old Joanie lacked that instinct of romance which is said to make the world go round, and certainly provides a livelihood for many deserving writers of fiction. Their affection for each other was lifelong and profound, but they were either too wise or too simple to look at marriage from a literary point of view.

Then came the Famine year, with all its fell work. The exodus followed, and Old Tim joined our particular party of emigrants, from the parishes of Kildorrery, Mitchelstown and Charleville, maybe caught up by them as they tramped southward through Bandon, maybe foregathering casually with them on the quay at Cork ; for, as I have said, he plied oar and net when his spade was idle.

Joanie remained in her place while Tim was driven to the coffin-ships, and Tim's son, I think, but am not entirely sure, must have enlisted. At any rate he did something to cause a life-long estrangement. Either he "took the gun" for the Sassenach, or he took soup from him. The latter alternative may be ruled out, turbulent as Pat Regan proved on his rare and unwelcome visits to the Alley, in later years, vainly endeavouring to extort shillings for drink from a sorely tried but unrelenting father.

"Call a pig at him, Choanie," Old Tim would say from within on these occasions, while Joanie parleyed without. "Yess, call a pig at him, Choanie. He hass no more manners no more pig." And then ! Brr-rr ! The limpid streams of comminatory Munster vernacular from all three made the stolid British brickwork ache to re-echo. The expressive tongue of the Gael was a vibrantly living language in the Daly's Alley of the 'sixties. I am informed that Old Tim, whose English was slow and deliberate, was magnificently fluent in Irish on these occasions, and contrived to convey vehemently his full opinion of his son's behaviour here and prospects hereafter at considerable length, without once using an oath or a curse. Eventually Pat Regan would be blown by sheer oratory out of the Alley's narrow orifice, not to appear again for maybe a year or eighteen months, when the same scene would be enacted, to the puzzled glee of non-Irish-speaking children, and their elders' intelligent amusement and approval.

None of our people had "taken soup"; * Tim's son did not appear to strut his fitful hours upon the Alley stage till long after the bad times; for these reasons I conjecture that the recruiting sergeant secured him, and that nothing worse than the late Queen Victoria's shilling made a barrier 'twixt father and son.

After Kentish wanderings, when Tim and the neighbours found work in a Middlesex village, messages were sent home saying that the market gardens had room for Irish labour. Letters of like tenour from other orchard districts in the neighbourhood effectually tapped the stream of North Cork emigration into the valley of the Thames. Word was brought by the "Grecians," as later emigrants to England came to be called by older refugees, that Joanie was in great distress. She had been cajoled by her master's daughter into aiding her to elope with a man whose suit, results proved, had been wisely rejected by the parents. As good as gold, as soft as butter, poor Joanie broke the trust both master and mistress reposed in her. She was wheedled into the scheme, and ended by doing all the lovers bade her, even to letting the girl's boxes and herself down from an upper window with cords. Next morning she was, of course, the first to suffer for what proved a luckless business to all concerned. She was flung from her place, which must have been far from her native town, since everyone was merciless to her. She was denounced by all as a nefarious schemer. Poor Joanie was about as Machiavellian as a hen, but she could get no place, and famine still stalked the land, with death and fever in its train. Tim contrived to let her know his whereabouts, and, one fine day, Old Joanie and other women from Cork walked into the village, to share the bread of exile.

But the passage-money? The fare from Cork to London Docks on the crowded "coffin-ships"—rotten cattle boats like the ill-fated *Ajax* †—was then but half-a-crown.

* Three of them, however, were *born* Protestants, and much respected. One soon became a Catholic; another asked for a priest on his death-bed; the third still lives, nominally a Protestant, but with an entirely Catholic family of sons, daughters, and grandchildren. No one realised better than the unlettered old neighbours the distinction between culpable and invincible ignorance. To the latter they were tolerance itself, even in some cases where good Italian peasants would be crying: "*Fuoco, fuoco!*" Instead of the faggot they used their beads, and with better results. Coercion for the heresiarch, by all means; but for those born his dupes three centuries later, conciliation, consideration, conversion by example. What malicious twaddle it is for the English Yellow Press to call our people intolerant and cruel, sprung as they are from the only European race that never used torture to elicit evidence in its courts of law!

† The first batch of our people had bought places on the *Ajax*. For some reason they were not allowed to come aboard by the captain, and their

Joanie found shelter with her companions in some house of the Irish quarter, but not, I think, in Daly's Alley, where Tim was thus early established, in tight lodgings with other unmarried men.

And unmarried himself Old Tim remained for what the reader, is, perhaps, beginning to find an unconscionable time! Indeed, although Joanie found work in the gardens, the difficulty of making ends meet was so great, with wages so low and bread so dear, that perhaps they would not have married at all had not the linguistic difficulty forced them together. Meanwhile they were the best friends and most inseparable gossips in the world.

One day, nearly two years after Joanie's arrival, Old Tim was digging in a field with other Irishmen. In the middle of the forenoon he glanced at the position of the sun, and then threw down his spade and walked towards the gate.

"Where are you going, Tim?" cried one of his friends to him, in Irish.

"I am going," said Old Tim, "to get married."

This was a dark saying, for the priest then lay sick unto death. Also, by British law, no marriages might be celebrated in our tiny chapel.

The men took it for one of Old Tim's drolleries.

"Whom are you going to marry, Tim?" they called as he reached the gate.

"Joanie, of course," replied Tim, from the other side of the hedge.

After dinner Tim was back at work as usual, handling his spade and chatting away in Irish to his companions on either side.

"How did you get on this morning, Tim?" asked one of them.

"I married Joanie," said Old Tim.

And so he had, in the ivy-mantled old church by the river which he and his wife knew so well, because our dead used to be taken there (as they continued to be until the passing of the Burials Act in my own time) but which was not a Catholic

passages were transferred to the next boat. The following morning they sailed close to the mast-tops that showed where so many fine Irish boys and girls (the latter in the majority) lay drowned. My parents told me that all who perished in the *Ajax* were young people, and received Holy Communion in a body the morning they sailed—as did my father and mother, who, of course, would have shared their fate but for the captain's decision. The decoying of Irish girls at the London docks was then so subtly and persistently practised that I once heard an old Irishwoman say, with startling fervour: "*Thank God the Ajax went down.*"

church, at least since its rector, the Blessed John Hailes,* won the crown of martyrdom in 1535, if we except the troublous years of Mary Tudor's reign.

How was the die cast? How came the hymeneal Rubicon to be forded thus? Was it, as we wrote in our Latin exercises, "by counsel or by chance"? I know not. Was Old Tim misled, as was the late Mr. Matt Harris, M.P., of sterling memory, when he went to "Mass" at St. Alban's, High Holborn on Sunday, and would have sat the simulated ceremony out, had not his convert companion, Joseph Biggar, almost dragged him out at the Gospel, saying, "Matt, I'm horrified that a born Catholic like you can't tell the difference between 'Dominus vobiscum' and 'The Lord be with you,' as that parson in the vestments up there is bawling?" Once again, I do not know and "not making you a short answer," as the old people used to say, I do not very much care. For Old Tim and Old Joanie had their knot tied in the temple of Rimmon as inevitably as they bowed their heads in it when one of the neighbours died, and soon afterwards old Father Wareing was gathered to his fathers, and his successor, young Father Weld, put everything right and blessed the pair of them.

But if you will be contented with a surmise, you may read mine for what it is worth. I think that this "Sassenach" marriage was stage-managed from start to finish by well-meaning Sassenachs of our village. And for this reason, with which I may conclude my history of the strange wooing and stranger wedding of Tim and Joanie Regan, whose quaint little figures, however, must sometimes flit through these pages again, if I am spared to continue this record of our exiles.

If English villagers had not piloted Old Tim and Old Joanie through the mysteries of an Anglican wedding, how would the following anecdote of the ceremony be current among them?

Old Tim, says their tradition, came hot-foot from work in the blue coat, yellow knee-breeches and prismatic hose in which we have seen him. Old Joanie met him "amid the cold *Hic Jacets* of the dead" in the pathetically pretty churchyard, and followed so close behind him as he advanced to the altar that the Vicar did not see her enter. When Old Tim halted, facing

* With him suffered the Blessed Richard Reynolds, chaplain of the Brigitine Monastery in the same parish. No other village of our size gave *one* secular priest to the scaffold in Henry VIII's first persecution. Surely our having *two* priest-martyrs has much to do with the exceptionally kind treatment meted out by the villagers to their Catholic invaders of the '48-50. The parish church became Catholic again for a space, of course, under Queen Mary, and has to this day a sepulchral cross erected by that well-meaning, unhappy lady, begging prayers for a nun-friend of hers, of the order to which B. Richard Reynolds ministered.

the parson, Old Joanie halted too, symmetrically in his rear.

"Where is the bride?" said the Vicar.

"Behind the small of my pack," observed Old Tim, laconically.

The bride tip-toed into view, like a little child playing bo-peep, and was soon entitled to call herself Mrs. Regan, according to the laws and statutes of this realm, in no recorded case, perhaps, more strangely made and provided.

JOHN HANNON.

THE PLAINT OF AGE

ACROSS the silent years I hear your voice,
O Youth of mine that left me long ago,
To keep the primrose path where all rejoice
And Love's red roses glow.

I scarce had known 'twas you who called afar,
Forgetting that grim Time left you the same
As when you thrust me from your conquering car,
That day our parting came.

I girt my armour on, and forth I went
Out on the rugged way that ends in night,
Divorced from joy, yet brave and confident
In God's sustaining might.

Upon the shapeless mass that men call life,
I chiselled through the noonday's torrid heat;
And now at evening, wearied with the strife,
My task is incomplete.

Yet do I hope that ere my sands be run
Those hands shall strike a still diviner chord,
For out of travail is the wisdom won
That is our toil's reward.

Yea, out of travail is the purest gold
Of our base natures brought into the light;
So shall our strivings blossom from the mould
And live in death's despite.

WILLIAM O'NEILL.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S HEIRESS

A STORY

CHAPTER XVII

THE night was dark, chill and damp. Since sunset, a heavy drizzle of rain had been steadily falling, and the landscape looked sadly gloomy and desolate, just visible under the black clouds, in which not the faintest break nor one shining star gave promise of better things on the morrow.

Across the lonely plain, in the darkness, rode a solitary horseman. He went at a slow and cautious pace, distinguishing little in the dreary stretch of country over which he was travelling. As he peered anxiously onwards, his face was almost as black as the sky, his eyes as dull and as heavy as the darkest cloud. He looked completely done up and weary. His clothes were shabby and worn; his beard shaggy, his hair long and unkempt. The pony under him was going lame, and seemed more weary, if possible, than his rider, as he staggered, slipped, and stumbled along through the rain.

"'Twas a wild goose chase," the man muttered to himself. "And yet the temptation was great. But I'll never find him—or it. I'll die of starvation—lie here, unburied and unmissed, till my bones are bleached by the sun; and no news of my death will ever reach home. Flora will wait and watch—dream of the gold. Ah! I see a light, gleaming through the mist and the rain. If I could reach it—O God! if I could. But Bobs is spent, and I——" A dizziness came over him; he, clinging to the saddle, sat up, and, drawing a deep breath, was able to steady himself and urge the pony to a somewhat faster pace. But it was only for a moment. He reeled upon his seat, everything went round, he fell prone upon the horse's neck, and knew no more.

Heedless of his rider's collapse, without appearing to notice that he was gone, Bobs shambled on, going steadily towards the light, which his master had hailed with such eagerness. On he went, heavily and slowly, till, at last, utterly done, and exhausted, he sank upon the ground, just in front of a low wooden hut, from whose windows the gleam of a bright lamp streamed out over the dark grass. At the noise of his fall a dog barked loudly and angrily within the little dwelling, and a man,

carrying a revolver in one hand, a lantern in the other, threw open the door, and peered out into the darkness.

"Steady, Tike, old man," he said, addressing the dog. "Not too much noise. Quiet and cautious is the thing. Who knows what may be behind that thud? Ah! a horse"—catching sight of poor prostrate Bobs—"and wearing a saddle and bridle. That means a rider. But where is he? Go seek, Tike. Good dog, go seek. Poor creature, you are done. But you must lie there till we find tidings of your master." And holding the lantern high above his head, he went after Tike, who, his nose to the ground, and sniffing audibly, scampered swiftly on before.

A whine and a howl soon announced that Tike had come upon the unfortunate rider, and running forward, the man saw him by the light of his lantern, lying face downwards upon the wet, muddy grass.

"Poor devil!" turning him over, and putting his ear quickly to his mouth. "No—he's not dead. There's life in him yet. Maybe he's not so bad as he seems. Wonder what brought him this way? Well, no one could leave a dog out here, to-night. So in he must come. But how?" measuring the prostrate form with his eyes. "He's a big chap. By Jove! It's a risk to take him in at all. What if he gets well? He'd make pieces of me, if so inclined, once he gets strong and well. No matter—I've not so far forgotten my Christian teaching as to leave a poor beggar to perish."

The man on the grass drew a deep breath, and sighing heavily opened his eyes and stared hard at the tall, slight figure bending over him.

"Where am I?" he said feebly. "And who are you?"

The other laughed. "By Jove, you want all the information," he answered, turning the light of the lantern full on the man's face. "But before I tell you where you are and who I am, I'd like to know where you come from, and where you were thinking of going and what you meant to do when you got there?"

"I came from England to Sydney, and was pushing along in hopes of finding gold. 'Tis a common story, I suppose. But the man who sold me the pony swore I'd find it, if I had courage and patience."

"The cunning ass. Wanted to sell his pony."

"Perhaps. My name is Austin Gibbons. But I'm faint"—moaning and trying to raise himself—"I'm faint with cold and hunger. I fear I'm dying."

"Not you. Drink this," holding a flask to his lips. "It

will revive you. Then, when you're better, you must come in to my place and have food."

"You are good," drinking the brandy eagerly. "A real good Samaritan."

"I could not well let you die at my very door. You're a stranger to me, but I'm willing to help you all I can. So," putting his arm round him, and helping him to his feet, "come into my shanty. Tike and I are alone there."

"I—I thank you," Gibbons said in a weak and choking voice, as, leaning heavily on the man, he staggered along into the hut. "You see I'm all but done. And if I die to-night, write to my wife and tell her. She is now at Rathkieran, Co. Wicklow, Ireland."

"Rathkieran, did you say?" with a start of surprise. "Why, man, that's the home of the O'Neills. The O'Neills of Rathkieran are fine people."

"Aye, so I've heard. But they've fallen on bad times, and are all gone ——"

"Gone!" The veins stood out upon the man's brow, his face worked in an agony of grief. "My God! All? The old home desolate—Oh! Gibbons, can this be true?"

"John O'Neill, the last of his race in Ireland, had to leave his home in debt and difficulty. He could not sell, but in order to live had to let the old place. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Arrowsmith, lives there now, with her younger children."

The inmate of the lonely hut sank into a chair and uttered a deep groan.

"All gone but John. That the old man, God rest his soul, should go was natural. But William and Owen and Molly—to think of them all gone. And Magdalen—Mrs. Tiernan—what of her? Is she living?" he asked, starting up suddenly. The stranger turned his head wearily from side to side.

"I think—yes, I'm sure she lives," he murmured. "I've heard Flora speak of her—and another O'Neill called Elizabeth a——"

"Poor Pat's girl. Oh! don't tell me she's dead, poor child."

"She's not dead. But according to Flora's last letter, which reached me when I had been a few days in Sydney, she's in trouble. My mother-in-law has lost a diamond cross, and this girl, knowing her secret drawer, is suspected by most people."

"A cruel lie." He brought his clenched fist down heavily upon the wooden table. "No O'Neill would stoop to theft."

"That may be. I daresay you're right. But things are against her, terribly against her. But how well you know these

O'Neills ! " fixing his heavy eyes upon the man's handsome face, and snowy hair. "One would think you had been intimate with the family at one time of your life."

"Intimate," he laughed wildly. "I was indeed intimate—knew and loved them all. Lonely, wretched, desolate as you see me in this poor shanty, miles and miles from civilization—I am one of them—an unfortunate member of that fine old family, Terence O'Neill."

Austin Gibbons sat up. A light flashed into his heavy eyes, his mouth twitched.

"The man—I wanted. The finder—of gold—who would help——" he gasped out ; then fell back white and senseless in his chair.

Terence flew to his side, poured brandy down his throat, rubbed his hands and feet, and dragging off his clothes, pulled him on to a bed in the corner, stretching him out at full length and covering him with a blanket.

"I forgot how spent he was," he cried, "in my selfish anxiety to hear news of all my people. O God ! after these years 'tis good to hear their names. For, coward that I was—because times were bad, and I had no good news to tell, I never wrote. And then, shame and worse news kept me silent still. But this man will tell me all—that is if he does not die—which I trust and pray he may not."

Presently Gibbons turned with a moan, and seemed about to speak, but Terence made him lie still, and told him not to say another word. Then with all haste, he made him some hot gruel, and gently but firmly insisted upon feeding him with it like a baby. The warmth, food, and comforting ease of the bed soothed the exhausted traveller, and before very long he fell fast asleep.

"Good. He'll do now," muttered Terence, and rising he went out with Tike at his heels, to look after the pony. But the poor animal was dead, and, seeing that he was past all help, O'Neill returned to the hut.

Restless and excited by all that he had heard of his friends beyond the seas, he told himself that sleep would be impossible, and sat down before the fire to think it all over. For hours he never moved ; his dog at his feet, his pipe in his mouth, pondering bitterly on the hardness of life, and the worries and anxieties and troubles that pursued every man and woman in this world, whether at home or abroad.

In the poor, rough hut, dark except for the blaze from the fire, and a faint flicker of light from the almost expiring lantern, silent only for the deep breathing of the man upon the bed,

Terence O'Neill reviewed his life, and with many a groan and an aching sorrowful heart, told himself it had been a failure.

"How proud I was, starting off from the old home," he thought, his head sunk on his breast. "How I swore I'd make a fortune and come back a rich man, to make that little baby my heiress. And alas! what have I done? Nothing. I am poor, old—for I'm deep in my forties now; and she, the babe I was to protect, is in trouble—accused of a crime that she can never have committed. But oh, to refute a calumny, to fight a prosecution, takes money. And the girl is but a governess. Why cannot I come to her rescue? Why have I not found the fortune I hoped to find? Why? Because I am unfortunate—a disappointed man, to whom no good ever comes, who hopes, and plans, and dreams, but without result. All my life it has been so. And so now I am—what I am."

CHAPTER XVIII

NEXT morning Austin Gibbons awoke refreshed. He was still a little weak and sore of limb, but able to get up, and, having dressed slowly, he found his good-natured host at his frugal breakfast. Viewed in the daylight, the hut and its surrounding were depressing. Terence O'Neill himself was gloomy, and apt to lapse into silence at unexpected moments. His evident poverty and isolation from neighbours of any kind filled Gibbons with dismay. If this man, he thought, who had come out so many years before, with youth and strength and pluck on his side, had fared so badly, what chance was there for him?

"People talk and shout a lot at home about this gold," he told himself, lugubriously. "But to my mind, it's all a myth. None of it going about here, anyhow. So I've had all my troubles and sufferings for nothing. And yet, I've found Terence O'Neill. 'Twas a strange fate drove me to his door. Not a bad fellow, either—but poor. Good Lord! And the girl! His heiress! Heiress to a hut"—looking round him—"an acre or two of barren land"—his glance wandering through the window into the field, where early that morning, almost before dawn, he had peeped out to see Terence digging and pickaxing with all the strength of his brawny, supple arms. "A nice inheritance—and a useful one truly, for a young lady in Ireland—and one for which she'll wait long. For a finer, haler man, I never met."

"And so, you have come from England all the way," O'Neill remarked abruptly, "to look for gold?"

There was something of a sneer upon his lips, a tone of

scorn in his voice, and yet in his grey eyes there was an expression of pity that softened and atoned for both.

"Yes. I failed in my business. My wife went back to her mother, and I came out—to look for gold, hoping in that way to retrieve my fortunes and begin life over again."

"Eighteen years ago, I, aged twenty-four, did the same," O'Neill said bitterly, "and you see the result."

"You never"—Gibbons spoke thickly, his heart sinking lower every instant—"you never found any?"

"I won't say that. I've come upon bits that were useful—earned money by working mines where other men, more fortunate than I, made their pile. But I've never come upon anything worth while. My good fortune has yet to come."

Gibbons pulled himself up in his chair, and glanced once more through the window.

O'Neill, following his glance, and seeing what his thoughts were, laughed, and thrusting his hands into his pockets strode up and down the bare floor.

"You think I've chosen a strange place?" he said jerkily. "That a piece of ground like that doesn't just suggest a gold mine. You may be right; and, as far as I can see at present, you are. But I—Well," throwing up his hands, "never mind. I have my reasons for staying here; and on the whole, I'm fairly comfortable. I'm no milk-sop; and a rough life comes naturally to me, now."

"But the loneliness—the desolation?"

"Have no terrors for me—and I've not always been alone. I had a pal once. But he's gone. Wearied out with waiting, he left me, and took a situation in Sydney. He wears a white shirt now—sometimes a black coat; and enjoys other things, the outcome of civilization. But he's lost his chance—and I wouldn't change places with him for worlds."

"'Twas he who sent me on—Gilbert Smith he called himself. A lank chap, with a miserable look," cried Gibbons. "He told me the way, sold the broken-down pony, and nearly sent me to my death. Oh! those miles of weary jolting over an unknown country, half-starved—"

"With little comfort to greet you at the end," interrupted O'Neill. "Well, Smith had a good thought in sending you on—he hoped you'd light on your feet. Some do, in this country."

"And in a sense, I have. You've been kind and taken me in. If there's anything," grasping his hand, "that I can do for you, in this country, or at home, you may count upon me. I owe you a deep debt of gratitude, O'Neill. You saved my life."

"Poof! Any man would have done that. Don't make mountains out of mole-hills. I'm not one atom better than my neighbours."

"Perhaps not. But I hope there are many like you about."

O'Neill threw back his handsome head, with its silken curls fast turning grey, and laughed heartily.

"Well, time will show you more than any words of mine could ever do, about the place. There are fellows of all sorts knocking around. But don't worry.—Forget, if you can, where you are, and what you came for. Rest is what you want. Take it, and—well, by and by we'll see what you can do." And, turning on his heel, he abruptly left the hut.

Early and late, Terence O'Neill plied Austin Gibbons with questions about home and country, and although always disappointed to find that he knew so little of his own kith and kin and nothing more of Rathkieran, beyond the fact that, not able to live in it, John O'Neill had let it for a number of years to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Arrowsmith, he still continued his cross-examination, day after day, always hoping that he might unexpectedly elicit some further interesting piece of information upon the subject which, of all others, after so many years of exile, was the one nearest his heart.

"I'm sorry, very sorry, I have so little to tell you," Gibbons said, one day. "Had I guessed that we were ever to meet, I'd have made inquiries—gone to Ireland and seen everything for myself. But my troubles came on me thick and fast. My departure was sudden; and 'twas only at the very last that my brother-in-law, Charles Arrowsmith, told me of your existence, and suggested that it would be well for me to make it my business to discover you."

"Why was he interested in me? Why was he anxious to find out what had become of me?"

Gibbons struck a match, and slowly lit his pipe.

"Your niece Elizabeth (I saw her once, long ago) is a lovely girl. She is spoken of everywhere as your heiress—and, well, Charles is young, and clever. Moreover, he is a lawyer."

Terence reddened and his eyes flashed:—

"A calculating lawyer," he muttered, under his breath. "I know his sort. He would marry the girl, no matter what she might be, if only he were sure she would have a fortune."

"No, no. I don't think that. Charles is a fine fellow. But he, like the rest of us, has been in trouble lately, and is poor. His mother has a good income, but cannot touch the capital, which is settled on the younger children. So, Charles, if he is not an absolute fool, must marry money. And then,

you see, now Miss Elizabeth O'Neill is under a cloud. Till that is dispersed, no man in his senses would think of making her his wife."

"No man in his senses," Terence cried wrathfully, "would for one moment believe any O'Neill capable of theft. *Noblesse oblige*. We may have our faults, but we are an honest and honourable race."

"That I don't doubt. But to set the law working, pay the first lawyers in the land to prove Elizabeth O'Neill innocent, would take money. Law is an expensive luxury, my friend."

"But, John? He is the head of the house. Why does he not step forward and set the law going?"

"A selfish spendthrift, who cannot live in his fine old home, is not likely to trouble his head about the girl."

"But she is his niece, his brother's child. He cannot see her ruined—sent to prison—for the sake of a little money."

Gibbons sighed heavily. "I know nothing very definite about John O'Neill. All I know is gossip and hearsay. But many of us have had to submit, to bear with what patience we could, troubles and humiliations that a little money would have prevented, because," swallowing a sob, "we had it not."

"True." Terence O'Neill turned his head away; then rising presently, began slowly to prepare their evening meal.

Nothing more passed between the two men upon the deeply interesting subject of home and Elizabeth that night, and feeling tired out and weary, sick of the dull, do-nothing life of the hut, Gibbons went early to bed, hoping to forget, for a time, at least, the utter hopelessness of his position.

"This man can but barely subsist himself," he groaned, as he laid his head upon the hard pillow. "I cannot remain to be a burden to him, so I must push on. But how and where? That is a question that baffles and gnaws my heart out." At last, after tossing feverishly from side to side, for several hours, his eyes closed, and he dropped off into a light and restless sleep.

By the fire alone sat Terence O'Neill, gazing gloomily into the glowing embers. He had scarcely noticed Gibbons' departure for bed, so absorbed was he in his own reflections. The thought of Elizabeth, young, beautiful, good, as every daughter of the O'Neills had ever been, weighed down and suffering under the disgrace of a false accusation, filled him with unspeakable anguish. Back to his mind with a rush, came the recollection of that sad day when they had all gathered together after the double funeral of Pat and his lovely young wife, to determine upon whose shoulders was to devolve the care and maintenance

of their child. He saw his father, an old and venerable man, at the head of the table ; his brothers, good-looking, well set-up ; his sisters, comely and even handsome, grouped here and there round the room, with their husbands eagerly discussing, some with warmth, some with indifference, the future of the helpless and unconscious babe. Then he saw the door open, and the old nurse, whom he had known all his life, the guardian of his own childish days, enter the room, bearing in her arms the forlorn orphan. He remembered well the sweet waxen face, the soft rounded cheek of the little Elizabeth, and his own strange feeling of wonder and awe, as on drawing aside the white shawl that enveloped her, he saw a look of his dead brother in her open blue eyes that startled and surprised him.

" Pat had always been so good to me—to us all," he groaned. " And yet selfish, careful to avoid worry and responsibility, each one tried to shift the burthen of the child on to the shoulders of another. All but Magdalen—already the mother of many—my brave, handsome Magdalen, with her noble air and warm heart. Ah ! I see her now, with that true gentleman, her husband, by her side, take Elizabeth in her arms, and vow to bring her up as her own. Inspired by her courageous forgetfulness of self, and her sisterly love for her dead brother, I stepped forward, and full of good intentions, convinced that, one day, my words would come true, sure in my youthful conceit and ignorance that the thing would take but a few years to accomplish, swore to make a fortune and settle it upon Elizabeth. I meant what I said. But alas ! now I see the folly of my words. The best years of my life have gone. I've been pitched here, there, and everywhere—always hopeful—never successful. A billet every now and again—keeping body and soul together—but no more. Not caring to write home about my failures and troubles—yet never forgetting my family or country—leading a rough, still, on the whole, not unhappy life. Fairly content to wait. But now—I feel that I can stand it no longer," he dashed his open palm against his forehead. " The girl, Pat's daughter, in trouble—and not one to help her. Pat's sweet child to be disgraced because there is no money to save her. Oh ! 'tis horrible. And I, who had hoped for so much. When I bought this piece of ground and ran up this little shanty—spending all but my last penny to do so—I told myself the end was near. I saw it in my dreams at night—thought of it and gloated over it all day. And Gilbert Smith was one with me—till, worn out, he gave up and bolted for Sydney, there to groan under all the trammels of the dusty city and the slavery of the desk. And here I remained—preferring my free, if lonely life, digging and working and

searching, with no result—yet not breaking my heart over that. Content to wait, feeling it easier every day. But now—” leaping to his feet, “my blood’s on fire. Something seems to call me—Elizabeth’s voice, that I know not, except in fancy, rings in my ears. She implores me to help her, begs me not to forget my promise. And I—oh! I long to fulfil it. The poor child! She must—she shall have justice. And I, please God, will be the one to get it for her. This Gibbons came at the right moment. He has roused me—given me a fresh motive for work. When a man’s in earnest—Ah! there is the first peep of day. All these years I seem to have been playing. Now, good heavens” (with clenched fist and set teeth), “I am in deadly earnest.” And opening the door of the hut he went out, his pickaxe over his shoulder, his faithful Tike at his heels.

At a distant part of the piece of ground that had struck Gibbons as so barren and dreary to look upon, Terence O’Neill set to work. To this exact spot he had never turned his attention before, and he did so now, scarcely knowing why.

For hours he worked, straining every nerve to get his pickaxe deep into the earth. The perspiration stood upon his brow, and ran down his cheeks like rain. But his labour seemed useless. His luck was no better to-day than it had been every other day for years. He paused, drew a deep breath, and passing his hand across his brow, told himself that he might as well give up and resign himself to the inevitable. The land was a waste. Neither he nor any other man would ever make anything out of it.

“One more attempt, one more blow, and I go in to get breakfast.”

He straightened himself, raised the pickaxe above his head, and brought it down heavily to the ground. As it entered the earth, the point struck against something hard, and a cry escaped Terence O’Neill. Trembling and breathless, he turned up the soil; a gleam of something bright caught his eye, shining forth in the light of the now risen sun. The wonderful, the unexpected had happened. In the hour of his greatest need Terence O’Neill had found gold.

With a deep, low moan he threw himself upon his knees, and raising his hands towards heaven, gave thanks to God.

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

(To be continued.)

SERMONS IN STONES

PARLIAMENTARY rules allow but one speaker at a time on the floor. The same ruling holds in the hall of man's heart : when passion is speaking, reason must be silent.

Resignation is a key with which the feeblest hand may open the tremendous gates of heaven.

Know your power, and tune your ambitions to it : you must sing falsetto if you take too high a pitch.

In forming your judgments, do not go down into a pit : keep in the open field where the entire horizon of truth is clear to your eyes.

Friction has its uses for life as for electricity ; and, like an electrical machine, we should let the negative electricity run off into the earth and turn the positive into action.

If you cannot extinguish the fire that is burning your neighbour's reputation, at least do not warm your ears at it.

The well-trodden path of duty is an estate rich enough for any father to leave his children.

Let us accept this saying of Hegel : " Punishment is the other half of crime," and let us remember that nothing goes by halves in the great drama of life. The play is not ended when the curtain drops : death only shifts the scene to the incorruptible courts of Justice.

Though your station in life is a humble one, work on courageously ; luscious strawberries do not grow on the lofty oak, but on the lowly vine.

One of the best opportunities afforded by life at a great University is the chance of associating with brilliant and distinguished men. With them, in lecture hall and in social hours, the student may raise himself to high culture in thought and action. Shall it be otherwise with us who are pupils in the school of the Head Master Himself, listening to His words of wisdom, and often invited by Him to the Sacred Banquet that He serves ?

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

IN HAUTE SAVOIE

THONON was the capital of the province of Chablais in the ancient Duchy of Savoy. It now calls itself Thonon-les-Bains, though there are no baths—to speak of. There were none, we were told, in the big hotel which hangs castle-like on the rising bank of Lake Léman; and the first thing I had to do was to buy myself a tub in the town. It calls itself Thonon-les-Bain in prosecution of a futile effort to establish itself as a fashionable resort. But, situated some twenty miles from Geneva and within six of Evian, which boasts of a large casino and a theatre, it can never hold a position of more consequence than that of a sort of *dependance* for the latter town during an overcrowded season.

The French friend who met us at the boat, told us with a look of mingled amusement and consternation—for she had been responsible for our coming—that my companion and I would be the only occupants of the *Grand Hotel*. The prospect, however, was not alarming. We were looking for quiet rather than company, and felt we could have chosen no more inviting spot in which to be “alone with noble thoughts.”

Little vineyards, the thick soft foliage of acacias, tufted plane-trees and slender poplars grow down to the water's edge; and pretty villas peep from the green. The rocky basement of the hotel rises on the slope behind, far above the tops of the trees, to the ground-floor which is on a level with the road at the back. Three more storeys above this give the building, as seen from the lake, its tall castle-like aspect. The rooms on this side open on a delightful verandah, from the cool shade of which you look out over the lake, as the swallows fly beneath you and the song of other birds rises from below.

On the first evening after dinner I asked the waiter for a “whiskey and soda,” assuming him to be of the polyglot order. “What does he want?” he growled, turning a dull eye of inquiry on the French lady. “Tell him the whiskey has not come yet,” he replied to her explanation. “Are these people French or Swiss?” I asked her. “They are neither,” she laughed in reply: “they are Savoyards. They sleep during the winter, and have not yet wakened up.” The demeanour of the waiters showed it. They went about their duties in an aimless, lost-dog-like manner. The manager lounged at the door and did nothing. Three times a day the hotel omnibus went down

to meet the boat, and came back as it went—empty. “On the 15th,” said the manager, “many people arrive. In August it will be too full. The season have not yet come.” And it never came while I was there, though the tables in the *salle-à-manger* were laid each day for fifty guests and the band played during *déjeuner*.

In the morning I strolled through the little town. It gave the same impression as the hotel. With the like air of torpor there was mixed an unqualified assumption of importance. The narrow streets, paved with torturing cobble-stones, and lined with second-rate shops, proclaimed it in their titles—*Grande Rue*, *Boulevard Carnot*, *Rue des Arts*, *Avenue de la Gare* ; or were they the survivals of a by-gone greatness ? I turned into the *Place de la Halle*. It was market day ; and the space was filled with peasants and barter was in full swing. Small booths were erected at intervals, where cheap clothing, trumpery ornaments, and uninviting meat and vegetables were offered for sale. Huge bullocks yoked by the horns to long, rudimental, springless carts stood under the shade of the houses while their drivers made purchases or refreshed themselves in the small café near. There was a mute infestivity about the crowd—nothing of the mirth and clamorous utterance of an Irish gathering ; and the people were neatly dressed and civilized-looking for the most part, with some more rustic types interspersed. Near me stood a crippled peasant with black disordered elf-locks half concealing his bronzed features and a horrible development of goitre which swelled his throat to the size of his head.

I went back into the *Grande Rue*. A little way up on the left there was a quaint fountain bearing the date in worn numbers of 1736. It stood on one side of the entrance to a little church whose battered stone front and ragged tiling told of a more remote past. A painting of the Crucifixion on one side and of a bishop on the other had once embellished the façade, but the weather of ages had nearly washed them out. The bishop may have been St. Hippolytus to whom the church is dedicated, or may have been another with whom its history is associated.

The Church of God has produced many Saints of various types of moral excellence—ascetics, mystics, and men of action—but none who has ministered with a more tender human sympathy to the spiritual strife of souls than St. Francis de Sales. I went into the church. A handsome modern altar was in striking contrast with its time-worn surroundings. On the right was a small oak pulpit beautifully carved and black with age. It was the same from which St. Francis had preached more than three hundred years before. Faded paintings in dilapidated

frames were hung round the walls. On the left, high up, was an antique organ-loft of curious workmanship. The discoloured ceiling was of elaborate design, with frescoes of which little more than the outlines remained. Near the central door there was an old baptismal font of worn alabaster. A lame female sacristan in peasant dress was arranging the flowers on the altar. I asked her the hours of Mass. "At half-past five, half-past six, and half-past seven in the morning," she replied. Five little children were moving softly round the church doing the Stations of the Cross, before each of which they knelt in turn and prayed with their arms outstretched.

* * * * *

After the revolt of Switzerland to Protestantism in 1532 Chablais became the battlefield of fierce conflicts. Three times between that and the end of the century it had been invested and held by the Swiss Calvinists, when they were finally driven out in 1593. But an occupancy of over thirty years had enabled them to establish the new "Reformed" religion as the faith of the people, and when a year later, in response to the desire of Charles Emmanuel the Duke of Savoy, St. Francis came with one companion to restore Catholicism in Chablais it is said that he found only seven Catholics in the capital of the Province. His family and his friends had done their utmost to dissuade him from the difficulties and dangers of an undertaking that seemed hopeless. And, humanly speaking, it was certainly a strange chance that led this gentle priest, who was a model for all time of meekness, patience, and the widest and tenderest Christian charity, to become a protagonist in the religious strife of an intolerant age. The duties of such a mission would seem scarcely favourable to the practice of those maxims which he had ever on his lips. "Truth must be always charitable; for bitter zeal does harm instead of good." "A judicious silence is ever better than an uncharitable truth." And yet it was by the power of this spirit of sweetness and forbearance far more than by the force of dialectics that he made the truth to prevail. In the whole Province, containing more than 25,000 inhabitants, there was not one priest and scarcely a hundred Catholics left. But in the face of all dangers and discouragements he preached day by day to audiences of five or six, returning at night for protection to the distant castle of Allinges where the governor was a Catholic. The story of his success seems almost incredible if we are to assume that the Savoyards had any convictions remaining when he appeared among them; but in three years, we are told, he had made more

than seven hundred converts, and in one more Chablais was Catholic again with less than a hundred Calvinists left among the people.

When we recognise the fact that what is described generally as religious persecution in earlier ages had more frequently a prudential than a spiritual motive—that religious dissent was justly regarded as a menace to the political existence of states whose interests were bound up with those of the Church in the closest alliance, we may be less disposed to unsparing condemnation of the intolerance of their rulers. And it must be considered a tribute to the enlightenment of the Duke of Savoy that in such an age he sought to restore the unity of faith in his recovered possessions by no harsher methods than the mild evangelizing of St. Francis de Sales, and that he permitted the few remaining Calvinists who refused to conform, to sell their property before being expelled from the Duchy.

The Annals of Savoy are full of warfare with its varying fortunes till they end in 1860, when the Duchy was ceded to France. But though it may yet have its share of religious persecution to come at the hands of the political brigands who, under the name of rulers, are now disturbing the peace of their country, it is still almost exclusively a Catholic land. Walk out into the beautiful country, rich with corn and vines, and you meet with witnesses in the rustic crosses and little shrines you come upon at every mile or so. The level highways stretch through a landscape in which the charm of variety is never wanting. The surroundings are perfect for a peaceful summer holiday—with one drawback. The Juggernaut of progress pursues you even here. You are walking alone, enjoying the solitude, the song of the birds, and the fragrance of the fields, when the blare of a raucous horn bursts on the stillness. A rumble from behind swells into a roar, and a panting, snorting motor whirls past you in a rush of wind, poisoning the air with the fumes of petrol; and for long minutes you stand with rage at your heart, blinking and choking in a vortex of dust. But up in the hills among the pine trees you are free from this annoyance; and many of these alluring heights are within an easy distance of the town. Les Allinges, three miles south of Thonon, was in the tenth century the most important of the Burghs of Chablais; now it is a little village. When you get there, half-an-hour takes you up through the trees to the top of its historic hill with its ruined castle, convent, and chapel of St. Francis de Sales. Eastward and westward of the hotel you can ramble by the edge of the lake. And the lake—who can describe the beauty of its changing aspects? Blue as the Mediterranean

under a pallid sky : green as the English Channel overspread with leaden clouds. On calm, clear evenings, as the sun goes down in a crimson blaze, shades of pink and orange are thrown on the water from behind the mountains on the far shore, deepening into bronze and purple as the light fades. But an hour may transform it. The wind of a sudden storm rushes through the trees, and the surface is lashed into a sheet of white spume. Deafening peals of thunder re-echo in a constant roar and the lightning plays in terrific flashes through the sky.

Concise, another pretty village, lies close to Thonon by the water's edge in the direction of Evian. On my way there I turned in under a shady gateway that stood a short distance off the road, and found myself in a little graveyard. With one side shadowed by trees and another protected by the remains of an old wall, its rustic surroundings gave it an air of homeliness and peace that fitted its consecrated purpose. But it was a French graveyard, and everything had been done to mar the simplicity of nature with the affected conventions of grief. No mossy patches marked the hallowed plots. Garish immortelles, chaplets, crosses, and wreaths of wire and tin were crowded together in a profusion that hid the graves and the grass, and left only room to walk between them on the narrow paths. The artificial trappings and foppery of death seemed to deride what was simple and touching in the inscriptions.

Beyond Concise, on the land which projects here sharply into the lake, I came by surprise on a beautiful park with the ruins of another ancient castle, and I was wondering what it was and what it had been when a stone inscription told me. It was the *Domain of Ripaille*—with a history that recalls the events of a century earlier than the age of St. Francis, and as full of deep interest for us, if less edifying. It was the home of the last of the Anti-Popes. The rulers of the great house of Savoy traced their genealogy from the tenth century ; and a long line of glorious ancestors had successively extended and exalted his heritage when Amadeus VIII came to the throne in 1383. His territories stretched from Geneva to the Mediterranean, and from the Saone in France to the Sesia in Italy. But though he was zealous, like his predecessors, in increasing and consolidating his dominions, he had for a long time cherished the wish of retiring to a monastery when in 1434 he laid down his crown and put on the habit of the Knights of St. Maurice, a military order which he had founded at the Priory of Ripaille. Five years later the continuing distractions of the Council of Basle ended in open schism ; the contumacious prelates affected to depose the Pope, and bestowed the tiara on Amadeus of Savoy.

When his elevation to the Pontificate was announced to the royal recluse, he showed at first or pretended great reluctance, though the nature of his objections seemed hardly worthy of the gravity of the decision required of him. He disliked the form of the oath, the change of his name, and the loss of his hermit's beard! His scruples, however, were overcome, and he accepted the proffered dignity with the title of Felix V. But he gained little earthly profit by his spiritual treason, and, having played his miserable part for five years more, he abdicated in 1445.

When we reflect on the horrors and scandals of an epoch like this—a fierce religious war, a priesthood who, in large numbers, were unfaithful to their vows, a rebellious council, and a pretender to the claims of St. Peter's successor, and remember that all these were evidences of the power of evil within the fold in an age when Christendom was undisturbed by any established revolt against the dogmas of the Church, we feel a sense almost of wonder that any belief could have survived the shock to moral principles and the perplexity to the faith of millions that such apostasies must have caused, even with a recollection in men's minds of the divine monition that "it must needs be that scandals come." But, great as must have been the distress of the faithful in those days, God had not left them without His witnesses. In the midst of this prevalence of error, corruption, and sin, when the lives of men belied the faith they held—for the truths of Christianity were believed and not merely professed by the wicked as by the just—individual types of saintly piety and unshaken devotion to the laws of conscience and religion stand out, and receive the homage of their own time no less than ours, in proof, if it were needed, that with this outward denial of His laws Christ still reigned in the hearts of men.

To us, with the accumulated testimony of centuries to the indefeasibility of God's promise to His Church, these spiritual afflictions of earlier ages should be a lesson rather than a trial of faith. One to teach us that in His inscrutable designs God has chosen earthen vessels for the repositories of His grace: that only through a defect of faith can the divine element of the Church suffer dishonour or obscurity from its association with the human frailty of its members: that the truth of eternal principles rests on a higher basis of proof than the fidelity of those who profess them.

A great scholar of our age in writing of the historical aspect of the Church, with a range of view that embraces the annals of all times and of all nations, impresses this truth on us. "A

system," says the late Lord Acton, "answering all the spiritual cravings, all the intellectual capabilities of man, demands more than a mere mental effort,—a submission of the intellect, an act of faith, a temporary suspension of the critical faculty . . . For the Church is to be seen, not in books, but in life. No divine can put together the whole body of her doctrine; no canonist the whole fabric of her law; no historian the infinite vicissitudes of her career. The Protestant who wishes to be informed on all these things can be advised to rely on no one manual, on no encyclopædia of her deeds and of her ideals; if he seeks to know what these have been, he must be told to look around. And to one who surveys her teaching and her fortunes through all ages and all lands, ignorant or careless of that which is essential, changeless, and immortal in her it will not be easy to discern through so much outward change a regular development, amid such variety of forms the unchanging substance, in so many modifications fidelity to constant laws; or to recognize in a career so chequered with failure, disaster, and suffering, with the apostasy of heroes, the weakness of rulers, and the errors of doctors, the unfailing hand of a heavenly Guide."

CHARLES T. WATERS.

A LISPER'S TRIUMPH

POPE lithped in numberth, for the numberth came;
 A later lithper theeketh to eclipthe hith fame:
 For though at thchool my mathterth called me dunth,
 I give what Pope ne'er gave, a rhyme for "month."

J. H.

A NIGHT REFUGE

THE Carmelite Father Spratt was foremost in all works of charity and benevolence carried on in Dublin about the middle of the nineteenth century. On his monument in Glasnevin the Church in Whitefriar Street and the Night Refuge in Brickfield Lane are represented, cut into the stone as two of the greatest works of his busy and zealous life. Not only the evil but the good also that men do lives after them, no matter what Shakespeare's Mark Antony may say to the contrary ; but the Night Refuge might not long have survived its founder's death if it had not been secured in its permanence and efficiency by being confided to the care of the Sisters of Mercy.

In our anxiety to place this admirable charity in a favourable light before as many of our readers as may have the means of helping it, we are going to have recourse to a strange expedient. Instead of obtaining information as to the present state of the Dublin Night Refuge, and describing what is done there day after day, and night after night, we are going to use an account of a similar institution in London ; and even this account is not to be brought up to date but given as it appeared in the *Weekly Register*, of February 4, 1882. Since then the *Weekly Register* has died ; and so has the founder of the London Night Refuge, an Irish priest, who gave all his mature life to London, the well-remembered and still regretted Daniel Gilbert, Cardinal Manning's Vicar-General. The following description was written by one who now bears that name also, but who was then Rosa Mulholland. The change of a word or two here and there will make this account applicable in great measure to that most interesting and most charitable institution, for which we are anxious to enlist the sympathies of many new friends. The London Refuge is also under the care of the Sisters of Mercy. If these pages in their new life should gain friends for *them* also, we shall rejoice.

* * * * *

The house which is known by the significant and suggestive name of the Providence (Row) Night Refuge and Home, and which nightly receives nearly two hundred destitute men, women, and children, is situated in one of the poorest localities of London. The building itself—solid and handsome, with two fine portals, one for men and one for women—takes the visitor by surprise, whether it is approached by Raven Row, or Crispin Street, Bishopsgate Street Without. No better position could be

imagined for such a home of God's Providence. A network of narrow streets and alleys close it in, industrious people of the humblest class struggle for a living in the neighbourhood, and when shops are shut and the day's labour is at an end, the worst of the class that is not industrious, the lowest and most obnoxious of the population of London, come out and swarm upon the pavements, making night hideous with their noise. In the midst of this clamour, in the very centre of repulsive scenes, the gentle Sisters of Mercy keep open house for such of the honest destitute as would escape from the Bedlam without, yet being for the moment utterly homeless, know not where to hide themselves. We are familiar enough with the words of Scripture quoted further on, but we scarcely realize their full meaning to the outcast in London streets when night comes down; for instance to a girl friendless and honest, who has come to London thinking to pick up employment as readily as Dick Whittington thought to pick up gold. Day has followed day, and the situation for which she believed herself fit, is not to be had. She is too tall, too short, too pretty, too plain, too something, to be selected out of a crowd of eager applicants. The little store of money considered ample for all needs grows less and less, the poor lodging is exchanged for a poorer one, and finally, with empty hands and heart cold with terror, she stands alone and aghast in the black wilderness of London streets at midnight. She cannot blame anyone; it is nobody's affair that she is not safe in her cottage among the daisies, at home in her native village. Who knows whether she is honest or not, or will believe that a spotless girl can manage to get into such a plight? Rude words are addressed to her, hideous noises are in her ears. She feels herself degraded, hopeless; panic takes possession of her; and then—may God in His mercy keep her from the river! "I was a stranger, and you took me in." Some one tells her that round that noisy flaring corner, and then two dark lanes away, there stands a house, where she will be welcome to rest her bewildered head. She is too frightened at first to believe. If they are good people, they are asleep in their beds, and what can they want with a wanderer like her? Desperation drives her to go and see. Round the wide doors of the house have gathered a crowd, as sad, as weary, if not all as affrighted, as herself. Pale, well-tired faces, humbled by misfortune, are there among the rest. A mother, whose husband was taken some days ago to the hospital, and who was this morning obliged to turn out of her lodging, draws her three or four little ones close to her knees, and hugs her baby to her breast. Can she get shelter for all? Yes, the great door is flung open wide: there is room yet within,

and all the applicants may enter. Their faces are scanned to see if they are all free from the influence of drink, and if it be found so, no further questions are asked. The crowd of piteous, imploring faces passes out of the dreary glimmer of the gas-lamps, from under the drizzling rain, across the threshold; the door closes upon horror, desolation, cold, and darkness, and the unbidden guests are ushered into a warm bright hall, where the table of the great Master—the Lord who gave His feast to the halt and the lame and the blind—is spread before their hungry eyes. Large fires burn at either end of the long room, Christmas decorations of flowers and wreaths are still upon walls further beautified by gracious and graceful figures of the saints. Words uttered by Him who preached the sermon on the Mount speak from the wainscoting. "I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink." The shivering mother sinks upon a seat and kisses her children with moans of thankfulness. The little country maid gazes around her, and bursts into wild weeping. A sweet-faced lady in a white wimple touches her on the shoulder, but the poor child has no words as yet. The pleasant fireside reminds her of home. Horror, danger, and desolation have fled like a bad dream. Let her have a good cry undisturbed, with her head against the chimney-board. "Oh, Mother," she sobs at last, clasping the nun's kind hand, "it is so horrible to be shut out among the wicked ones!"

Upstairs there are beds for one hundred and twelve women, in a great airy room, at each end of which is a fire-place surmounted by a large crucifix. The beds are not luxurious enough to be a temptation to idleness, but are sufficiently comfortable to prove a boon to the homeless. They are kept exquisitely clean, which means no small daily labour to the entertainers of these strange guests, the lowest class of whom often come to them in a state of dirt fearful to see. Lavatories are at hand and are freely made use of, and in some cases money is given for a bath, which can be had at a low price in the neighbourhood. The apartment is thoroughly ventilated, is remarkably sweet and clean, and on cold nights fires are lighted at each end of the room. The men's dormitory is not so large, only holding sixty beds; and at one end of this chamber, facing the great crucifix above the opposite fire-place, is an engraving of the beggar saint who served his God to perfection amidst squalor and rags.

As early as five o'clock in the evening the motley company begins to arrive. At three o'clock in the afternoon fires are already burning brightly in the two reception halls (one for men and one for women), and even to eyes accustomed to more

luxurious surroundings the place has a homelike charm. It is evident that ladies abide here, their breath is in the atmosphere of the place, and when the guests arrive they show by their demeanour that they are well aware of being entertained, not by workhouse officials, but by women of gentle birth with hearts full of tenderness ; or rather indeed, as it sometimes appears to them, by God's own angels themselves, who have sprung up suddenly at a bad turn of life's crooked pathway, to lead them out of a howling wilderness into a haven of pleasantness and peace. When the very simple but comfortable supper is finished, the visitors having been served and waited upon by their lady hostesses, the poor creatures begin to spend their evening. Various kinds of needlework are produced by the women, generally knitting and sewing, and sometimes really beautiful embroidery is seen in their hands, difficult to execute and wretchedly paid for. Many accept gratefully a little teaching from the Sisters, a few of whom hold school for an hour or two, while others console the more afflicted of the poor vagrants and listen to their tales of distress. Those who apply for the first time are at once admitted, provided they are *bona fide* applicants ; while, after investigation, deserving persons are allowed to remain for weeks, and sometimes for months, until employment is secured ; and in special cases dinner is supplied. When the Refuge is full, and the applicants are deemed to be exceptionally deserving, lodgings are found for them elsewhere. In the case of illness in hospital or death of the father and husband, a mother will be allowed to sleep here with her children (who are never separated from her) as long as necessary, the nuns taking care of, and teaching the little ones by day, while the woman goes out to earn, or to seek for a means of earning money for their future support. As soon as the poor creature is able to pay for a lodging for her family, she is always ready, say the Sisters, to give place to some other destitute wanderer, more needy than she is now herself. In the case of respectable young girls hoping to make a livelihood the ladies are especially interested, and after a time, on thorough investigation, they generally remove them to their home for girls, a pleasant little establishment in another part of the building, where the fortunate inmates are taught needle and laundry work, and prepared in various ways for the situations afterwards found for them. Domestic servants, seamstresses, school-teachers, etc., go forth from this little ark of safety to take their places in the world, and ladies come here seeking for maids to fill various positions in their households. In a neat pleasant room brightened with flowers, with an oratory, with a shining fireside, may be seen nice girls with smooth hair

and smiling faces, busy in various ways, whose manners and appearance reflect credit on their training.

But it seems to us that the poor casuals in the halls downstairs are the most often interesting of all within the Refuge. Often they are found to be people who have seen better days, and are helped to make a fresh start in life. Their clothes or other possessions are taken out of pawn for them, or new clothing is provided in which they can make a proper appearance, and this applies to men as well as women. It frequently happens that men of a respectable class find themselves for a time compelled to seek the shelter of the Refuge. Sickness has deprived them of a situation, and it is woefully hard to get a new one. Sometimes a man past his prime is reduced by sudden reverse of fortune to utter ruin, and his antecedents make it very difficult for him to fit himself anywhere into a groove in the machinery of life's labour. It is not seldom the case that a person well-born, once having held a high position and enjoyed all the luxuries of life, falls at last into straits so sore that, after long suffering and a terrible struggle with his pride, he is thankful at last to enter humbly at this door thrown open to him by his meek Saviour. A fair-faced gentlewoman brings him his supper with welcoming smile and words of cheerful sympathy. Fallen as he is, she does not disdain to wait upon him as if he were her brother. The hardness that was fastening on his heart gives way, a tear he need not be ashamed of moistens the eye of the forlorn man, and his faith in human nature and his hope in Providence return. This sweetness of the Sisters in waiting on them personally at their meals has been described by men as particularly "comforting" to them. If worthy of such gentle service, there must still be a hope and a place for them in the world. Courage revives; to-morrow may bring the wished-for appointment that will restore them to independence. The evening passes in reading and conversation, sometimes in decorating the sitting-room. Along a large painted beam across the ceiling we read an inscription lately printed there in elegant characters by some grateful guest, "Honest poverty opens these doors to all alike." There is no distinction of creed or country. This last mentioned fact particularly pleases the sojourners in the Refuge, and it often happens that more Protestants than Catholics are harboured in the house.

In a touching and beautiful address, composed by themselves, and read by the male inmates of the Refuge on Christmas Day to the Very Rev. Canon Gilbert, the able and well-known founder and manager of the institution, two features of the treatment they received from the good Sisters were especially dwelt

upon—the gracious personal care bestowed on them by the ladies whose guests they find themselves, and the absolute freedom accorded to them in the matter of religion.

Indeed, the cheerfulness and gratitude of all who enter these doors is remarkable. The wanderers come in sad, tired, and afflicted ; but presently soothing influences do their work, care and sorrow are laid aside for the moment, and the after-supper hours are spent peacefully and even pleasantly. Music is sometimes heard in the halls, and songs are sung round the fireside with a refinement and pathos not always to be detected in the musical performances of drawing-rooms. While it is still early, most of the poor tired souls seek their rest. At either end of the women's dormitory a tiny room is partitioned off, and occupied every night by one of the Sisters. Strange resting-place for a lady delicately nurtured ; but what will not the charity of Christ accomplish ? In the men's dormitory a trustworthy man sleeps (slightly separated) from the rest. Order, peace, and thankfulness prevail in the establishment. The disorderly crowds yell in the streets, but our poor weary flock are housed and safe, and dream of better days yet to dawn even in this world of unrest ; or, if not here, then surely in the kingdom of God that is to come !

It is creditable alike to the charitable hearts of English gentlemen, and to the recognized usefulness of the Providence House, that almost all the City firms are yearly subscribers to the Refuge. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the present Lord Mayor are also among its benefactors. One of its good angels, Adelaide Procter, now in heaven, is still guardian of a bed in the women's dormitory. When dying, she bequeathed a touching legacy to the Charity whose interests were close to her heart. Among all the sweet songs she sang many have been and are every day set to music, and musicians are welcome to select one from the store upon payment of a guinea to the Night Refuge. We cannot do better than conclude our slight sketch of the noble work of the Sisters of Mercy by quoting from one of the poems in Miss Procter's *Chaplet of Verses*, a volume published for the benefit of the Refuge :—

It is cold dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet ;
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak, cold street ?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and the sleet ?

My dogs sleep warm in their baskets,
 Safe from the darkness and snow ;
 All the beasts in our Christian England
 Find pity wherever they go.
 (Those are only the homeless children
 Who are wandering to and fro.)

Look out in the gusty darkness—
 I have seen it again and again,
 That shadow that flits so slowly
 Up and down past the window pane :—
 It is surely some criminal looking
 Out there in the frozen rain.

Nay, our criminals all are sheltered,
 They are pitied and taught and fed ;
 That is only a sister or woman
 Who has neither food nor bed.
 And the night cries : " Sin to be living,"
 And the river cries : " Sin to be dead."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Madame Louise de France*. By Léon de la Brière. Authorized Translation by Meta and Mary Brown. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. (Price 6s.)

This fine volume with four beautiful illustrations contains an extremely interesting and edifying biography, which is sure in its new dress to find a very large number of readers. Miss Meta Brown ought to have lengthened her very brief preface by at least a few sentences, about the French author who has been so fortunate as to have her and her sister as his translators. The translation is remarkably good, in English as clear and simple as is possible in a version which is scrupulously faithful to the very French original. In the next edition Lucretius and St. John Nepomucene ought to give up their French names, and St. Alphonsus ought not to be called Bishop of Naples. In page 193, we have *benefit* instead of *benefice*, and in page 195 *suffer* instead of *suffice*. It is curious to find in the Prioress who received Madame Louise in the Carmelite Convent at St. Denis, an Irishwoman, Miss Craig, who herself had left

for this austere home the court of James II,* and had succeeded another Irishwoman, Miss Dillon. Her "angel," her guide during her probation, and her closest friend till death, was Julia MacMahon. One is shocked that long before the French Revolution the men employed in building the chapel of Versailles worked on Sunday, and Madame Louise had to make a special bargain to prevent this during the building of her chapel at St. Denis. The causes of the present ruin of Catholic France date far back. Which of the two ruined more souls—Luther or Voltaire?

2. *The Irish Parliament 1775. From an Official and Contemporary Manuscript.* Edited by William Hunt, M.A., D.Litt. London: Longmans, Green & Co. (Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book is much more interesting and more valuable than might be conjectured from the title. The record or analysis of the members of an old Irish Parliament which is here published, after more than a hundred years, has been fortunate in being edited by the President of the Royal Historical Society. His introduction and appendix are thoroughly good pieces of work, the fruit of much reading and research. Even at such a distance of time to read of the shameless plundering of Ireland by English kings and statesmen, makes one sympathise with Henry Grattan, when he said: "If you want to find a worse government than the English government of Ireland, you must go to Hell for your policy and to Bedlam for your discretion." This book accounts for more important matters than the naming of Harcourt Street, Townshend Street, Blacquiere Bridge, etc. At page 61 of our 32nd Volume (February, 1904) the reader will find an article entitled "The Irish House of Commons in 1770," founded on another unpublished manuscript somewhat similar to the one which has here been published in full, and most ably edited.

3. *In God's Good Time.* A Novel. By H. M. Ross. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger. (Price 4s. net.)

The female sex predominates among the American writers of Catholic fiction, and Mr. Henry Ross would do well to give his Christian name in full, as he has done elsewhere. His new novel has a very ingenious and sensational plot, such as regular novel readers are supposed to relish. Some people with quieter tastes prefer *Cranford* to *The Woman in White*. But it is not fair to blame a thing for not being something else, provided it is good of its kind. *In God's Good Time* is good of its kind.

* Is there not some mistake here? From the Court of James II. to the year 1770 is a long leap.

4. *Daddy Dan*. By Mary T. Waggaman. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : Benziger. (Price 1s. 6d.)

This is a somewhat smaller book than the preceding, but it is much more than proportionately cheaper. It is also a *younger* book, the hero being, not Daddy Dan, but his boy-friend, Edward Ray. Like all that Miss Waggaman writes, it is of high literary merit, brightened now and then with dainty little bits of description or cheerful, wholesome moralising. No one can help loving Ned and his mother, who are worthy of the happy surroundings in which we leave them at the last.

5. *The Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes*. Edited, with an Introduction by Ramsay Colles. London : George Routledge and Sons. (Price 1s. net.)

Publishers are giving us nowadays marvellous shillings-worths ; but we know of nothing better as regards its material form than this exquisitely neat volume of five hundred pages, most tastefully printed and bound. It has been edited with great skill and care. A very interesting biographical introduction lets us know that the poet's mother was a sister of our Maria Edgeworth. He was indeed a poet, but even this beautiful edition of his poems will not make them popular. Walter Savage Landor said that "nearly two centuries have elapsed since a work of the same wealth of genius as *Death's Jest Book* hath been given to the world." But to appreciate this and the other writings of Beddoes, there is need of a peculiarly cultivated taste. We fear that most readers will be chiefly attracted by Mr. Colles's sympathetic account of his unhappy poet, whose life and death seem to have been even sadder than his song.

6. The present page is one of those that purport to deal with new books. Under this heading may come new issues of old works. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, of Dublin, have just re-issued two works of very dissimilar character. One of the early items of the splendid contribution made to Irish and Catholic literature by the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, was his *Historical Sketch of the Persecutions suffered by the Catholics of Ireland under the Rule of Cromwell and the Puritans*. The new impression is a fine volume of more than five hundred pages (price 3s. 6d.), and is guaranteed to have been "printed and bound in Ireland." What is called an index at the end of the volume ought to have been placed in front as a table of contents, and its place at the end ought to have been an alphabetical index of matter, such as is always understood by that word.

The second reprint of Messrs. Gill and Son is *The Poemsof Speranza* (price One Shilling). They are full of eloquence and

patriotism, but very melancholy as faint echoes of the politics and aspirations of sixty years ago. Jane Francesca Elgee will be remembered, not as "Speranza," nor as the wife of Sir William Wilde, but as the mother of the author of the *Ballad of Reading Jail* and *De Profundis*.

7. The great Music Publishers, Novello and Company, of London, have issued eight parts of *School Band Music*, edited by W. G. M'Naught—a series intended to meet the wants of school string-bands. English, Scotch, and Welsh airs, two of the Irish Melodies, and airs by Arne, Handel, Mendelssohn, Purcell, and Boyce, have been very simply arranged by Percy E. Fletcher. The arrangements are complete in themselves with or without the vocal parts, and they can also be used as accompaniments to Novello's School Song edition of the pieces. Each of the parts for 1st violin, 2nd violin, viola, and violoncello, is given in a separate cover for threepence. The corresponding pianoforte parts cost three halfpence or twopence. Other publications of this enterprising firm are *Examination Questions and How to Work Them* (price 2s.), by Dr. Cuthbert Harris, who uses his experience as an examination "coach," and *Voice Culture for Children*, a practical primer on the cultivation of young voices, with exercises for the use of school choirs, solo-boys, etc., by Mr. James Bates, Director of the London College for Choristers. This work is published in two parts, price 1s. 6d. each, and a third part as appendix, for eightpence.

8. The Australian Catholic Truth Society (Melbourne: 312 Lonsdale Street), has sent us Nos. 40-43 of its admirable publications. Mr. Benjamin Hoare treats very ably of the relations between Religion and Society; but there is more of novelty and entertainment and very useful instruction in Mr. Ronald Stewart's very wise and pleasant essay on Religion and Amusements. Father James O'Dwyer, S.J., goes back, with excellent effect, to St. Francis of Assisi and Medieval Catholicism. But we suspect that these three essays together will not attract as many Australian readers as the neat reprint of that exquisite little masterpiece which has already become a classic, *Old Times in the Barony*, by Father Connée, S.J.—to whose name the Australian printers have appended the word "Ireland."

9. *The Drink Problem in its Medico-Sociological Aspects, by fourteen Medical Authorities*. Edited by T. N. Kellynock, M.D., M.R.C.P. London: Methuen & Co., 36 Essex Street, W.C. (Price 7s. 6d. net.)

This is one of the most important and most interesting works on the subject of alcoholic drinks, and is sure to exercise a beneficial influence on the opinions and practice of very many

with regard to this too practical question. It is strictly professional and scientific, with nothing puritanical or faddish about its tone. This fine, readable volume indeed belongs to the New Library of Medicine, edited by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, and has no connexion with any association for Temperance reform which might be suspected of exaggeration in its statements. As the preface says, "an attempt has been made to deal with the subject throughout in a strictly scientific spirit, and to present the whole question in a comprehensive series of authoritative chapters, each being written by a specially qualified medical expert." Some fourteen chapters by as many different writers, whose qualifications and medical appointments are mentioned after their names, discuss the evolution, pathology, psychology, and criminology of alcoholism, its medico-legal relations, and its relations to mental disease, public health, life assurance, and pauperism, and especially with regard to women and children. The position held by each of these writers makes him an authority on his special subject. We recognize at least one Irishman among them, the son of the very gifted Dr. W. K. Sullivan, Dr. Windle's most brilliant predecessor as President of Queen's College, Cork. A very full index adds immensely to the utility of this excellent work, which meets the requirements of the medical practitioner as well as of the intelligent layman.

10. *Frequent and Daily Communion, according to the Recent Decrees of the Holy See.* By the Rev. Arthur Devine, Passionist. London : R. & T. Washbourne. (Price 2s.)

There have been already many articles and booklets published about the recent decrees of the Holy See regarding frequent and daily Communion ; but Father Devine's treatise of 170 pages seems to be the fullest and most theological. The publishers have brought out the little book with their usual care and good taste.

11. We had seen and admired odd numbers of the *Austral Light*, a monthly magazine, published at Melbourne, under the auspices of the Archbishop, Dr. Carr ; but we had not a proper idea of the high standard that our colonial contemporary has attained under its present management, until the volume for 1906 reached us, in its complete and perfect state. For printing and binding Melbourne might not fear to compete with Dublin or London. Why cannot Cape Town furnish the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* with type and paper equally good ? Australia has no Catholic man of letters as gifted and versatile as Dr. Kolbe, and no story-teller as pleasant as S. M. C. ; but the seventh annual volume of the *Austral Light* is full of excellent literary matter. Its chief poets are a Jesuit and a Lazarist—

Father Watson, S.J., and Father M. J. O'Reilly, C.M. The latter will hardly do anything better than "A Veteran of the Guard." Mr. Bowditch and others contribute a great variety of literary and miscellaneous essays. The Editor with our fullest approval has given a second existence to some pages of our early volumes; and we mention this circumstance only for the purpose of revealing that two writers thus honoured—C. M., the author of "Ethna's Dowry," and A. D., the author of "Waiting"—are sisters. C. M. are the initials of Miss Clara Mulholland, and A. D. are the final letters of Rosa Mulholland. The use of these letters implies that the verses in question date back to Lady Gilbert's girlhood. Why is not the delightfully written and very edifying account of the late Father Farrelly of Kilmore assigned to Mr. J. Gavan Duffy in its own place, as it is in the index? It is worthy of the literary associations which cling round that name.

12. There is something grotesque in a modest monthly publication like ours criticising, however favourably, stately Quarterlies like the two which have just reached us at the same moment from the United States. The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* is the weightiest and most dignified of Catholic periodicals published in the English language, especially since Mr. Wilfrid Ward has admitted verse and other lighter elements into the grave old *Dublin Review*, transforming it into a higher sort of quarterly magazine. The other quarterly is of a lighter kind, and aims, no doubt, at soon becoming a monthly—it is No. 2 of the *Child of Mary*, published by the Sisters of Providence, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Vigo County, Indiana. May it long deserve its name, and promote the honour of Our Lady directly and more frequently indirectly by such papers as that on Brownson—which indeed shows that strenuous man to have been a dutiful child of Mary. Is *bless* a misprint for *praise* in the last line of C. M.'s rhymed and well-written "Sursum Corda"?

From Indiana to New South Wales is a long stretch of sea and land. The last Christmas *Memoirs of Rosebank* (Sydney) must be delightful reading for the initiated, since even mere outsiders far away have read it with keen interest.

13. No. 1 of the thirteenth volume of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* (February, 1907) bears a new name as printers and publishers on the cover—no longer "M'Caw, Stevenson, and Company," but "Davidson and M'Cormick, the North Gate Printing Works, Belfast." It does the North Gate Press great credit. It is admirably printed, and the portraits of Aodh O'Neill and the other illustrations are well produced. The

Rev. W. T. Latimer is mistaken in thinking that David Baillie Warden was a member of the French Academy. There is a great gulf between *Membre de l'Institut* and *l'un des Quarante*. For instance, that excellent writer, Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, is a Member of the Institute, but certainly not an Academician.

14. *Temperance Catechism and Manual of the Total Abstinence League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the use of Colleges, Schools, and Educational Establishments.* By the Rev. J. A. Cullen, S.J. Dublin: Messenger Office, 5 Great Denmark Street. (Price 1d.)

This penny booklet will help to save many a pound—and many a soul. In its sixty-four compact pages a vast amount of information is crushed together on all branches of the subject, drawn from the best authorities in England and Ireland. High authorities are quoted for all the statements. Evidently an enormous circulation is counted upon, otherwise such a book of 64 pages could not be offered for a penny. It will convert many a sinner, confirm many a waverer, and furnish solid substance to many a Temperance speech and sermon.

15. The tiny wee Lilliputian booklet of aspirations and prayers in verse which the Catholic Truth Society (69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.), published some years ago for the universally popular penny, has reached its *eleventh* thousand, though its title page only says "Sixth Thousand." In statements of this kind publishers are more apt to err by excess than by defect. Many of these rhymed ejaculations might be got off by heart, and used with profit, even by "children of a larger growth."

16. *Selected Poetry of Father Faber.* By the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. London: Washbourne. (Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is the latest proof of Father Fitzpatrick's devotion to the saintly and fascinating author of *All for Jesus*. In this very elegant little quarto, for which half-a-crown is a moderate price, he has gathered the most beautiful things from Father Faber's two large volumes of "Poems" and "Hymns," and also from "Sir Launcelot." In his graceful introduction he does not explain the principles which guided him in his choice. Probably he was glad to select fine things, which he thought would have for most readers a certain novelty. He omits what Cardinal Newman was certainly right in considering Faber's highest achievement, "Mother of Mercy! day by day." This anthology is another delightful memorial of one who surely deserves both the titles that Abraham Cowley bestowed on Crashaw—poet and saint.

17. Messrs. James Duffy & Son, Dublin, have issued, in a

neatly printed and neatly bound book of 120 pages, price only sixpence, *A Manual of Religious Instruction*, by the Rev. P. Power, who has practical experience as Lecturer in Christian Doctrine in the Waterford Training College. It has been "compiled for use with the Catechism ordered by the National Synod of Maynooth." It contains a great deal of information clearly conveyed; and the parts that should be reserved for more advanced classes are marked off from what is necessary for a First Communion class of beginners. This little book will be found very useful.

18. *Life of Pierre Olivaint, S.J., Martyr of the Paris Commune*. Dublin: Messenger Office, 5 Great Denmark Street. (Price 1d.)

This is a most edifying and interesting little sketch of the most prominent among the men whom the Paris Commune on the eve of its defeat put to death in its mad rage. One of those who were shot with him was Alexis Clerc, with whom the present writer lived for two years under the same roof. They were all innocent and inoffensive, and their death was murder. *Nemo repente fit turpissimus*, and France has long been preparing for her present degradation.

19. The first volume has appeared of a very important work,—of which the publishers in Europe are Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London—*The History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal*, by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., who has laboriously examined all the documents bearing on the subject to be found in twenty-eight depositories in Europe, and twenty-two in America. These materials have never before been utilized. A second volume will give most of the documents on which this new narrative is founded. The volume now announced is only the beginning of an enterprise of great interest and importance.

20. *Thoughts and Fancies*. By F. C. Kolbe, D.D. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 2s. 6d.)

Though this dainty volume reaches us so late as April 19, we must at least announce it in our May number, for it begins with nine beautiful poems, "For the Madonna." We have often congratulated Catholic South Africa in possessing a literary representative of such gifts and culture as Dr. Frederick Kolbe. These *Thoughts and Fancies* show the versatility of his genius and the wide range of his interests. Besides the *carmina Mariana* that are put first, we have sonnets, sacred thoughts, songs of patriotism, album verses, and translations. They are all fresh and graceful. We looked in vain for Dr. Kolbe's earliest publication, *Minnie Coldwell and other Stories*, in the

list of tales which the Publishers have appended to this book. Have they allowed it to drop out of print? Dr. Kolbe has great skill as a storyteller; and a reprint of many of the stories he has contributed to the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* would be a fine addition to our stores of Catholic fiction.

21. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son show great activity in reproducing some of their publications that have stood the test of time. *True Hearts' Trials, A Tale of Ireland and America*, by T. O'Neill Russell, is issued as a bound volume of 250 pages for two shillings, and in paper covers for sixpence. A smaller but much more precious sixpenceworth is *National and Other Poems*, by Thomas Davis. It seems to be quite an adequate selection. John Fisher Murray's fine elegy ought to have been followed by Sir Samuel Ferguson's still finer poem in memory of Davis.

22. Benziger Brothers of New York have issued for three shillings a second volume of *Round the World*, with 103 illustrations. It is a most entertaining and instructive volume, describing a great many places and things in all parts of the world. It would be an excellent reading book, especially in American schools.

GOOD THINGS WELL SAID

1. Protestantism—which cuts off miracles at the end of Apostolic times—has committed suicide; by making unique events of its basic phenomena it has made continued belief in them impossible.—*J. Arthur Hill*.

2. Once a few men wrote books, and everybody read them; now everybody writes books and nobody reads them.—*Saturday Review*.

3. A little child's day is longer than a man's week.—*Rev. David Bearne, S.J.*

4. We do not mourn what we do not miss, and we do not miss what we have not known.—*The Same*.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

JUNE, 1907

A YOUNG PRIEST AND A YOUNG PHYSICIAN *IN PIAM MEMORIAM*

SOME of our readers may remember, and some may be able to refer back to, the last December Number of this Magazine which opened with the joint obituary of "A Newry Priest and a Newry Layman." The apology which introduced the funeral words spoken over Father James Carlin and Mr. Thomas Fegan might be repeated here; but we are confident that no apology will be considered necessary for the tribute that we are about to pay (out of a richer treasury than our own) to the memory of two brothers. The last of these to be summoned in his young manhood before his merciful Redeemer and Judge died in the first week of this May which has just gone by. Dr. John O'Hare, a native of Mayobridge, near Newry, a pupil of Clongowes College, well known and much loved by his fellow-students of medicine in Dublin, had just begun his professional career in Newry with the most assured promise of great success when he caught typhus fever in the course of his devoted attendance on the poor, and died to the grief and dismay of the many who had already learned to love him and to trust to him. He was twenty-nine years old. Beside his coffin when it rested on its way before the altar of the village church, where he had often prayed and served Mass and made his First Communion, and many a Communion between that and the Holy Viaticum which he received at the last with the most perfect dispositions—beside the coffin in the church of Mayobridge, the Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Henry O'Neill, spoke thus :—

"Were it not for the consoling assurances of religion, how sad beyond all words it would be to contemplate such a spectacle

as the present—to stand by the coffin of one so young, so virtuous, so esteemed, so beloved, summoned from life in the very spring-time of his days, and when the bright promise of his early years had every prospect of being realized in a long and honourable and distinguished career? When death strikes down some member of a happy home circle close knit by ties of tenderest affection, it never fails to pierce with keenest pain the hearts of those who are left behind. What then must be the sorrow for his loss of the brothers and sisters and other relatives to whom he was endeared by all those winning qualities which make a brother lovable and render young manhood so attractive! But still more, what must be the anguish of his widowed mother, with whom, above all, we sympathize most sincerely in the desolation which this fresh trial brings into a life that has already had its own share of sorrow. What force of mere reasoning, what human sympathy, could assuage the bitterness of her grief, what love even of those who still remain to her could lessen the weight of the blow that has fallen on her heart, were it not that religion disarms death of its worst terrors, nay, transforms it into a messenger of bliss, and makes of the grave itself a portal which opens into a region of immeasurable, never-ending joy? Oh, what balm to her lacerated heart in this hour of sad bereavement to hear faith announcing in the name of infallible Truth that this well-beloved child, this son of her heart's affection, still lives, and will live on for ever; that his passing away was but a slumber in which he shut his eyes to the fitful and transitory things of time, and then in another instant unclosed them amid the unimaginable grandeur and boundless extent of eternity; that he has but departed from this valley of exile with its deceitful pleasures and false joys, its dangers and temptations, to enter into his true country, his everlasting home; that his undying spirit is now in the hands of his Creator, and with the Saints is his lot for evermore.

“For even as the seed decaying in the earth springs up into renovated life and adorns the fruitful field or waving forest, so that body which must smoulder into the dust from which it sprang, will rise again glorious and immortal; for, though sown in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption; though sown in dishonour, it shall rise in glory; though sown a natural body, it shall rise a spiritual body; for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Yes, thanks to the loving mercy of our God, the Orient from on high hath risen to enlighten those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. We are not, like the heathen, without hope. We can now view death as a passage from a prison to a throne. We

can look through the fissures of the tomb and catch a glimpse of the glories that are beaming beyond it. The darkest clouds that thicken round the deathbed are lit up into unearthly brightness by the approaching dawn of an everlasting day, and when we part from cherished friends, we feel that they have only gone a short time before us, and that we shall meet them once more in the Kingdom of the Just made perfect, that home of blessed peace and joy into which neither sin nor sorrow can ever enter, where, loving and beloved, we shall be the companions of the brightest spirits creation has produced, enjoying happiness greater than human fancy has ever dreamt of or human desire has ever coveted, beaming with immortal youth, encompassed with radiant glory, dazzled by the clear vision of the unclouded beauty of God, and this not for a few passing years but for the long ages of a never-ending eternity.

"It is to this aspect of death we should especially turn when our hearts are sore with the ruin it makes of cherished hopes, and the separation it effects between us and those around whom our affections are entwined. And so if we think with sadness of this young, useful life, prematurely cut short by death, we should at the same time comfort ourselves with the consoling hope that he has thereby secured all the sooner a share in the happiness of that glorious kingdom promised by our Lord to those who love and serve Him. And we may indeed cherish this hope with more than ordinary confidence, because he seems never to have lost the freshness and innocence of his youth. He was throughout his whole life of singularly blameless conduct, and of character and disposition unstained and unspoiled by the wickedness of a corrupt world. He was in truth one of those who according to the Holy Spirit 'being made perfect in a short space fulfilled a long time.' Blessed by God with great natural talents, he had cultivated them well and used them wisely. And he had already given fairest promise that had life been spared he would have won a foremost position in the honourable profession he had chosen. Frank and boyish, and open as the day, with charming and attractive qualities, both of mind and heart, it is no wonder he had gained for himself in Newry a host of friends who now deplore the tragic ending of his too brief life, and whose sincere regrets follow him to his early grave. But, most of all the poor, to whom he was so devoted, and in whose service it may be truly said he sacrificed his life, mourn for him to-day not merely as the skilful physician ever ready at their call, but also as the kindly friend whose thoughtful charity often relieved their wants, and whose pleasant cheery ways brought into their bleak homes and suffering lives those gleams

of comfort which nothing can bring so well as the sympathy of a kindly human heart.

"But, better still, he never forgot amid his professional work or the distractions of the world, the higher duties he owed to his own soul. He always remembered the early lessons he had learned at his mother's knee. He was to the last as loving, as dutiful, as obedient to her wishes as in the days when as a boy he was seldom far from her side. The habits of piety he then acquired were not discarded, as is too often the case, when he left the safe shelter of the home life to prepare himself amid the dangers of a great city for the profession he had adopted. Throughout his whole student course he safeguarded himself by frequent reception of the Sacraments, and by all the helps religion supplies, and we know how edifying his life was in this and other respects since he came to reside amongst us in Newry.

"Mysterious as God's ways sometimes appear to our feeble minds, we must believe that they are always both loving and merciful, and so if, in a case like this, there seems reason for much sorrow, we must not forget that there are motives, too, for much comfort. What better ending after all could the mother who bore him have wished for him? He realized her fondest wishes during life as a good son and a true Christian, and he died not merely the death of the just, but the noble death of a martyr to duty. To her, to the brother who mourns him here to-day, to that other who is far away, to the sisters who are weeping silently and praying for him in their convent homes, to the relatives who loved him as their own—to all, I tender in your name and for myself, our most respectful sympathy, praying God to comfort them in these first hours of their bitter sorrow, and to grant to the soul of him whom they mourn, and whom we all regret, eternal light and rest and happiness. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God and the merits of Christ Jesus, rest in peace. Amen."

Such a testimony as this from his Bishop does not need to be supplemented; but of many consoling details that might be mentioned we will only add that just before he was seized by the fatal malady a Retreat had been given in Newry Cathedral by two Jesuit Fathers, one of whom, Father Gleeson, had been one of John O'Hare's masters in Clongowes. The young doctor attended both the morning and evening sermons during the whole Retreat, and discharged the duties of religion with the bright, unaffected, manly piety that had always distinguished him.

But we leave him to the prayers and sympathies of the kind reader, who will now go back with us eleven years.

The year 1896 opened as sadly for a good mother and father as this May opened for the widowed mother. Father Hugh O'Hare died on the eve of New Year's eve. We will let the same eloquent lips tell his story. The present Bishop was then Father O'Neill, Administrator of Warrenpoint, to which parish Mayobridge belongs. He began with the text so familiar yet always fresh, the *consummatus in brevi* of the fourth chapter of the Book of Wisdom, "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased God; therefore, He hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities."

"What a striking and impressive illustration of the truth of these words is afforded by the scene before us and the occasion which has called us together! A young priest, with the grace of ordination still fresh upon his soul, with the probability, humanly speaking, of many long years before him of useful work for God, has had his life unexpectedly cut short; leaving to some a sorrow which no words can measure, and to others the keenest and deepest regret. God's ways are indeed wonderful, but however inscrutable to our feeble lights, however incomprehensible to our weak understandings, we know that in everything and always they are meant to work for our greater good.

"But six short months ago the aspiration of his heart and of his life was realized; he was invested with the sacred dignity and marvellous powers of the priesthood. From his boyhood upwards he had been cultivating those virtues and exercising himself in that holiness required in the aspirant to an office so awful and so sublime. Singularly happy in his early training in a home which is the model of what a Christian home should be, he had constantly before his eyes the example of all that was good, and a loving guardianship to guide and keep his young footsteps in the paths of virtue. And so well did he profit by these blessings that the record of his early life is a beautiful and consoling memory; the memory of a child who never caused his parents a moment of anxiety or sorrow. And when in obedience to God's call and in furtherance of God's designs, he parted from the watchful and loving care of his parents, his after life in school and in college was but the development of that which he had so well begun. The unaffected simplicity of his character, the boyish frankness, which he retained even to the last, his winning lovingness and brightness, the outcome of an innocent heart in communion with its God, secured for him the marked esteem of his immediate superiors and made

him a potent influence for good with his fellow-students and all who came in contact with him. When the sacred seal of ordination was set upon the preparation and holiness of his life, he was summoned at once to the active duties of the ministry and went to his work like every fervent young priest with a heart strung high with the glorious things he intended to do, with the realization in his own soul of his high ideals of priestly perfection. And short as was the time of his missionary career he had already given ample evidence of the zeal which animated him and a singular capacity for the efficient and successful discharge of his sacred duties ; so much so indeed that the people to whom he ministered but for a few months had come to regard him with a depth of devotion which might well have rewarded the labours of years.

"And now his work is ended for ever. His life had not any noon-tide of glory ; its morning radiance was quick followed by sunset, by the twilight and the darkness of the night time, when man can work no more. He is gone for ever ; the lips scarcely attuned to those words of awful and mighty power which a priest alone is privileged to utter, are motionless ; his hands lie in peaceful rest over the pulseless heart, sanctified with the touch of the Lord ; while over the lithe, active figure instinct with the grace and vigour of young manhood, Death's shadow has fallen deep and dark, never to be lifted off until the Archangel's Trump of Doom quicken the mortal dust and summon a dead world to life again.

"And in all this is there nothing now but sad regret for his loss by those who have the best right to mourn him ? Oh, surely not. What better could they desire for him, who was the object of their heart's best love, than that he should be called away before he had gathered, like his brethren, the harvest of many a year in the vineyard of the Lord ? Was not he himself garnered into his Father's home while his soul was still in the freshness of its innocence and righteousness ? If his time was short, his account was all the less, and his responsibilities all the fewer. He was spared from finding out from sad experience what the young so seldom understand, that this world is not what it seems to youthful eyes ; that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong ; that the aspirations of youthful zeal, no matter how high and noble, are not always realized ; and that at the close of a life's work many a priest receives nothing but the bitterness of baffled efforts and disappointed hopes. 'And now, in the midnight time,' when 'behold the bridegroom cometh,' his lamp of preparation was already trimmed ; his loins were girt by the strength of the Holy Sacrament and undis-

turbed by fear ; with the calm tranquillity of a soul at peace with God, he waited and watched for the end. He was heard soon after his ordination to say that he was ready to die then if God so willed it, and the interval since had not impaired that fitness of soul but rather increased it by those graces which came to him from the exercise of his sacred functions. At the last he had one consolation which does not often brighten the deathbed of a priest. He did not pass away in loneliness with strange faces around him, but here amongst his own. His father, who had hoped that his son might one day close his dying eyes, was there completing like a Christian the sacrifice he had made when he gave the bright boy he loved to God. The mother, too, was there to join in the same sacrifice, in the same spirit ; to bless her child with her prayers, to soothe his pains, and to whisper, with all the anguish of a living martyrdom, words of resignation, to strengthen, to comfort, and sustain him in the weakness and weariness of his dying hour. Sisters, brothers, and friends who made up the happy home circle of which he was once the light and joy, were there to pray with him and take their last look of him in sorrow and in love. God's minister, too, was there, to purify the last hours by the absolution of his soul. And so, surrounded with all the consolations that can make a death holy or a death-bed happy, he passed to his reward, and he will rest here among his own kith and kin, up amongst the hills he loved. The winds of heaven shall play his requiem, and the sun shall shine upon his grave, here among the people who loved him in life and will remember him in death, and where for many a long day the simple, untutored prayers of childlike hearts will ascend in his behalf to the Throne of God.

" Should not a death such as this be a subject of holy envy ? Natural affections will have their way since God Himself has given them ; hearts bound to the departed by the closest and fondest ties will mourn, but let them remember that God's love is over us all, and never more so than when He seems to wound. To those who bow their heads in meek submission His consolation will not be wanting for long, and the day will come when as they look back upon this occasion they may say with the Psalmist, ' According to the multitude of my suffering Thy comforts have given joy to my heart.' Time is the borderland of Eternity, and Life is but little removed from Death. For those who mourn to-day the present will be compensated by the joy of a meeting which will last for eternity.

" But, brethren, we must not forget that we are here to-day for an act of charity to the dead, as well as of sympathy for

the living. We know that, however perfect a soul may seem to human eyes, it has to pass in judgment before the infinite holiness of God, who visits with His displeasure even the slightest imperfection. If the soul of this good young priest is still deprived of the clear vision of heaven, it is a duty of our charity to pray most fervently that God may shorten the time of his purgation, and admit him speedily to the glorious kingdom for which he longed. And so, while praying God's rest upon his soul, pray too that the lessons of his life may be seen in ourselves, and that, when we come to die, our death may be, like unto his, the death of the just."

SOMEONE

THE rain is pouring, pouring down,
And Wimbledon 's a dripping town ;
In spite of May a sky of lead
Hangs dull and dreary overhead.

But now the thought of Someone leaps
Unbidden up from memory's deeps ;
In fancy smiles her little face—
And Wimbledon 's another place !

The sky is light and bright again,
Low music tinkles in the rain ;
Such witchery the very thought
Of Someone's happy face has wrought.

God bless her for her gentle ways,
And fill her life with pleasant days !
Ah, Sweet ! what ever should we do
Without such loving hearts as you ?

J. W. A.

A DISCUSSION ON ART

TURLOUGH was an old-time farm servant of the faithful and affectionate type, now, alas, gone hopelessly out of fashion ; the kind of retainer whom we modern folk incline to look upon as a myth, but who—no matter what over-turns of fortune it might meet with—would cheerfully and steadfastly cling to the family to which he was attached, wages or no wages, rather than transfer his services to an alien though wealthier household.

Despite the fact that it was not always clean, and often went unshaved from Sunday until Sunday, Turlough's face was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen,—clearly cut, mobile, aquiline, with a mouth like Cupid's bow, tender and sweet as a woman's ; eyes of child-like innocence and blueness, a complexion clear and transparent, with the mingled warm flush and milkiness of a hedge-rose in June.

This enviable pink and whiteness of skin which may often be seen in others following his avocation, was due partly to his early hours and the open-air life which he led—for Turlough's office in my father's employ was to milk the cows and tend the calves—but rather more, I believe, to the new milk or butter-milk which was his favourite beverage—one might almost say sustenance.

Going to bed with the sun and rising with the lark, his work kept him out the whole length of the summer day in pleasant green meadows and pasture lands far from the haunts of men. His "rosy face was washed with dew," his eyes were brightened and his heart lightened by a daily communion with Nature, whether seen under bright, smiling sunshine or soft, kindly shower ; but, as he milked his cows, his head laid lovingly against the silken hide of his favorite "Broken Horn," or "Whitefoot," droning some old "come-all-ye," to the musical accompaniment of the milk flowing into the pail, I doubt if any multi-millionaire or prince of the realm were happier or more care-free than he.

He was quite an old man as long as I remember him, for he had served my father's grandfather before himself, and remained on, as a matter of course, with the family after the old master had died and the young one had married. An inveterate old bachelor to the end of his days, he was yet whole-heartedly devoted to all of us children ; and though I fear we must often have teased him unmercifully, his worst and most terrifying threat against us was, "I'll slap you across the palm of the

hand with a sugarstick." My father having given up for a while the keeping of dairy cattle, and Othello's occupation being consequently gone, Turlough left us for a short time; but when he returned a few years later to take up his old duties, our joy at seeing him was at least as great as his own.

Turlough always had his meals in the kitchen, because, being a bachelor, "he had no one to do for him." His simple repasts, as well as I remember them, consisted most often of a huge bowl of his favourite bread and milk; for, being toothless as well as whitehaired and venerable, poor Turlough was unable to manage even the softest of crusts. His culinary needs were attended to at this time by Bridget Murphy, a buxom widow, past middle age, who had "married well," and was in consequence inclined (though now reduced from her high estate) to exact what seemed to others an undue meed of respect for herself as the relict of the late Mr. Murphy. Therefore should any of her cronies in moments of conviviality forget themselves so far as to address her as "Bridget," they were apt to be reminded, in withering tones, "*Mrs. Murphy*, in *your* mouth, if ye please, ma'am!"

A conversation which took place one day between Turlough and "Mrs. Murphy," may be worth repeating. The latter, for all her fine airs and graces, was a somewhat illiterate person; and Turlough, who prided himself on being "a well-read man," looked down on all her "high falutins" with an air of tolerant and amused superiority. In those juvenile days I rather fancied myself an artist; and to Turlough as an old friend and a surely kind critic, I displayed my untutored decorative attempts with a quite unjustifiable pride. Sitting at work in a parlour adjoining the farmhouse kitchen, while Bridget was giving Turlough his dinner, I overheard the following discussion:—

"Why," says Turlough, "Miss Nora is gettin' to be a wonderful great artist entirely. She'll soon bate out Michael Angelo himself."

"Michael Angelo?" said Bridget, with enthusiasm. "He was what you might call a fine painter."

"He was *that*," Turlough agreed.

"He was a fine hand at paintin' signboards," said Bridget.

Turlough did not answer, whether because he was speechless with amazement, or merely that he was engaged with a more than ordinarily tough crust, I was not in a position to determine.

"Poor fellow, it was a terrible pity about him. I knew him well," Mrs. Murphy went on, in meditative tones.

"Ye didn't know him!" Turlough jerked out at length, with a touch of scorn which was apparently lost on his listener.

"Bedad I did, an' right well, too," the latter affirmed, nothing daunted. "Sure, didn't I live in the same street with him?"

This was evidently a staggerer, and reduced poor Turlough to a state of voiceless exasperation.

"Ye—ye didn't know him! Ye couldn't have known him!" he stuttered at length. "Sure the man's dead and buried long ago."

"Ah, then, is he dead?" Bridget ejaculated in tones of sorrow and surprise. "I wonder now, what happened him, an' he such a fine young man. I heard he was fond of a sup."

Turlough gave a snort.

"Fond of a sup, indeed. Musha, maybe he was, too; sure it's many a good man's fault. But you couldn't know him, woman! The man's dead for more than three hundred years. He was the greatest painter that ever lived."*

"Three hundred years!" Bridget gasped. "Oh, then, I must be makin' a mistake. The young man that I spoke of, I saw him three months ago. He used to lodge with a woman in Station Lane, and he was a beautiful painter entirely. It must have been another young man of the same name."

"Mebbe so," grunted Turlough resignedly. "But Michael Angelo couldn't be his *rale* name."

"Why not?" said Bridget. "To hear you talk one would think there could be only the one painter and the one Michael Angelo in the world. Anyhow, that was the name; I often heard the boys calling it after him as he went down the street with his ladder an' paintpot."

"I daresay. Don't you see it was only a nickname they had on him?"

"I don't know for that," Bridget persisted stoutly, and in her loftiest tones, as she began with a cloth to clear away the plates. "Michael Angelo they called him, anyhow; a nice, sandy-haired young man, an' a first-class house painter. 'Twas a pity he was so fond of the sup—I suppose it killed him in the end."

Turlough gave it up in despair. But after the day of this discussion with Bridget his good-humoured contempt for that lady, with all her works and pomps, her airs and graces, was, if possible, greater than ever.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

* I he had been, he would not have been also sculptor, architect, and poet

STELLA MATUTINA

STAR of Salvation,
Light of Creation
 From its first morn ;
Rays of thy brightness,
Soft silver whiteness,
 Eden adorn.

In the beginning
Came Adam's sinning,
 Through Satan's schemes ;
But those sad faces
Gleam with new graces
 In thy bright beams.

Though the earth bristles
With thorns and thistles,
 Shall they despair ?
Sweet Star above them !
How God must love them !
 He put thee there.

Now in earth's ending
Thou art still sending
 Light through the dark :
Star of the Ocean !
Guiding the motion
 Of Peter's Barque.

Angels and nations
All generations
 Still call thee Blest ;
Watch us when waking,
Watch us when taking
 Eternal Rest !

K. D. B.

NOVELS AND NOVEL READERS]

BY THE LATE JUDGE CARTON

PART II.

AS an amusement, novel-reading has the advantage of being at once innocent and inexpensive. Now this is by no means an advantage to be thought little of. A taste for novels will keep many a young man away from the billiard-table, the singing saloon, and the pit of the theatre, and preserve him unscathed amidst the temptations and vicious habits of cities. I have just illustrated my observations by reference to a modern poem. Let me make a modern novelist illustrate this portion of my subject for me. There is a very pretty story by Mr. Edmund Yates, with which, I dare say, some of you are acquainted—*Broken to Harness*. Such of you as have read the story will remember that at the head of the room No. 120, at the Tin Tax Office, was Mr. Kincheton, who had been in the office since he was sixteen years old, and had fairly won every step he got by his uniform zeal and good conduct. His father had been head keeper to a nobleman who had placed the boy on the foundation of a grammar school of which he was patron, and finding him apt and studious, had obtained for him his appointment from the Government of the day. His early life as a clerk, thrown as a mere boy, fresh from a country school, into all the perils of London, is thus described. "No Adelphi at half price; no cider cellars or coal hole for young Kincheton, who had a little bedroom in a little terrace close by Kennington Common, where he was to be found every night, book in hand and happy as a prince. A poor little bedroom enough! a wretched little bedroom, with a white dimity-covered tester bed, two rush-bottomed chairs, a painted chest of drawers, a rickety wash-stand, and a maddening square of looking-glass hanging against the wall. But to that garret came Sancho Panza and the gaunt Don, his master; came Gil Blas and the beggar with his arquebuse, and the Archbishop of Granada; came wandering Rasselas and sage Imlac; came Ferdinand Count Fathom, swearing Tom Pipes, and decorous Mr. Blifil. There the hardworking clerk laughed over Falstaff's lovemaking and Malvolio's disgrace; or wept over Sterne's dead ass, or Le Fevre's regained sword, while his comrades, Mace and Flukes, were ruining each other at billiards, and Potter and Piper were hiccuping noisy applause to indecent songs."

Now I am not exactly recommending you to choose the companions which Mr. Kincheton selected. I think you would probably consider Rasselas a humbug and the sage Imlac a most decided bore; and certainly the acquaintance of Ferdinand, Count Fathom and Tom Pipes may very advantageously be dispensed with. But at the time of which this story treats the novel-reader could get no better company. Nowadays he can bid into his presence troops of bright and pure and beautiful creations. No longer do the foul satyr's eyes leer out of the novelist's leaves. No longer are our fictions marred by the dreary double-meaning, the hint as of an impure presence, and even the open indecency which smirch the works of Fielding, of Smollett, and of Sterne. "I think," says Thackeray, in his *English Humorists*, "of these past writers, and I am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children."

But there is more to be got out of novels than mere amusement. They may in many ways be made a means of intellectual cultivation and of educational advancement. The historical novel, if the proper preparation be brought to its reading, and its partial truth, of which I have already spoken, be always borne in mind, may be of great use in the study of history itself. Historical novels may be divided into two great classes. In the first class the principal actors are in fact historical. They are men with well-known names—political, literary, religious, or military. Their characters, as handed down by history, are preserved with more or less fidelity; their sayings and doings are partly the sayings and doings which we might read of in their sober biographies, and are partly the creation of the author's fancy, introduced for the purpose of making his portrait more vivid and lifelike, and interwoven with the sayings and doings of the fictitious characters. To this class belong most of the historical novels of Scott; such novels as the *Rienzi*, the *Harold*, and the *Last of the Barons* of Lord Lytton; the *Philip Augustus*, and *Mary of Burgundy* of James, and the *Tower of London* of Harrison Ainsworth. In the second class the characters are entirely fictitious and the framework merely is historical. Real historical events may sometimes be introduced, and real historical names may sometimes pass and repass across the scene. But both are used only to give a reality, and, as it were, a local colouring to the picture. The interest of the story is always made to centre on the creations of the novelist's brain. To this class belong the *Westward Ho!* of Mr. Kingsley; the *Callista* of Dr. Newman; the *Fabiola* of Cardinal Wiseman; *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, of Miss Yonge, and perhaps the most

perfect specimen I could mention of the class—the *Esmond* of Thackeray.

I have already spoken of the importance of acquiring a sound knowledge of history before the reading of historical novels is attempted. But it is the novel after all that conveys the most vivid and lasting impression. The writer of fiction, if he is worthy of his high vocation, can so warm the imagination by the interest of the events he describes, by the minute and subtle delineation of character, by the force of passion, or the charm of the pathetic that beside his pictures the masterpieces of the historian seem dull and lifeless. If we hear of Richard Cœur de Lion we immediately conjure up the picture of the crusading hero of the *Talisman* and of *Ivanhoe*. We may be acquainted with the character of Elizabeth, as drawn by Hume and Lingard, or with the modern portrait which has been given to us by Mr. Froude, but the "Elizabeth" of *Kenilworth* is one which is engraven on every mind. And when the romantic tale and heroic death of Mary Queen of Scots is thought of, it is less the masterly picture of Robertson or the touching narrative of Tytler that recurs to the recollection than the imprisoned princess of the *Abbot*.

The historical novel, too, has another value. It illuminates just those dark angles and obscure nooks which history cannot. It introduces the reader to the accessories of an age which are not accessible in history, and in doing this it will enable us to feel and understand how the individual units which make up a nation felt and were affected by the stirring events, the calamities, the battles, the revolutions, the many strange and deep crises in the history of their country. You may read, for example, in every history of England how the great national distinction between the Anglo-Saxons and their conquerors continued down to the reign of Edward III. to keep open the wounds which the conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation between the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons. But you will understand all this better if you go out in fancy into the Yorkshire wood with Gurth, the swineherd, and Wamba the jester, and listen to their grumblings against the oppression of their Norman masters. Read any history of the English or Scotch civil wars and you will learn how the cruel struggle separated father from son, and brother from brother, and how often the chances of the battlefield brought face to face, in deadly conflict, the sworn friends of youth and early manhood. But you will better understand the mental anxiety and the heart-breaking strife between love and duty which men and women in these times were every day called

upon to go through, when you have followed the fortunes of Colonel Everard, in *Woodstock*, or of Henry Morton, in *Old Mortality*. We read an account of some great battle—we take up, for example, some book such as Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, or we follow with eagerness, as we did this time twelvemonth, the track of the newspaper correspondent as he tells of the devastating march of an invading army, or of battlefields whereon the dead were to be counted by hundreds of thousands. We do this often without realising what the bloody figures mean—that every life that ebbed away was the centre of some home circle, and that little children were, perhaps, praying at some weeping woman's knee even as the deadly hail or the headlong rush of some gallant charge was making them orphans. If you would realize what war means, if you would know what a battle means to those who are engaged in it, what a siege means to those girdled round by a pitiless wall of fire and steel, what an invading army means to the people who are its victims, and the country which it overruns, read the novels of Erckman Chatrian; read how the conscript parted from his Catherine or how he passed the night amid the dying and the dead in the little street of Kaya; or again read of the hours of anxiety Father Moses went through lest the mules with their precious burden should not reach Phalsburg before the blockade began.

What the historical novel can do in making us understand history, the domestic novel and the novel of incident can do in extending our knowledge of life. If we will only bear in mind what I have already spoken of, the limited truth to be expected from the novelist, and are sedulous to guard ourselves against the other dangers which I mentioned, the novel may be made available for something much higher than the pastime of inactive minds and jaded energies. The experience of literature may not be as valuable as the experience of life, but it serves its turn. There was a time when the saying that one half of the world did not know how the other half lived was much truer than it is at present, and the lessening of the truth is in no small part a consequence of the novels of the day. They introduce us to scenes altogether new—they conduct us through a wider range of experience than the actual life of each generally permits—they make us live in the lives of other types of character than our own, or than those of our daily acquaintance—they enable us to pass, by sympathy, into other minds and other circumstances. To some extent, at all events, they help to train the moral nature by sympathy with noble characters and noble actions. They familiarize classes and people who ought to be

familiarized. Especially have the novelists of our day taken to heart the lesson so earnestly taught by Wordsworth in his poetry, that the best feelings and wishes and emotions of our nature are common to all classes, and "that we have all of us one human heart." And what he did in verse novelists like Scott, and Dickens, and George Eliot, and Mrs. Gaskell, and the authoress of *John Halifax*, and scores of others have done in fiction. They have made the rich and the prosperous ones of this world feel a real human fellowship with the poor by showing how strong in the hearts of the poor these common feelings flourish. By a thousand examples they make us see into the lives of the poor, they teach us a minute familiarity with their modes of thought and feeling, they show us how they apply such intellectual gifts as they possess to the ends within their reach, they make us enter into the spirit of their ordinary occupations, and exhibit their pride in their work, their little dealings for gain, the cares and struggles of their property, and the anxieties of their thrift. They show how the human affections thrive amongst them, their boundless charity to one another, and how their hearts, to borrow Wordsworth's words, are

Strengthened and braced, by breathing in content
The keen and wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the wells of homely life.

Thus, for example, from the glimpses of the domestic economy of Mrs. Toodle's home in "Stagg's Gardens," or from the Christmas dinner party at Bob Cratchit's, we learn that wedded love and the prattle of childish voices can bless and brighten with the same happiness the cabin and the rich man's home. Or, again, take that touching scene in the *Antiquary*, where Saunders Mucklebackit, on the morning after the storm, is endeavouring to patch up the old boat in which his eldest son had been drowned, and when spoken to by Monkbarns as to his working, gruffly answers: "And what would you have me to do, unless I wanted to see four children starve because one is drowned."

The *Antiquary* observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune, hummed or whistled, and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed that, ere the sound was uttered, a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length when he had patched a considerable rent, and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood

which he was about to nail on was at first too long, then he sawed it off too short, then chose another equally ill-adapted for the purpose. At length throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed :—" ' There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted sae many years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, and be d——d to her.' " We are taught by such a scene as this that Death can bring as keen a sorrow beneath the poor man's roof, and make as wide a gap at his hearth as it does when it knocks at the dwellings of the richest and noblest in the land.

But in order to reap from novels the benefits and advantages I have last been speaking of, it is important that you should select novels of a high-class, and by well-known writers. In reading novels, as indeed in all reading, you ought to make it a point that what you do read should be the best of its kind. At all events read first the best novels, and even when the series is ended it would be better to begin again than to fritter away time over the works of third-rate and fourth rate writers. And do not think that a good novel is not worth being read more than once. In a first reading the attention is apt to be too much absorbed by the interest of the story. There are beauties and niceties of character which are not discernible then, but which will strike us when we read the book a second time. For my own part I confess I have read many novels two and even three times, and each time with new pleasure. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you who are the best writers—their names and, I am sure, their works, are familiar to you all. You can never make a mistake among the novels of Scott, or Dickens or Thackeray. You can hardly make a mistake among the works of Anthony Trollope, but I would specially recommend *Doctor Thorne*, *Framley Parsonage*, and *Can You Forgive Her?* I cannot pretend to guide you to the novels best worth reading of other writers, but you will, perhaps, allow me to mention a few of those which are special favourites with myself and from the reading of everyone of which you cannot fail to bring away something worth remembering. The *Sybil*, the *Coningsby*, and the *Venetia* of Disraeli ; the *Heir of Redclyffe*, *Heartsease*, and *The Daisy Chain*, by Miss Yonge ; *The Brave Lady*, by the authoress of *John Halifax* ; *Harold*, *The Last of the Barons*, *The Caxtons*, and *My Novel* by Lord Lytton ; *The Robber*, *Philip Augustus*, and *Mary of Burgundy*, by James ; *Alton Locke* and *Two Years Ago*, by Kingsley ; *The Miser's Daughter*, by Harrison Ainsworth ; *Broken to Harness*, *Kissing the Rod*, and the *Forlorn Hope*, by Mr. Edmund Yates ; *Mary Barton*, by Mrs. Gaskell ; *The Gordian*

Knot and *The Silver Cord*, by Mr. Shirley Brooks ; *Tom Brown's School Days*, and *Tom Brown at Oxford* by Mr. Hughes ; the *Mill on the Floss*, by George Eliot ; and what is, perhaps, the very finest novel in the language—the *Romola* of the same writer. And if you read novels at all, do not fail to make yourselves acquainted with the novels of our own countrymen. In the *Collegians*, *The Rivals*, and *The Duke of Monmouth*, of Gerald Griffin ; *Fardorougha*, *the Miser*, by Carleton ; *Crohoore of the Billhook*, *The Nowlans*, and *Father Connell*, by the Brothers Banim ; in *The Tenants of Malory*, by Lefanu ; and in the *O'Donoghue*, *the Knight of Gwynne*, and the *Martins of Cro'-Martin* by Lever, you will find novels which may fearlessly challenge comparison with any novels in the language, and of which the literature of any country might be justly proud.

My remarks upon modern novels would be very incomplete if I did not make some reference to those to which the name of "sensation novels" has been given. It is not easy to give an explanation of what is meant by critics, when they use the term "sensational." As well as I understand the phrase it means when applied to incidents—something lying outside the common boundaries of everyday experience ; something which startles the mind by its strangeness or by its horror, or seeks to affect it by a novelty of combination, or a marvel of coincidence seldom or ever met with in real life. As applied to character it means abnormal combinations of intellectual and moral qualities ; crimes and virtues, manifesting themselves in natures where they were least expected, and under circumstances, to all appearance, the least favourable to their growth. Thus, for example, although *David Copperfield* is by no means a "sensation novel," that incident in *David Copperfield* is "sensational," where Ham is beaten to death by a great wave, in his vain effort to save from the sinking vessel "the active figure with the curling hair," and where a few moments afterwards the old fisherman leads Copperfield to the shore to find, amid the fragments of the old boat blown down by the storm, among the ruins of the home he had wronged, the dead body of Steerforth lying with his head upon his arm, as he had often seen him lie at school. So "Tricotrin," the hero of one of Ouida's novels, who with the intellect of an Aquinas, the learning of a Mezzofanti, and the beauty of an Apollo, spends the greater part of his life wandering among the peasantry of the Loire, in company with an Elzevir Horace, a Stradivarius fiddle, and a black monkey is a decidedly "sensational" character. Again when Lady Audley, after having thrust her first husband into the well, comes gaily into her drawing-room, and with the marks of his drowning fingers

still discolouring her dainty wrist, sits down to play a sonata of Beethoven for her second husband's pleasure ; or when, after having set fire to the little inn at Mount Stanning she hurries with Phoebe Marks along the lonely country road, with the black night above her, and the fierce wind howling round, till the red light in the sky tells her that her wicked purpose has been wrought the character and the incidents are alike sensational. Now a "sensational" novel is one which depends for its interest mainly upon sensational characters or upon sensational incidents. *Foul Play*, by Mr. Charles Reade ; *Jane Eyre*, by Charlotte Brontë ; *The Dead Secret*, *The Woman in White*, and the *No Name* of Mr. Wilkie Collins are examples of this class.

But the representative author of the "sensation" school is undoubtedly Miss Braddon. The term was, I may say, invented for the purpose of describing her works, and some of them, such as *Aurora Floyd*, *Lady Audley's Secret*, *Henry Dunbar*, and *The Trail of the Serpent*, well deserve the term. From novels of this class you will never get anything more than amusement. There is a vast amount of cleverness in them, but there is no real thought, and there is seldom any analysis of character that is worth the name. There is too great a tendency in them to dally with forbidden themes, and they are apt to produce an impression that men and women may stand in security on slippery inclines, and go to the very edge of a precipice without falling over. The interest they excite is, to quote again De Quincey's words, "the interest of a momentary curiosity destined for ever to vanish in a sense of satiation, and the interest of a momentary suspense that having once collapsed can never be rekindled." They are, no doubt, very pleasant and readable. They may beguile a tedious winter evening or an idle summer's day, but after all the reading of them is very like a waste of time, and I never can get rid of the feeling that I ought to be ashamed of myself as I get to the end of the third volume.

But while I thus speak slightly of Miss Braddon I cannot withhold from her a word of affectionate respect. In the *Ladies' Mile* she has given a portrait of a practising barrister the most perfect and life-like that fiction has yet produced. Lawyers, as a rule, have fared rather badly at the hands of novelists. Dickens has been especially hard upon us. Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Phunky are—what they were to some extent intended to be—caricatures. Bar, in *Little Dorrit*, who takes to Mr. Merdle's dinner-party his double eye-glass and his little ury droop, and wins his promotion by a happy appreciation of Lord Barnacle's solitary joke about the pears is very amusing, but is certainly unfavourably coloured. The clever, drunken, and briefless

barrister named Carton, who plays so generous a part in *The Tale of Two Cities* is, I venture to hope, for the sake of the name, not a faithful portrait. Mr. Trollope has dealt with much law and lawyers in *Orley Farm*. Judge Staveley is indeed a very favourable specimen, but Mr. Chaffanbrass does not represent a very high ideal, and Mr. Furnival, although well and powerfully drawn, is presented in his professional character almost solely as he was affected by the case of Lady Mason. We have fared better with Lever. I would instance particularly the character of Witherington in *Barrington*, and Valentine Repton in *The Martins of Cro' Martin*, a sketch, if I mistake not, made to a great extent from life, and of which the original was some time ago a distinguished member of the north-east circuit. But Laurence O'Boyneville, for whom there was no question within the regions of heaven and earth too mighty for his audacity or too small for his powers of argument, is a perfect portrait. Anyone acquainted with the daily routine of a barrister's life will recognize its marvellous fidelity as we learn how he would come home tired with his day's work, and sit down to his dinner with the dust of the law courts in his hair, and the dreariness of the law in his brain, then too tired to go from one room to another, would read the papers for a quarter of an hour and sleep peacefully until nine o'clock on the great red morocco sofa, and, then, having refreshed himself with several cups of tea, would retire to his study, and never leave it till the smallest of the small hours; how at breakfast or at dinner, while his young wife was talking to him in her brightest and most animated manner, he would let his mind wander away to his case of *Giddles v. Giddles*, and *Shavington v. Estremadura Soap Boiling Co. (Limited)*, and who would fain have brought his red bag with him to Dr. Molyneux's ball, and refreshed himself in some obscure corner with a dip into his great slate case.

But I feel that the associations connected in my own mind with Mr. O'Boyneville and his profession have led me to wander unduly away from my subject. I feel, too, that it is time I should bring my observations to a close. I have said nothing about the necessity of your avoiding the reading of vicious and immoral works. I felt I was addressing myself to a society of Catholic gentlemen, and that I would be almost insulting you if I asked you to shun, as a moral and intellectual poison, such novels as have given a bad notoriety to the literature of France, and which, I regret to say, are daily disfiguring the modern literature of England. You are, it is true, no longer children, but at any time of life poison is dangerous. But I will put the avoidance of all such novels on no higher ground than Lacordaire

did in one of his Letters to Young Men : " We must confine ourselves to the masterpieces of great names—we have not time enough for the rest. We have, consequently, still less time for those writings, which are, as it were, the common sewers of the human intellect, and which, notwithstanding their flowers, contain nothing but frightful corruption. Just as a good man shuns the conversation of lost women and dishonourable men, so a Christian ought to avoid reading works which have never done anything but harm to the human race." It would be an intellectual blunder, to say nothing more, to pass by the works of pure and noble writers for the novels of Dumas, and Balzac, and Eugene Sue, and Ouida, and the author of *Guy Livingstone*. From a mere human point of view it would be a stupendous folly to waste time over their vicious trash, and leave unread such books as I have ventured to recommend to you.

Books both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow.

PALLIDA MORS

You cannot frighten me ! I know full well
The lines of life are narrowing in view,
And from the dark and glooming avenue
Phantoms leap forth to ruin, or repel.

Phantoms of fears that ever with me dwell,
And all my hopes persistently pursue,
Ghosts of regrets for hours I sadly rue,
Which now in cold revenge remorse compel.

Yet is my mind unshaken on its throne,
My heart beats steady as the pendulum
Of Time that swings although its force is spent.

Look, for the shadows have already flown,
The heralds of Eternity have come,
The Dawn is whitening all the firmament.

P. A. S.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S HEIRESS

A STORY

CHAPTER XIX

ELIZABETH had never had any great affection for her Uncle John. She had, indeed, known almost as little of him as of Terence, who had left home and country when she was a baby. John O'Neill she had certainly seen from time to time during her childhood, but he had always filled her with fear. By her and her cousins at Docwra he had been nicknamed "the Ogre." Living at Rathkieran, almost close by, he had kept them sternly at a distance, knew nothing of their ways, and never allowed them to enter his house. His departure to London had been for them all a matter of considerable rejoicing, since the new inmates of Rathkieran were pleasant and sociable, and brought a great deal of enjoyment into their lives. For her Uncle Terence, always lauded and praised to her by her Aunt Magdalen, Elizabeth had conceived a warm affection. He might be a wanderer, he might beunfortunate, but having idealized and made a hero of him, she would not allow that he could do wrong. His silence and apparent forgetfulness of his family was not his fault. Some day he would come home and prove that she was right. To think of him and pray for him was a pleasure ; to think of her Uncle John, and pray for him, a painful duty. So when the girl was suddenly told that John O'Neill was ill in London, alone and crying out for her, her first feeling was one of terror and aversion. But her Uncle Michael was urgent. It was imperative that she should go, and knowing that he thought only of what was good for her, she left the room at once and rushed upstairs to make the hurried preparations for her journey that night.

The scene with her lover had tried her severely. To be firm and determined in her resolution not to marry, or even be engaged to him, till her name was cleared, and these horrible suspicions of her honesty put an end to for ever, had been a painful ordeal, and loving him as she did, Elizabeth's heart was crushed, her spirits dull and weary, when her uncle's appearance in the doorway, and his unexpected announcement, turned her thoughts into another channel, and rousing her from her state of dejection, plunged her into one of terror and alarm.

"If it had been Uncle Terence who wanted me, I'd have gone almost with joy," she told Kathleen as she flung herself weeping into her arms, "for, indeed, dear, I will be glad to get away for a while—glad to have something to do that will, perhaps, turn my thoughts to other things during this awful time. But, Uncle John! Oh! Katty, the idea of what he will say appals—terrifies me. He is, from what I remember of him, sure to think the worst of me—sure," wringing her hands, "to believe that I—" lowering her voice to a whisper—"took the diamond cross."

"My dear little Betty," Kathleen said soothingly, "what nonsense! If he believed that, he would not send for you at all. Come, don't think such things. In all probability, he has never even heard about the loss of the diamond cross. It has never been mentioned in the papers, remember."

Elizabeth's sweet face lit up suddenly with a ray of hope.

"Oh! if I thought that he knew nothing of all this misery, I'd go more contentedly. But why, then"—a look of doubt in her eyes—"did he send for me? Why not for his own sister, Aunt Magdalen, or you—or Maura or Cecily? Any one of you would be more useful in a sick room than I could be."

"It is, perhaps, only a sick man's fancy, dear child. Or some feeling of remorse for the way he has neglected you, his brother's orphan, all these years may be urging him to see you and atone for the past, even now."

"If only, only——" sighing heavily, "he had continued to neglect me, I'd have been glad. Don't think me horrible, Kathleen. But I've suffered a great deal—shame, humiliation—and oh! dear cousin, I've made others suffer too. Charles"—in a choking voice, and covering her blushing face with her hands,—"loves me. But I cannot—will not—dare not marry him till—till my name is cleared. Will this be ever done? Was I born under an evil star, to be a trouble and a source of misery to those I love and who love me?"

Kathleen drew her into her arms, and kissed her tenderly. "My darling, no—far from it. And I am convinced, Betty, that before long all this horrid mystery will be cleared up. So, be brave. Think only of poor Uncle John. Whatever his faults are, and have been in the past, he is ill and suffering now. You are going to London on a visit of mercy, and who knows before it is at an end, your innocence may be fully established, your happiness secured."

"My innocence made clear to all!" Elizabeth cried, with shining eyes. "Then my happiness would indeed be secured." And consoled and comforted, she began to pack her trunk.

On arriving in London, early next morning, they found that city wrapped in a dark thick fog.

"How strange and unpleasant!" coughed Elizabeth in a choking voice. "How can people live in such a place? Uncle, I trust we may soon get back to Ireland."

Michael Tiernan smiled, and patted her hand, as the cab went jolting on through the gloomy streets. "'Tis not always like this, dear—and many people, odd as it may appear," a merry twinkle in his eye, "actually prefer London, its fogs and its smoke, to the beautiful green isle that we love so well. I suppose, now, nothing would induce you to live in such a place? In that case, you must guard yourself against falling in love over here."

Elizabeth started violently, and a deep blush suddenly dyed her sweet face crimson. Charles Arrowsmith lived in London, she remembered all at once. Marriage with him would surely mean life in this foggy, dark town.

"But with him," she thought quickly, "just he and I together, any place would be beautiful. Oh! if all were right but that, I would care very little."

The cab stopped with a jerk, and like one in a dream, Elizabeth got out, was handed into a lift by her Uncle Michael, and before she quite realized what had happened, was standing in a small, dingy drawing-room, with a big cold-looking bow window high above the street, in which through the dirty panes a few dark figures were just dimly visible in the fog, now thicker than ever, and the colour of pea-soup.

"A cheerless welcome," Mr. Tiernan muttered, striding up and down the fireless room, lit up only by one tiny lamp of electric light. "I've a great mind to take you off to the hotel with me, and then straight home."

Elizabeth's heart gave a great bound, and she sank with a little cry into a chair. Then, recovering herself and making a great effort to speak cheerfully, she said:

"Oh! Uncle Mike. Now, that would be cowardly. Things will improve presently. But isn't this a funny little flat?"

"Funny? Of all the gloomy holes I ever saw it takes the prize. Fancy the master of Rathkieran in such a place. Dear, dear, to what depths do not gambling and extravagance reduce a man! Betty, Betty, I cannot leave you here."

Cold and weary, the girl felt she would give worlds to be back in the cosy, pleasant dining-room, with her aunt and cousins, and the very thought of being left there alone, filled her with consternation and dismay.

"It is horrid." Clinging to his hand. "Do take me away, Uncle Mike—please do."

But as she spoke, the door opened, and a brisk-looking girl, in the fresh cotton dress, white apron and swowy cap of a hospital nurse entered the room.

"I'm so sorry, and Mr. O'Neill would be wild if he knew—which I'm glad to say he doesn't, for his gout makes him irritable and given to strong language, poor dear. It was absurd of the servant to put you in here. But she's a topsy-turvy person. So pray come with me, Miss O'Neill. You must want a wash up and a cup of tea." And she took Elizabeth's hand and tried to draw her away.

But the girl refused to move, and looked inquiringly at her uncle.

"Go, dear," he said hurriedly. "And I'll be off to the hotel. There is no room for me here."

"I'm sorry to say there's not," the nurse answered. "The flat is very small."

Mr. Tiernan kissed his niece, and picking up his hat, whispered that he would look in again in a few hours, to see how things were with her, and in another moment he was gone.

"Mr. O'Neill will not appear for some hours yet," the nurse remarked, looking up from the newspaper which she had propped up against the tea-pot, and was reading in a leisurely fashion as she took her breakfast, when some twenty minutes later, after a bath and change of dress, Elizabeth found her way round the narrow passage into the dining-room.

"He's apt to be late of a morning."

"Apt to be late?" Elizabeth stared. "I thought he was ill—dying."

The nurse put her finger to her nose, and winked; then, laughing, helped herself to a fresh supply of buttered eggs.

"Just now he's not quite so bad as that. The thought of seeing his dear niece has done him a world of good. But his heart is weak, and he must never be contradicted."

"I will try," Elizabeth said with a sinking heart, "to agree with all he says."

"Do. It will pay in the long run. He is deeply interested in you, and full of hope that, whilst you are here, all these very unpleasant suspicions will blow over. But do sit down and eat. You must be famished."

White to the lips, Elizabeth sank into a chair, and clenched her fists convulsively. She never felt so near to hating anyone so much as this smug, cheery young woman; and added to this feeling of dislike was one of bitter disappointment.

"How did he—did you," she stammered, "hear of those cruel, wicked suspicions?"

"Oh! my dear," airily, "the world is small. Nothing happens, even in the remotest part of Ireland, nowadays, that is not talked about. Why, there was a paragraph in the *World* last week about the whole affair."

"A paragraph!" Elizabeth quivered with anguish, "about me? Oh! my God! This is terrible!"

"Oh! cheer up. It didn't mention names—at least, not yours. It speaks of a scandal in high life, in the romantic and beautiful Rathkieran, hinted that the thief was a lovely daughter of the noble but now fallen family of the O'Neills. But don't take it too much to heart. It's nonsense, of course, and you'll live it down. A girl in our hospital once took—but there don't look at me so ferociously, she was a bad lot—poor, plain, and without a friend. You are the lovely Miss O'Neill. So, of course, it's very different, and then you are innocent. Have you any idea who took the diamond cross?"

"None. It——" Elizabeth was quivering from head to foot, "is—a mystery."

"Ah!" laughingly, "such things generally are, for a time. But now," handing her a cup of tea, "drink this. It will do you good."

Elizabeth drank the tea; but every morsel she tried to eat almost choked her, and after struggling for a while against her feelings of humiliation and misery she flung herself face downwards on the table and burst into an agony of weeping.

"Emotional and hysterical. Dear me!" cried the nurse, starting to her feet. "I've always heard Irish people were like that. I daresay her pride was hurt by something I said. Now, what could it have been? It's downright foolish to be so touchy. Thank heaven I'm not built that way. However, one thing is certain, and a great relief to me, this flat will not long hold John O'Neill and his niece. She'll go, and the old pleasant, easy-going régime will continue. It suits me well—better than anything I have ever had before—and who knows, may end in a real good and life-long billet. Many nurses marry their patients. Then why not me?"

Smiling complacently, she walked over to Elizabeth, and putting her hand, in a friendly way, upon the weeping girl's shoulder, said:

"You are over-tired and worn out by your long journey, and must have a good rest before you see or speak to Mr. O'Neill, who is a little trying. So come to your room, and go to bed."

Like a weary child, Elizabeth rose up, and allowed her to lead her where she would, and without a word of objection, submitted to being undressed and put to bed.

"Things will never come right," she told herself despairingly as she laid her head upon the pillow. "I am disgraced for ever. To think that anyone should dare to speak to me in such a way. Alas! how low I have fallen! Oh! the anguish of it is appalling. I shall not sleep. But 'tis something to escape that woman. If Uncle John is not ill, nothing will keep me here. I'll go back to Docwra to-morrow."

This thought quieted and consoled her. The little room was still and silent; the bed comfortable, and after a while she dropped off into a deep and peaceful sleep.

Some hours later, the girl awoke with a start, to find the electric light blazing in her eyes, and a maid-servant standing by the bedside.

"Mr. Tiernan is back and wishes to see you," she said. "Shall he come here? Or will you dress and go to him in the dining-room?"

"Oh! I'll dress and go to him," cried Elizabeth, springing up with alacrity. "Pray tell him I shan't be long."

Her toilet was certainly a rapid one, and yet when some twenty minutes later, she ran lightly down the passage and opening the dining-room door, stood shy and abashed upon the threshold, the two men, near the fire, thought her a vision of loveliness.

Elizabeth had hurried over her dressing and flown from her toilet-table with eager feet, hoping and believing that she would find Michael Tiernan waiting for her, alone. But to her consternation and dismay, her Uncle John was sitting opposite to him, in a big, high-backed chair, his feet upon the fender. The men were conversing together in low tones, but turning they looked round in silence, as the door opened. Then, seeing that the girl paused, embarrassed and confused, John O'Neill gave a noisy laugh, and Michael Tiernan, smiling encouragingly, went forward, and taking her hand drew her across to her Uncle John's chair.

"By George! You're a credit to your country," John O'Neill said, giving her an approving glance, as he kissed her cheek. "I'm proud to see you, and to know that you're an O'Neill."

Elizabeth blushed deeply and raised her eyes shyly towards the big, burly man.

"I—I am glad to see you so well, Uncle John," she said, "and hope you will soon be quite yourself again. We were afraid you were—much worse, Uncle Mike and I; and so come off at once when we got your telegram.

"Kind—very. But you mustn't judge by appearances; my heart is weak. Any excitement or contradiction might be fatal."

"So the nurse told me," replied Elizabeth, looking doubtfully at the big man.

"Well, mind you pay attention and follow her instructions. Nurse Lamb is a treasure. She's helped me round a difficult corner. Now she manages the entire flat."

Elizabeth smiled and glanced at Michael Tiernan. To manage a flat of that size would not be so very difficult, she told herself. And Nurse Lamb was a clever and capable woman.

"I suppose your idea is," Michael Tiernan said, "now that Elizabeth is here, to dismiss this valuable nurse, and let the child take care of you?"

"Then you suppose quite wrong," snapped O'Neill. "I have other ideas entirely. Elizabeth is welcome. I want her for a while. I could not live without Nurse Lamb."

Elizabeth shivered. The thoughts of being shut up in this dingy flat with her uncle and his nurse were anything but pleasant. Still now that she was here, she felt that it was incumbent on her to stay for a week or so, anyway. So when bidding good-bye to Michael Tiernan, though she clung to him, her eyes full of tears, she would not hear of returning with him to Docwra next day.

"No, no. I have come; I will stay," she cried. "Uncle John may be worse than he seems, and he wants me. It may not be for long. But I'll stay now."

"Very well, dear," kissing her; "I am sure you are right. That drawing-room appalled me this morning, but the dining-room is cosy and comfortable."

"So is my bedroom. So don't worry about that, Uncle Mike. I'll be comfortable enough."

"And if he takes a fancy to you, he may turn against that nurse," he remarked thoughtfully, "and that would be something gained."

"A great deal. Though," sighing, "I'm not hopeful."

And then, after a few more loving words of farewell at the door, a long list of affectionate messages to all at home, Elizabeth allowed Michael Tiernan to depart, and overcome with misery and desolation fled away to her own room.

CHAPTER XX

"You've been crying again," John O'Neill said abruptly, one day, about six months after Elizabeth's arrival in London. "Passmore says you look ill—less and less like your photograph that he admires so much. I put the change in you down to your

nonsensical fits of weeping. A few tears are all very well, but a constant flow must injure your eyes, dim your beauty, and that, all things considered, would mean destruction."

Elizabeth raised her head languidly. She had never troubled much about her looks, and just now it seemed to matter very little whether she was handsome or not. The mystery of the stolen cross was as far from being cleared up as ever. The suspicions and rumours of her guilt were, Nurse Lamb informed her, increasing every day. Letters from home, though the writers were careful, she could see, not to say a word that might increase her misery, did not tend to reassure her. They tried to put her off with expressions of loving encouragement, or avoided the subject. Not one of them declared the thing to have blown over. Even her Aunt Magdalen did not dare to say that it had been forgotten, and all urged her to stay where she was as long as she could.

"I am branded for life," she would think despondently. "Wherever I go, whatever I do, I'll be looked upon as a thief. If I were rich, I'd fly to the most distant part of the world and hide myself for ever. Now all I can do is to drag on a wretched existence here. But so it must be, and, as far as I can, I'll cut myself off from every soul I know and love." And acting on this resolution, she refused to see Charles Arrowsmith, and very rarely answered his letters.

"When the mystery is solved, my name cleared," she would write, "come to me. Till then we are best apart. Meeting is only anguish."

This attitude on the part of the girl he loved and believed in with all his soul was a sore trial to Charles; but wretched and unhappy though it made him, he could only submit.

"The mystery will be unravelled. Her name will be cleared," he would exclaim, and he spent his days and his nights thinking and dreaming of new ways of getting at the root of the miserable business, but without the smallest result. Think as he would, dream as he would, he came no nearer the solution of the mystery. It completely baffled him.

"Don't look at me like that," John O'Neill said testily, as he met the girl's beautiful sad eyes. "I hate gloomy people. And if you didn't steal that cross, why on earth need you fret? I wouldn't care that," cracking his fingers, "if all the world rose up and called me a thief if I wasn't one. And if I was, and nobody tried to punish or send me to prison, I'd laugh and think myself jolly lucky. So for goodness' sake cheer up. Did Nurse tell you Bevan Passmore was coming to dinner to-night?"

"Yes, she told me," in a tone of indifference. "I've put a few fresh flowers in the drawing-room."

"Flowers in the drawing-room be blowed! A few roses in your cheeks would be more to the purpose."

Elizabeth smiled faintly. "London air doesn't give them, Uncle John. You'll have to do with me pale."

"I suppose so, and pinched, and red round the eyes. Why, girl, you're a fool, an absolute fool to go on as you're doing. Your face is your fortune, remember, and now that there's a slur upon your name, it will require all your——"

"Hush!" Elizabeth crimsoned to her eyes, and drawing herself proudly erect, flashed an indignant glance in his direction. "Don't say those things."

"Oh! very well. But don't vex and thwart me at every turn. You know what I want—how important it is to me."

"Yes, I know. You have told me often enough. But it cannot be."

"Nonsense. Don't miss such an opportunity;" he looked at her angrily. "It will be the saving of you."

"I would rather nor be saved at such a price."

"Pooh-pooh," with a laugh, and trying hard to control his rage, "go and put on a pretty frock, and I will bet when he takes your hand and——"

"He'll not get a chance of taking my hand," Elizabeth said, her head high. "And I'll put on no pretty frock, nor try to win his admiration in any way."

"'Tis won, girl—won, I say. You have only to stretch out your hand and all he has (and his wealth is great) is yours. Come, Elizabeth, you may never get such a chance again. For mercy's sake be sensible."

But Elizabeth was gone, and as he heard the door of her room shut firmly and resolutely, he flung himself back in his chair, his hands clenched, his teeth set, his face working in a perfect paroxysm of anger.

"She'll cheat me, and ruin all," he growled after a while, "and I'll never find another man willing to make such handsome promises to me, for my help in bringing them together. And the girl hasn't a friend but me, one would say, in the world. The Arrowsmiths have deserted her. The Tiernans think it best she should stay on where she is—glad to be rid of her—hoping the scandal of the stolen diamonds will blow over and be forgotten. But it won't. Till she changes her name, gets some rich man to show his belief in her, she'll be pointed at and suspected. Oh! the thought of her stupid obstinacy drives me demented."

Twenty minutes later, a sharp knock at Elizabeth's door startled her out of a deep and melancholy reverie.

"May I come in for a moment?" Nurse Lamb asked in a soft whisper through the keyhole. "I have something most important to say to you."

Slowly, and with an air of weary indifference, Elizabeth unlocked and opened her door. Then, as her visitor entered, she sat down quietly in a chair before the looking-glass, and leaning her elbows on the dressing-table, dropped her chin into her hands.

"Well?" she asked with a little laugh. "What now? Is uncle in hysterics, or is the boiler leaking?"

Miss Lamb looked at her with a glance of mingled hatred and contempt.

"Your Uncle's illness," she said in a rasping voice, "and the boiler's leaking are subjects equally interesting to you, I know. You would openly rejoice, I daresay, if I came in to tell you that he was dead."

"No," Elizabeth starting round upon her chair, her cheeks blazing, "that is not true. I would be sorry, deeply sorry, to think that Uncle John were really ill. But I can't believe that he is. For some reason, it may have been all kindness to me—though even that I am beginning to doubt—you and he brought me here by a telegram saying that he was dying."

"And so he was and is. Any day, any hour, any moment, John O'Neill might drop dead."

"Yet he looks so well."

"Looks are deceptive. The man has heart disease, and wants careful and gentle handling. You do all you can to excite and agitate him. Every time I leave you alone with him you irritate and worry him into a violent attack."

"Then, why not let me go?"

"Your going might cause his death. He knows it is unwise of you to show yourself in Ireland. No one will take you as a governess, if once the story of the stolen cross is told, and told it must be. The Arrowsmiths have cast you off."

"Do not say that. It is not true. I had a letter from Mrs. Arrowsmith a short time ago. She is abroad with Punch, who had a long and severe illness. The poor boy almost died."

"There may be good reasons for their neglecting you. I daresay there are. But taking people all round, Elizabeth"—the girl winced. To hear Miss Lamb call her familiarly by her Christian name always irritated her.

"No one," continued the Nurse, "has been so unselfishly kind as Mr. O'Neill. He is not well off. His debts are many, I know, yet he has kept you here, as his daughter."

"Insisted on my staying, joined by you, who threatened

me, and told me that I would cause his death by my departure. My stay here has not been a happy nor an altogether willing one, Miss Lamb. I would gladly bring it to an end, if I dared."

"And so you shall by and by, when he is better. Meanwhile do give in to his little hobbies. Try and please and humour him."

"What do you want me to do? To please Uncle John is quite out of my power."

"Not at all. You nearly drove him mad just now by refusing to dress yourself prettily and meet Mr. Passmore at dinner."

"And in that I emphatically persist——"

"Come, now, don't be obdurate. By being so, you may make Mr. O'Neill very ill, and if he dies in a fit of fury brought on by you, you will be guilty of his death, and the thought will haunt you, and fill you with remorse all your days."

Elizabeth flushed and grew pale again.

"You need not take any notice of Mr. Passmore," Miss Lamb went on, moving towards the door. "I'll be there and your uncle. Your giving in will be graceful, and make the poor old man happy. He suffers so much, we ought to make things easy for him when we can. So now let me tell him that you will be in the drawing-room a quarter of an hour before dinner, dressed in your pretty pink muslin."

"Yes, you may tell him so. But ask him not to make any remarks about my having refused to meet Mr. Passmore before."

"Oh! certainly. You may count upon his not saying a word about it. He'll be so glad to see you, that he'll forget everything disagreeable. *Au revoir*," and kissing the tips of her fingers in an airy fashion, she hurried away. In the passage, she paused, and laughed softly to herself.

"She'll give in when the moment comes. And when she realizes all it means to her, she'll accept. No girl in her senses would ever think of refusing. Then, the debts paid, John and I—— But there, I must go cautiously. He's a difficult card to play, and will want management. Still, to be mistress of Rathkieran would be worth any amount of trouble. When the Arrowsmith lease expires—— But, there! I forget everything when I take to castle-building, and John will be getting exasperated by my long absence."

Slowly and reluctantly, about an hour later, Elizabeth left the peaceful seclusion of her bedroom, wearing a pretty soft muslin, a gift from Mrs. Arrowsmith in happier days, and went with dragging feet and a sad heart into the drawing-room. She looked pale and worn. Round her lovely eyes were heavy, black circles. Her lips were white and bloodless. Surely, sorrow and disappointment had done their work. In the tired

weary looking girl, few people would have recognized the rosy, blooming, happy little maiden, who had been so popular, and danced so blithely at the ball at Rathkieran six months before.

There was no one in the room when the girl entered, and with a sigh of relief she crossed the floor, and held her cold fingers towards the fire.

"A few moments respite. What a God-send!" she murmured. "I feel that I cannot bear either Uncle John or Diana Lamb much longer. 'Stone' would have suited her better than 'Lamb.' If I could make an excuse and get away! I don't want to cause his death. But he will cause mine if this goes on. And perhaps it might be as well. What have I to live for? Oh! No. I must not think—say that. I must live. Ah! 'Tis sad here, without friends or my beloved music. But I dare not sing, dare not play. Uncle John cannot stand music, and the flat is so hopelessly small."

The door opened and Elizabeth shrank back, her hand clutching the nearest chair, as the servant announced, "Mr. Bevan Passmore."

The girl bowed distantly, and murmuring that she would tell her uncle and Miss Lamb of his arrival, she moved towards the door.

But he planted himself firmly in the way, and looking at his determined attitude and resolute mouth, she saw that escape was impossible. If Mr. Passmore chose to speak, she would be obliged to listen. Well, she had only the one thing to say. The sooner it was said and understood the better, though in her innermost heart she felt sorry to have to say it, and would have avoided giving pain, if she could.

"Your uncle and Miss Lamb are both aware that I have arrived, Miss O'Neill," he said. "In fact, they have kindly kept away that I might have an opportunity of saying a few words to you."

Elizabeth crimsoned and bit her lips. Miss Lamb's little ruse had succeeded, and irritated and indignant, she felt obliged to submit to this enforced interview with Mr. Passmore. So with a deep sigh, she sat down upon the sofa, her eyes upon the floor.

The young man—he was still under thirty, fairly good-looking with a rather pleasing expression, and a gentlemanly appearance—standing with his back to the fire, said abruptly in a low, earnest voice:

"Miss O'Neill, I love you!"

Elizabeth raised her head, and put out one little white and trembling hand, in an imploring way.

"Pray—pray—don't!" she whispered huskily. "I—It—is—useless—"

"That I can't and won't believe," he cried. "Love like mine is not to be rejected so hastily. I have loved you even before I saw you. When your uncle showed me your photograph and told me of the senseless, wicked accusation that had been brought against you, I swore to win you, and make you my wife. In order to do this it was necessary that I should meet and know you. I could not go to Ireland for many reasons, and so I implored your uncle to bring you over here."

Elizabeth started and changed colour.

"He would not at first, but I bribed him. 'All is fair in love and war,' and Mr. O'Neill was hard up. So he agreed, and very soon, sooner than I imagined possible, you arrived."

"Brought over here by a false telegram that stated that my uncle was dying and wished to see me before he died. I now understand all." The girl was quivering with suppressed anger. "My uncle was not dying, is not ill, and I have been brought over"—rising to her feet—"and kept here on false pretences, that he might.—Oh! it is horrible, dishonest—"

"Oh! come, don't be so hard on us. I was and am in love—Mr. O'Neill in debt and difficulties. Under the circumstances men must be forgiven a good deal. I would give up half my fortune, willingly, if by doing so I could win you as my wife, and was only too glad to promise him a thousand or so, if he helped me to achieve the greatest happiness of my life. So don't be hard on him—or on me. But say a kind word. Tell me that I may hope. I am rich. I love you and will do all I can to make you happy. What more can I say? What more can I do, Elizabeth?" trying to take her hand. "Tell me, I implore you."

"Mr. Passmore," the girl replied coldly, and stepping back, her head very high, her white lips firmly set. "You have already said too much. I do not—never could love you—and so no earthly power could ever make me become your wife."

He turned very white, and gazed at her, his eyes full of surprised sadness.

"You mean that really? Oh! after all they have told me I cannot believe it."

"Told you—they? What can anyone have told you?"

"Your uncle—Miss Lamb," he stammered. "They said you were shy, and—and—really liked me—"

"Mr. Passmore," Elizabeth answered gently, "I am deeply sorry. But you have been misled. If we had met in an ordinary way, I'd have liked you as a friend well enough. But I

could never love you, and seeing from the first what my uncle wished, hoping that I might show you that it was impossible, and so spare you pain and annoyance, I was cold and tried to avoid you; not from shyness, but because I wanted you to understand that I could never care for you."

"You love someone else?"

"Yes." She bowed her head, her face suffused with blushes, her voice full of emotion, "I—love—someone else."

"And you will marry soon—be happy? Then all this talk of your being ruined has been false, and I have been cheated. Led on to hope and believe—made a fool of, in fact. That old ruffian——"

"Hush! You have not been cheated wilfully. My uncle knows nothing—is not aware that I love anyone. I am not engaged, and will never marry till the heavy cloud that hangs over me has been removed, and my name completely cleared."

"No man worth his salt, who knew and loved you, would allow that nonsense to stand in the way of his marrying you."

Elizabeth's lips trembled, and her eyes shone.

"No. He would not. He would marry me to-day—tomorrow—if I would. But, till all suspicion is at an end, till all the world knows me innocent, nothing will induce me to be his wife."

"You are a noble girl. Pray forgive me, but your beautiful unselfishness—Oh! Miss O'Neill, I see, understand more than ever, all that I have lost. You are an angel. But I will not trouble you any longer. God bless you. He is a lucky man who has won your love."

He seized her hand, carried it quickly to his lips, and with a deep, long-drawn sob, staggered from the room.

The hall-door shut with a bang, and Elizabeth shivered from head to foot, as she suddenly heard her uncle's voice in the passage.

"Poor fellow!" she cried, her eyes full of tears. "I am sorry, and would have spared him, if I could. And now there'll be a scene. I dread meeting Uncle John. If I could only get away"

But she was too late, and the next instant, she found herself face to face with John O'Neill. He looked at her, then shot a glance beyond her.

"Alone?" he growled, purple with rage. "Where is Bevan Passmore? Was it he who left the flat just now?"

"Yes, Uncle John." Elizabeth looked at him without flinching.

"Will he return to dinner?"

"I think not. You and Miss Lamb will have to dine alone to-night. I am going to my room."

He caught her by the wrist.

"You have insulted my friend?"

"No. Indeed, Uncle John, I have not," struggling to release herself from his tightening grasp. "Mr. Passmore asked me to marry him and I refused. I do not love him, and I told him so."

"You——" He glared at her, as he hissed his words into her ear. "You fool, you madwoman! The man is rich, and would have ended your troubles and mine. The house of O'Neill is fallen. You a suspected thief. I, all but a bankrupt. Bevan Passmore, wealthy and generous, would have set us up."

"Uncle John, pray don't dream of the impossible. I would not, could not accept any favours from Mr. Passmore. I have older and dearer friends who——"

"Then go to them," he cried hoarsely. "I will burthen myself with you no longer. Go! See how they'll treat you, welcome you, put up with you. Poor and suspected of theft, they'll fight shy—treat you as you deserve, you—you——" Words failed him and flinging her from him, he sank into a chair, shaking and choking.

"You should not speak so of my friends, Uncle John," the girl said, her eyes dark and indignant. "They love me in spite of all my troubles and only allowed me to come to you because you were—that is—you said you were ill and dying. They will gladly welcome me back."

He laughed scornfully, and pointing his finger towards the door, hissed out:

"Then go to them. Go! This very night."

"It is late, too late. I could not catch the Irish Mail, Uncle John. But I will go in the morning."

"No, no. Go to night. Late or not you must leave this to-night. Go where you will—but go."

"Very well. It is a cruel thing to send me out alone—a young girl in London—at such an hour; and you'll regret it." Elizabeth said with dignity and apparent calm, though her heart was throbbing to suffocation, her mind in a whirl of terror, uncertainty and alarm. "But I'll go, never to darken your door again. Good-bye, Uncle John. Good-bye."

He did not move, or speak, as the girl went out. And for some time he remained as she had left him, motionless, his heavy, stertorous breathing filling the room.

Half an hour passed. Light steps came down the passage paused for a brief second, near the drawing-room mat, then

quickly passed on ; the hall door opened and shut, and he staggered to his feet.

" Gone. The—fool—the silly idiot. Well, she must dree her own weird. She has ruined my hopes—destroyed my plans. If she comes to grief, so much the worse for herself. I have done all I could for her." And he rang the electric bell, making it peal and echo through the flat.

In an instant the terrified servant put in her head.

" Dinner," he cried. " At once ! I am starving." And with an angry, dissatisfied grunt, he flung himself down upon a chair.

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

(To be continued.)

A WORD, A LOOK, A SMILE

ONLY a kindly smile—that's all ;

It little costs in giving,

But on some heart that's sad 'twill fall

And make a life worth living.

Only a cheerful, happy face—

Ah ! who can tell its power, its grace ?

Only a word, a kindly word,

Sublime, and fondness flinging

Over dark hours, like happy bird

Ever its sweet course winging.

Only a word—yet its pleasant sound

In someone's ears may long resound.

Only a look, a kindly thought

Mending a heart that's broken :

Full many a marvel it hath wrought,

Though never a word be spoken.

Often a soul 'neath a loving eye

Hath lifted its burden and ceased to sigh.

Only a thought, a word, a smile—

Scatter them day by day.

Only a thought, a word, a smile

Brightening life's dreary way—

As precious gems in your crown you'll find,

When you reach that Land where all are kind.

S. M. W.

TIMSY THE FAIRY

THE idiot son of the Widow Burke was known to the inhabitants of Rosssderg as Timsy the Fairy.

On moonlight nights he was wont to wander over the country-side in hopes of seeing the Fairies dance to the sound of magic music. For Pat Fagan had told him that on the stroke of twelve o'clock, when the moon is at its full, the wee people become visible to mankind.

Timsy was very credulous, and believed everything he was told, so that the children never tired of telling him the most wonderful and impossible things. He was steeped in fairy lore, and knew that a fairy was concealed in each long blossom of the foxglove. He would sit muttering incantations to the purple blossoms, endeavouring to persuade the good little people to manifest themselves. It was on this account he was known as Timsy the Fairy.

Notwithstanding his clumsy, ungainly person, his mother loved him dearly, pitying him for his helplessness. His figure was stunted, but his countenance was gentle, and his great blue eyes were pathetic in their expression of bewildered resignation and uncomplaining meekness.

The Widow Burke, Timsy, and blind Norah Flanagan, lived in a cottage on the roadside—a humble little cottage, but clean and tidy. On a nail by the door hung a cage containing a thrush which belonged to blind Norah. The bird gladdened the hearts of the cottage inmates by its sweet singing.

An accident had befallen Norah when she was twenty years of age, depriving her of the sight of both eyes. She had lived with her father until his death, which had taken place when she herself was well over middle age. The Widow Burke, compassionating the blind woman's loneliness and poverty, had proffered Norah the hospitality of the roadside cottage, and this kind offer she had gratefully accepted.

Norah bore her affliction with quiet, brave endurance, contributing to her support by selling baskets, which she made by plaiting rushes which Timsy collected for her down by the river. Though the neighbours themselves were poor, the number of baskets they required was surprising. Miss Vesey—Sir Derrick Vesey's daughter—was constantly in need of baskets, as presents to her friends.

The entrance gate of Castle Vesey was but a quarter of a

mile from the Widow Burke's cottage. Timsy was a *protégé* of Miss Vesey, who had always a cheerful smile and a kind word for him. She never returned from London or Dublin without bringing him a present; knowing his partiality for brilliant colours, she would give him a bright-hued neck scarf, or a highly coloured picture-book.

The poor idiot adored her, and would sit for hours by his cottage door, hoping to see her pass, accompanied by her dog, "Mademoiselle"—the most frivolous of French poodles, who wore a bangle on one paw, while a collar ornamented with silver bells encircled its fat neck. There was no music as dear to Timsy as the tinkling of Mademoiselle's absurd bells.

Miss Vesey had a kind and tender heart, and had on one occasion championed Timsy when he was being tortured by rough boys. For one day he had left open the door of the cage which contained Norah's thrush. The bird, delighted at regaining his liberty, soared into the air, and disappeared from sight. Blind Norah felt the loss of her bird very keenly, and wept bitter tears. Timsy was greatly distressed, the more so as he was responsible for the flight of the thrush. In his anxiety to replace the lost songster, he had consulted Pat Fagan as to how he was to set about getting another bird.

"Catch one, to be sure," said Pat, with a grin.

"How am I to catch it?" Timsy inquired.

"It's little ye know," said Pat with contempt. "All ye have got to do is to put a pinch of salt on its tail. Just fetch a pinch of salt, and try."

Timsy ran off in search of the salt, while Pat collected a crowd of boon companions, saying:

"Sure it's the great fun we are going to have out of Timsy the Fairy. It's the grand playboy he'll make."

When Timsy returned with the salt, a large crowd of urchins had collected, headed by their ringleader, Pat. The fun was fast and furious. Timsy rushed to the right and left in pursuit of imaginary birds. The boys pulled his coat tails in all directions, calling out:

"Quick, Timsy, quick! or you'll lose the birds!"

The play had begun innocently enough, but carried away by high spirits the boys were getting excited, and the game was developing into rough horse play. Timsy's cap was thrown into a pond, and he was deprived of both his coat tails.

When Miss Vesey came upon the scene, she saw at a glance that Timsy was really frightened, and much exhausted. In peremptory tones she bade the boys desist from teasing him. They shamefacedly obeyed her.

"Pat Fagan," she said, with kindly eyes addressing the crestfallen ringleader: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Teasing a poor idiot boy is disgraceful and cruel."

Pat turned scarlet at the reproof, and promised never to tease Timsy again. He kept his word.

The next day Miss Vesey made Timsy extremely happy by the gift of a canary. Timsy, in return, manufactured a wonderful collar for Mademoiselle, out of some leather he had begged from the cobbler.

Although Timsy could never be taught to read or write, he was a keen observer of Nature in all its moods. On warm, sunny days he would lie full length on the ground, staring up at the turquoise sky. He could tell if rain was approaching by the scent of the grass, or if a frost was about to set in. Miss Vesey would often say to him: "Will it freeze to-night so as to prevent hunting to-morrow?" And Timsy would say: "Aye; there'll be a stiff frost, for I heard the train distinctly." Or he would say: "It will be wet to-morrow, the hills are that clear that I can see the linen out, bleaching on their slopes."

When Timsy was about seventeen, a terrible misfortune befell him. His mother died. He took her loss greatly to heart, refusing to eat or drink, and he lay face downwards on the floor, muttering and groaning. At nights he did not sleep, for he seemed to hear the dull thud of the earth falling upon his mother's coffin.

At the time of Widow Burke's death, Miss Vesey had been in London, and on her return home, she missed Timsy from his cottage door. One day, as she was riding by, she pulled up, and giving her horse to the groom to hold, went into the cottage.

"Where's Timsy?" she inquired of blind Norah.

Then Norah told her of their sad loss, saying that Timsy was utterly heart-broken, and lay on the floor "mumbling to himself, and talking foolishness. And I haven't a soul," added the blind woman, "to do a hand's turn for me. The boy used to be biddable enough, but he's that fierce that I'm afeared to go near him."

Miss Vesey asked to be conducted to where Timsy lay, watering the ground with his tears.

"Here's a visitor for you," announced Norah. "Get up!" she cried. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself—lying there crying like a baby for its mammy?"

"Leave him to me, Norah," said Miss Vesey gently.

Left alone with Timsy, she lightly touched his shoulder, bidding him get up. Timsy pulled himself into a sitting position, and gazed at her from under swollen

"Timsy," said Miss Vesey, "be a man! If your mother was to look down from the happy land to which she has gone, it would pain her very much to see you neglecting your duties and blind Norah."

"She's not in the happy land," said Timsy, sullenly. "She's in the churchyard under the damp earth. They carried her away from me, and shovelled stones on her. I heard the rattling."

Miss Vesey was silent for a moment, wondering what she could say to comfort Timsy. When she spoke, she said very kindly:

"Your mother is no longer in the churchyard; she's gone to a land where poverty and hunger are unknown, and if anything could mar her happiness it would be the thought that you are sad and miserable, and surely you do not wish to pain her."

Timsy passed his hand over his forehead, his poor muddled brain was at work.

"Even if she's gone to the happy land," said Timsy, "I think she'd be knowing that I'm longing for a sight of her."

"You'll meet her some day," said Miss Vesey, soothingly, "if you only set about doing your duty and keeping the house clean and tidy, and helping blind Norah."

"Perhaps," said Timsy, passing his fingers through his thatch of hair, "if I do my best to look after Norah, mebbe some evening, when the moon's shining brightly, me mother will come from the happy land to have a look at her poor boy, and say a kind word to him."

Miss Vesey turned her head away. Her eyes were full of tears, and she had not courage to disillusion Timsy. She merely said again:

"You'll certainly meet her some day."

Timsy was comforted, and, rising, went about his work as usual. He swept and kept his mother's room tidy and neat, and on moonlight nights he would draw up the blind and let the silver radiance flood the room. Then he would light a fire in the grate, and place a kettle upon it; for he said to himself: "Mebbe when she comes from the happy land, she'd be wishful for a cup of tay."

Timsy never went in quest of the fairies any longer, for he feared his mother might come and find him absent.

Timsy and blind Norah looked after each other. Kind-hearted neighbours occasionally gave them presents of money and food. Luckily their wants were few, they lived quietly enough, regardless of public events.

Rosserg was an unprogressive, inactive place, which nothing seemed to agitate or harass. Its inhabitants might even have

remained in blissful ignorance of the existence of motor cars, had not the Right Honourable Charles Alderson—an English Member of Parliament with more money than brains—come to Ireland on a special mission.

He had published an article in the *New Era*, entitled "Out of Evil, Good Comes," which was written to prove that the salvation of Ireland lay in the productiveness of her bogs; and in his article he warmly advocated starting an industry for making topcoats out of bog cotton.

Now Rosserg was surrounded by bogs; they lay in all directions. The Right Honourable Charles Alderson, hearing these bogs were remarkably prolific as regards bog cotton, determined to make a tour of inspection himself, in his new twenty-four horse power motor car.

One fine day, as Timsy the Fairy lay outside his cottage door basking in the warm sunshine, he suddenly heard a strange whizzing sound, and, on looking up, beheld what he thought to be a dragon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The motor, for motor it was, rapidly came towards him.

Suddenly, about a hundred yards from where Timsy sat, a black object appeared in front of the car. It was Mademoiselle—Miss Vesey's dog. Timsy called loudly to the poodle, but it took no notice of him. He dashed forward, and, grasping the dog, stood irresolutely right in the middle of the road.

A splendidly insolent chauffeur sounded a horn, which conveyed nothing to the dull intellect of Timsy. He made one step forward, and then stepped back again. The chauffeur endeavoured to stop the car, but he was too late, and before another minute had elapsed Timsy lay crushed and mangled upon the dusty road, with Mademoiselle in his arms. The dog was unhurt.

He was carried into his cottage, and lingered for some days. Miss Vesey spent her time by his bedside, doing what she could to alleviate his pain.

His mind wandered, and he often talked of his mother. The end came on a beautiful moonlight night—just such a night as he was wont to sit watching for her coming. There was no candle in the room, and the soft light fell aslant on the windows.

Timsy's head stood out upon the pillow, the rays of the moon cast a halo around it; his hands lay upon the patchwork-coverlet, clasping his crucifix. The poor little room was dignified and rendered holy by the coming of death.

Suddenly Timsy's lips moved, and Miss Vesey bent over him to catch his dying accents.

"Do you hear the lovely music?" he inquired.

Miss Vesey answered: "I hear nothing except the trees swaying in the breeze."

"I'm thinking," said Timsy, "she's not far off to-night;" and Miss Vesey knew he alluded to his mother.

"No," she said gently, "you are going to join her in Heaven."

A faint smile stole over the idiot's face, his eyelids quivered, but he did not reply; for the soul of Timsy the Fairy had passed away.

G. O'BRIEN.

THE FIRST BUTTERFLY

A FAIRY took some gossamer thread,
All on a summer day,
And away over hill and dale he sped,
In a merry fit of play,
To dye it purple in a rainbow gay—

Then shape it like a pair of wings
And fret it o'er with gold
And silver frosting and other things,
Ebony black and old,
And the pinkish tinge that comes in a rose's fold.

Then it fluttered its wings and floated away,
And the fairy watched it go,
Up and down by the flowers in play,
Dancing the heel and toe
And a *one, two, three*, with some thistles that stood
in a row.

HELEN GLADYS EMERY.

UNDER THE YEW TREES

FIFTY years ago! And once again I draw near the place where so many of my youthful days were passed. They told me that long since the house had been levelled to the ground, and that on its site a wealthy city merchant had erected his showy modern mansion, and that the yew trees alone stood faithful to that spot. But how could they, the growth of four hundred years, be uprooted?

Coming up the well-known, and oft-trodden coach-road,* I see the old house, just as it was in times gone by. There it stands under the yew trees, at the cross roads. The large ash is there; and under it, hat in hand, is the jolly landlord, his ruddy face surmounted by his yellow wig: "Welcome back," he cries, "and won't you step in and see the old place?"

Gladly I accept this invitation. As I do, I see Betty—she, too, smiling a welcome—carrying a pail of water from the well opposite. I enter by the farmyard, on the left, and find that the duck and geese still swim in the pond. There, to the right, stands the patient donkey saddled and bridled, and by his side a little boy with bare legs, a familiar freckled face, attired in a red frock, and armed with a long stick to stimulate his steed's reluctant feet. Both are awaiting the arrival of a troop of young girls for their daily ride. Yes, here they come. I step into the garden, and once more I look around its jessamine-covered walls. At the porch lie Shot and Batty basking in the heat. They raise their heads as I pass and lazily wag their tails. When indoors I visit every well remembered room and meet old friends at every turn. The buoyancy of youth seems returned to my step as I pass quickly through the terraced garden with its hedges and arches of laurel. And the bees still busy! How much work they must have done in these fifty years! And I? They seem to ask me this question, and judging from their angry buzzing, as they swarm around my head, my reply does not please them, so, to escape unstung, I move on. Down the incline I go, and again under the yew trees. I look towards the corner for the beech. They told me it had decayed and fallen. No, it is clad in verdure as of old, and stooping, I can trace the letters cut upon its trunk and read many a beloved name.

I linger long beside the sundial, which marked for us the happy hours of childhood, until the chill of evening begins to fall and

the shadows on its face seem to me as a warning that my day, too, is drawing to its close.

I hear the sound of merry voices. The girls must be returning from their ride, so I will leave. But I pause for a last look at the old house; and, as I do, I feel Spot's and Batty's cold noses rubbed sympathetically against my hand. I shut the gate . . . and . . .

"Grannie! Grannie! you're asleep this long time."

"Eh? What? Asleep? Oh, no, child, I never sleep in my chair."

"But you were, Gran, and poor old Batty the Third was licking your hand to get petted."

Was I?

Ah, why did she awaken me?

J. D.

THE SPRING

EARTH lifts its head—

Long bowed beneath the hoary snows,
And storms that rugged Winter blows,—
As from the dead;

And, smiling, then

Grows warm, casts off the robe of death,
Breathes forth in flowers its fragrant breath,
A child again.

E. P. TIVNAN, S.J.

A PHANTASY

NIGHT crept over the city. Her cloudy veil hid the stars, and the melancholy moon gathered to herself her ineffectual rays as she watched the mad wind rend and twist the seething clouds beneath her. Gaunt trees swung and muttered ominously, tossing their naked branches in impotent fury, as the wild wind swept imperiously over them. Hissing and thundering, the frenzied river tore its way to an angry sea, bearing on its bosom a hecatomb of self-immolated roused from their guilty bed by the river's passion.

The city slumbered fitfully, its children tossing and moaning in their sleep as though the burdens of the day pursued and crushed their repose. All slumbered save those few gentle spirits within the convent walls, who with heart-deep prayer and tender ministrations sought to win the soul of one whose body they had wrested from the hungry river. *Miserere* softly sounded and died away into a solemn *De Profundis*, as the erring soul winged its flight to the Justice which shows Mercy and remains the All-Just.

* * *

"Sister, whence come you?"

"Out of Eternity I was breathed forth and go to seek a mortal habitation on the earth. I am the spirit of one as yet unborn. And you, sister?"

"Alas! My miserable course is run. Sinfully have I thrust from me that flesh which cumbered me and the sad earth that wrung and tortured me. There, far beneath us, far beneath these angry tossing clouds, there where that little light sheds forth its mild and peaceful beam, kneel saintly ones around my earthly vesture, in holy supplication for this soul whose only virtue before a stainless Judge lies in their illimitable pity."

"Poor Spirit! I know nought of these terrors and wish you peace. But what is this life? Is there not gladness in it?"

"If there be gladness, I knew it not. I was cast forth a child into a slough of infamy. Sin and misery were my bread, my drink the bitter gall of angry tears. I saw, while yet an infant, him, who called my mother wife, strike death into her heart and cast me to the winds when horror wrung a cry. I saw the tears of little children and mingled mine when Hunger

gnawed and Pity turned her back. I saw death take them with rough mercy, but me he left to lead a shameful life, until I rushed to meet him, and found instead the hand of Love and Pity to save me from myself."

"Dear Spirit, your sadness frights me. Oh! tell me of this Love, this only hope for tortured souls on earth. Tell me shall I, too, find her? Is she ever beside the crushed and fallen?"

"Sister, they told me there of One Whose Being is Love, Who suffered torments and a hideous death that we might learn to grow like Him and share His love. Yet men despise Him, and rend each other, making their lives of hate instead of love. To me this Love came late; but, where Love is, there also is Mercy; and so, hopeful, I go towards my Judge's throne."

"My sister, I fear this dreadful life. What fate awaits me in that awesome place? I, too, may suffer the goad of poverty, the lash of crime. Remorse and tears may be my lot. I know not. And who shall say that even Love shall succour me in my hour of need? Is there no escape? Speak, sister, tell me of some realm where joy and happiness lighten the way and misery may not enter."

"I have spoken, Sister, as I know. All must suffer. Joy and happiness are not of the earth, and peace cometh only with Death. Strife and Sorrow go with you wherever lies your way; and nought can save you from what is appointed unto you."

* * *

Over the sleeping city broke the wail of a coward soul fleeing from the combat, and upon the night rose the cry of a mother for her dead-born son. But before the Eternal One rejoicing angels led the little-hoping soul to a reward that was exceeding great.

ETHEL BRAYDEN.

SURSUM CORDA

EACH flower, now quickening the sod,
Breathes forth its life, a fragrance fair,
A sweet unutterable prayer,—
A silent finger points to God.

E. P. TIVNAN, S.J.

SERMONS IN STONE

PESSIMISM is the habit of passing a garden of flowers to contemplate a mud puddle.

You cannot construct a triangle with two sides any easier than you can educate a man without morality.

Thought, like wine, grows richer for being kept in the cool, retired cellar of Silence.

Contrition is a rain that can turn the volcanic ashes of sin into a garden for the richest flowers of virtue.

Don't be a clod of corruptible iron when a little charcoal of high impulse and a fire of strong perseverance will convert you into a durable bar of steel.

As you build your edifice of To-day, place its main door on the road that leads to To-morrow and a few windows looking out on the backyard of Yesterday.

The bark of a hound is the same in New York as in New Zealand ; the mark of a gentleman is the same in the ploughfield as in the parlour.

Pride, anger, sensuality and the other vices are votes for the devil ; humility, patience, meekness and the other virtues are on God's ballot. Let us have for Him an overwhelming majority on the Last Day.

Looking back to your childhood, you see that it was good that your father or mother refused some of your requests ; looking to the years to come, will you complain if your Heavenly Father will not satisfy all your petitions ?

Friction has its uses for life as for electricity ; and like the electrical machine, we should let the negative electricity run off into the earth and put the positive into action.

If at length you have driven all alloys from your character, and only pure gold remains, remember that this, to have its highest worth, must be stamped ; and if on one side it must bear the impress of the world, be sure that the upper face bears in bold relief the image of the King.

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

THE BALLAD OF PHELM THE BLIND

" A CHIEFTAIN whose eye shames the eagle's "
 (Thus doth the legend run),
 " And with scorn hears a thrice-given warning,
 Darkened shall walk in the sun."

* * *

This is the ballad of Phelim,
 The son of O'Connor Dhu.
 In wrestling, or racing, or sword-play,
 The vanquished his prowess rue.

" Phelim, son of O'Connor !
 What if the weird be thine ?
 Shun thou the Pass of Glencullen,
 Last of an ancient line ! "

Stout was the heart of the chieftain,
 Ne'er had it known alarm ;
 So he scoffed at the sigh of the wind sprites,
 As he glanced at his strong right arm.

Cheerless in bog-girdled crannogues
 Cowered the cailas base ;
 But nought cared he for their sorrows,
 He of the Ard-righ's race.

Loud through the dun of Ardmenagh,
 Nightly the revels rang.
 Drum-beat re-echoed to bag-pipe,
 Chorus to crotal's clang.

Hard by the seat of the chieftain,
 Stood with his drinking horn,
 Blue-eyed and slight of stature,
 Seumas the lowly born.

" Phelim, son of O'Connor !
 Now is the day of grace.
 Dark looms the Pass of Glencullen,
 Drear the appointed place.

" Hunger may madden the strongest,
 Want make demons of men.
 Wilt thou not shelter the homeless,
 Dying forlorn in the glen ?

"Lord of the moor and the mountain,
Chief of O'Connor's clan!
Wilt thou not listen to Seumas?
Hate is an ill flame to fan."

Cold was the heart of the chieftain,
And fierce was his storm of rage,
As, deaf to the twice given warning,
He turned from his faithful page.

"Blind of soul! son of Connor!
This is the night of doom!
A bolt in the sure hand of Justice,
Lurks in the lowering gloom."

So spake the low voice of conscience,
In the heart of the chieftain proud,
While o'erhead, in the murky blackness,
Hung the waiting thundercloud.

But Phelim strode through the tempest,
Deaf to the warnings three;
And he fell in the Pass of Glencullen,
Fell, like a blasted tree.

Now from the dun of Ardmenagh,
Phelim the blind and the old
Ruleth the clan in his darkness,
Dreeth the weird as foretold.

Close to his chieftain is Seumas,
A councillor kind and wise,
Called by the clansmen of Phelim,
"Seumas, the chieftain's eyes."

And the Ogham stone of Glencullen
Bears the legend for all to read,
How the heart of the darkened chieftain
From the blindness of pride was freed.

And how Phelim, son of O'Connor,
Saw, though he learned it late,
That in ale-house, and glen, and crannogue,
Love is far better than hate.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal.* By Thomas Hughes, of the same Society. London, New York, Bombay, and Calcutta : Longmans, Green & Co. (Price 15s. net.)

This magnificent volume is the first contribution that the English language has made towards the realization of a vast literary project, namely, the compilation of a comprehensive series of histories furnishing in different languages a full and authentic account of the Society of Jesus over the whole world. Spain was first in the field with an instalment of its share of the work, and now the United States of North America come next. The colossal scale on which the work is planned may be judged from the fact that this first noble tome of nearly seven hundred royal octavo pages, each containing a larger amount of matter than we have ever seen crushed into a legibly printed page, brings the narrative down no further than the year 1645, although in Father Hughes's title the epithets "Colonial and Federal," exclude the doings of Frenchmen or Spaniards in North America, and confine his narrative to the United States and Canada when an English possession. Nay, the present is only one of two volumes devoted to this limited period, for this volume of "Text" will be followed by a volume of "Documents," giving the original papers, etc., on which the account is based. The two introductory chapters of the volume now in our hands are of very great interest and value, describing in 140 pages the various sources from which the materials have been drawn, and estimating their authority. Father Hughes has amassed his materials with extraordinary care and diligence, and he has used them most effectively in this first portion of his work. We pray that he may have health and strength to bring to a perfect completion his great labour of love. We shall, of course, return to this subject, and note how the book is received.

2. *Nick Roby, the Story of his Childhood.* By David Bearne, S.J. Messenger Office, Wimbledon, London, S.W. (Price, post free 1s. 6d. in boards ; 2s. cloth.)

Father Bearne dedicates his new book "to the dear memory of Colonel David Latouche Colthurst," an Irish convert from the same class which gave to the Catholic Church the three De Veres, the Rosses of Bladensburg, and some others. *Nick Roby* stands quite apart from the famous Riddingdale cycle of

stories. It is a very beautiful and sympathetic study of the development of a child's mind and heart from his sixth to his tenth year. It ends with this answer to the question propounded in these pages in March*—What is the happiest time of life? "In all important respects the older we grow the happier we become—always supposing that we are not consciously and consistently disobeying our Father and our God." We must confess that we have read with as much pleasure as the story itself the last pages which give the opinions of the Press on twelve other volumes of tales already published by Father Bearne. Among these high appreciations we notice non-Catholic organs like the *Daily Telegraph*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Manchester Guardian*, the *Pilot*, the *Scotsman*, and the *Standard*. And all this is only a partial representation of the amazing fertility of Father Bearne's genius; for it is nothing less than genius. What a happiness is his, to be employed by God in giving innocent amusement and pleasant instruction to thousands and thousands of youthful readers—among whom many of their elders are sure to intrude. It is a great gift turned to the best possible account.

3. Four new pennyworths have been sent out by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin), each of them excellent in its own way. The type is large and legible, and will make still pleasanter the reading of Mr. Richard J. Kelly's second selection of *Popular and Patriotic Poetry*, by John O'Hagan, and twenty-seven others. We never before thought so well of William Rooney or of the Hon. Emily Lawless. Katharine Tynan and T. D. Sullivan are well represented, not by the first pieces that came to hand; and very properly a poem which has been given in full in our own pages is classed among "patriotic poetry"—"A Patriot's Rebuke," by Lord Plunket, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. The Second Part of *Lough Erne and its Shrines*, by the Rev. J. E. M'Kenna, M.R.I.A., is full of learning and admirably illustrated. Another pennyworth gives us two interesting tales by A. R., *Jessie's Sacrifice* and *Moida*. The most valuable of the new batch is the fourth part of *A Short History of Some Dublin Parishes*, by Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, giving an extremely interesting account of the evolution of the parishes of Monkstown, Kingstown, Glasthule and Dalkey.

4. *The Voice of Banba: Songs and Recitations for Young*

* A friend warns us that the French novel which gave rise to that little discussion is not so innocent as the comments there quoted would imply.

Ireland. By Brian na Banban. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (Price 6d. net.)

Mr. Brian O'Higgins, whose *Bunch of Wildflowers* we welcomed some time ago, gives us here a small collection of very spirited ballads and songs which are sure to please those for whom they are intended, especially the enthusiastic cultivators of the old Gaelic tongue. Irish phrases are sprinkled generously over these pages, and some of the songs are all Irish. We like nothing better than the phrase that the poet quotes from Miss Mary Butler: "The greatest of all Irish schools is an Irish mother's knee." Brian na Banban develops this text very eloquently; but the poem would have been improved by being printed in stanzas of eight lines, each ending with a variation of this beautiful text.

5. Last month we welcomed two rather large volumes devoted to reprints of Father Baker's *Sancta Sophia* in different forms. The Art and Book Company (Westminster) publish for a shilling a very neat little quarto, *Custodia Cordis, a Treatise on Mortification*, which is a portion of the same work, edited, abridged, and modernized by Dom Ildephonsus Cummins, O.S.B.

6. We called our readers' attention recently to a selection made by Mrs. Alice Meynell from the poems of the Rev. John B. Tabb, an American priest. The *Daily Chronicle*, the most literary of the London daily journals, says that "this selection proves conclusively that Father Tabb is the greatest living master of epigram in verse."

7. A Maltese lad, Carmelo Z., once told us that one of their schoolboy tricks in Malta was to write on the first flyleaf of a book this assonant rhyme:

Nomen meum hic non pono,
Quia me laudare nolo.

Then on the second:

Si nomen meum scire velis,
Volve folium et videbis.

But when the reader obeyed and turned the page, all that he found was the couplet:

O curiose, qui ter fuisti,
Nomen meum non vidisti.

This tantalizing policy we unwittingly followed last month in speaking of a certain "tiny wee penny booklet of aspirations," which has reached its eleventh thousand, though its title page

modestly claims only six thousand. By mistake the book was not named. It is *All Day Long : Ejaculations and Prayers in Verse* (Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.) There will not be any third paragraph announcing the name of the author. *Nomen meum non vidisti*.

8. Of Dr. Kolbe's *Thoughts and Fancies*, which we noticed last month, *The Times* of April 26 says : " There is about all of them a sincerity of thought and a kind of chaste serenity of expression which is often extremely pleasing." We are frequently edified by the careful reading that has evidently been given to a book in the " List of New Books and Reprints," which is the last item of *The Times* Literary Supplement, though the result of the critic's examination has to be condensed into a single sentence. The critics of the world are often more careful and conscientious in their generation than those " children of light " who might be supposed to have higher motives for discharging their task well .

9. *Thomas William Allies 1813—1903*. By Mary H. Allies. London : Burns & Oates. (Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Miss Allies has fulfilled well a duty of filial piety. No one can read this account of the author of *The Formation of Christendom* without feeling deep respect for his memory. Several long and careful letters of Cardinal Newman add greatly to the value of the book. Chapter 2, with its very minute contemporaneous account of the wooing of a very different Newman, might discreetly be passed over (though of course of idyllic innocence) if the book be chosen for refectory reading in a religious house. One of the most charming things in the whole volume is a letter to Mrs. Allies from " Mr. John H. Wynne," afterwards Father Wynne, S. J., of holy and amiable memory. Mr. Allies in the changes and trials of his life is himself a strong testimony to the claims of that One True Church of which he was so devoted a son. This is an extremely interesting and edifying book.

10. Messrs. Burns and Oates have brought out new editions of Sir William Butler's delightful books, *The Great Lone Land*, and *The Great North Land*. It is the sixteenth edition of the former. The brilliant Irish General describes his travels through the most northern regions of North America. Each book has several illustrations and a map. They are cheap at five shillings each.

11. The same publishers have issued *The Way of the Cross of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, translated from the French of a Capuchin Father de Prats-de-Mollo, by Leonora L. Yorke Smith, whom Father Henry Sebastian Bowden of the London Oratory

describes as "a lady well experienced in the difficult task, as Cardinal Newman declares it to be, of expressing in a second language ideas already conveyed through the medium of a first." The little book is full of tender piety.

12. The Christian Brothers have published through M. H. Gill & Son of Dublin, and Burns & Oates of London, a new set of Readers, which we are glad to know have been printed, bound, and illustrated in Dublin. Indeed they bear the imprint of our own printers, Messrs. Browne and Nolan. Most of the illustrations are by Mr. Fitzpatrick of *Leprachaun* fame, and his extremely clever work has been reproduced very successfully. The little pictures inserted in the text of *The First Reader* are as good as any of them; and a careful scrutiny will find "Fitz," or "Fitzpatrick" in some corner of each. We hope these charming little vignettes will attract the notice which we think they deserve. The Brothers who were entrusted with the duty of making this selection of readings for so many thousands and thousands of Irish boys during the next half century have, we are sure, felt the weighty responsibility that lay upon them. How many souls will be influenced by the spirit of these pieces! A very beautiful selection it is, though of course the critical reader (with a small *r*) will desire certain other pieces in place of some that seem less appropriate. Very properly the names of authors are given in the Fourth and Fifth Reader, and very improperly they are suppressed in the first three of the series. Mr. T. D. Sullivan would, we are sure, have no objection to be introduced to many generations of little boys as author of "No Time to Lose," at page 53 of the Third Reader; and we ourselves can say the same for the writer of the last poem in that volume, "To the Queen of May."

13. *Benedicenda* has for its sub-title "Rites and Ceremonies to be observed in some of the principal functions of the Roman Pontifical and Roman Ritual." It is published by Benziger Brothers, New York, price nine shillings—a moderate price for a treatise of this size and character, beautifully printed, and (very sparingly but no doubt sufficiently) illustrated. The author is the Rev. A. J. Schulte, Professor of Liturgy in Overbrook Seminary, Pennsylvania. We have frequently impressed upon our readers the magnitude of the debt that Catholics, and especially priests, owe to Father Heuser and other professors of the Diocesan College of Philadelphia. Father Schulte gave us lately the admirable volume, *Consecranda*; and now the companion volume, *Benedicenda*, explains the beautiful rites for laying the corner-stone of a church, for blessing a bell, a cemetery, a church, a cross, a statue—for episcopal visitations,

and a great many other ecclesiastical functions. This very complete book begins with a beautiful introduction by Dr. Hugh T. Henry in defence of the Church's ceremonial in general, and ends with a collection of Latin inscriptions for corner-stones and bells.

14. The publishers of the preceding volume have published also a second volume of *Patron Saints for Catholic Youth*, by Mrs. Mary E. Mannix (price 2s. net). Four male saints—St. Bernard, St. Martin of Tours, St. Blaise and St. Michael the Archangel; and four female saints—St. Monica, St. Cecilia, St. Helen, and St. Bridget—or rather Brigid, for it is the Virgin of Erin, not the Widow of Sweden. The brief biographies are at the same time sufficiently full and exact, clearly and simply written. Each sketch is preceded by a portrait of the saint. For St. Monica we have Ary Scheffer's famous masterpiece.

15. R. & T. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London, have brought out with their usual neatness, price two shillings, *Stepping-Stones to Heaven*, by Miss Evelyn Raymond Barker, who also calls her pretty little tome "a daily memento of the Saints and Thomas à Kempis." Four or five verses from *The Imitation of Christ* are assigned to each day, under the patronage of a saint of the day, generally chosen from Alban Butler. The same publishers have sent us the third quarterly part of *Roman Documents and Decrees*, edited by the Rev. David Dunford, which is sent post free for a shilling. We earnestly hope that this publication will be adequately supported, for it will let priests know a great many things which they ought to know and which they are not likely to seek in the large monthly periodical, *Analecta Ecclesiastica*. Father Dunford's selection is well worth its four shillings a year.

16. The *Ave Maria* Press of Notre Dame, Indiana, has issued separately for 15 cents Abbot Gasquet's excellent paper on "The Question of Anglican Ordinations." The April Number of *The Xavier*, edited by the Students of St. Francis Xavier, New York, is full of pleasant and clever matter, very entertaining even for persons who know nothing of the college gossip that has a special charm for the youthful audience chiefly addressed. "The Story of an Evolution," by Francis J. Smith—who will not graduate for two years yet—is an admirable summary of the developments of steamships. The Pastoral Letter of Dr. M'Faul, Bishop of Trenton, on the Christian School, has already reached a second edition (Benziger Brothers, New York). Burns and Oates have sent us the third edition (price 1s. net) of *Some Characteristics from the Life of Father Paul of Moll, Benedictine*, translated from the French by Dom Nolan of Erdington Abbey.

17. The May number of *Hermes* gives one a pleasant impression of the intellectual life and youthful vigour of which University College, Stephen's Green, is the focus, in more than one sense of that word. The literary power of Mr. Aedan Cox is more manifest than his judgment in giving to Baudelaire the time and study that were necessary to qualify him to write so able a paper. We wish that that time and study had been expended on a worthier subject. "The True Inwardness of a Debating Society" is full of wit and wisdom; and we rejoiced when the last paragraph of page 58 translated the signature, "Red Spinner" into "Mr. M'Cormack." The two book-notices are written from special knowledge, and make us desire a similar translation of "Mananan" and "Mors."

18. Two essays on Gregorian Rhythm, by the Rev. Ludwig Bonvin, S.J., have been issued as a reprint from that brilliant Magazine the *Messenger* (New York, 801 West 181st Street). Father Ludwig, who is a specialist of high authority in ecclesiastical music, treats of "the Old Manuscripts and the Two Gregorian Schools," and of "Rhythm as taught by the Gregorian Masters up to the Twelfth Century and in accordance with the Oriental Usage."

19. The first volume of *The Catholic Encyclopædia* has appeared in New York; but the European agents of this great undertaking, the Caxton Publishing Company, Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C., have announced its issue here in the middle of May, and it has not yet reached us. The price of each of the fifteen volumes will be 27s. 6d. We will, of course report from time to time the progress of this colossal undertaking in which a large number of the most learned Catholic writers of all countries on both sides of the Atlantic are taking part.

20. We fear that we have not yet expressed the admiration we feel for the latest number of the *Sursum Corda*. It is the annual record of the Confraternity of St. Gabriel at Philadelphia, which has the written approval of more than eighty bishops. The object of the Confraternity is the spiritual aid and consolation of the sick and also of converts who suffer from the isolation to which their change of faith condemns them. The *Sursum Corda* is brought out with very great care and taste, and the report and business items are preceded by many beautiful papers and poems.

21. *The Queen's Festivals. Explanation of the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary for her little Ones.* By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. (Price 2s. net.)

This admirably printed book is by the same Religious, living

probably in an American convent of her Order, to whom we owe two series of *Five O'Clock Stories*, and three or four more serious books. She tells about our Lady's various festivals a great many things that will interest youthful readers when told in her pleasant manner. Many little stories are mingled with her instructions.

22. *A Spiritual Retreat*. By Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Twenty-six essays on pious subjects, instructions rather than meditations and perhaps better suited to be used now and then during the year than during a regular Retreat. There is a good deal of freshness about the manner in which things are said, as in the reflections on the use of time. We very much prefer the type, paper, and printing of this book to the more artistic style of typography affected in some recent publications of the Granville Press.

23. No. 3 of the Church Music Series which Messrs. Browne & Nolan, 24, Nassau Street, Dublin, are printing for one who conceals himself under the title of "a Catholic Priest," is a little book, of which the price is threepence net, containing the Music for the Forty Hours' Adoration, comprising the Solesmes Chant in Staff and Tonic Sol-fa notations of the Votive Mass of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Mass *Pro Pace*, and the Litany of the Saints.

GOOD THINGS WELL SAID

1. Good books are only written by those who start with ability and improve it by taking pains.—*Quiller Couch*.

2. A capacity to concentrate one's mind upon the work in hand, together with patience and the honest desire to do one's best, are the chief qualities for a literary career as well as for every other.—*Mrs. Katherine Thurston*.

3. Success in life awaits not the self-seeking and ambitious, but those who grapple with the details of life and mark them out.—*Lord Methuen*.

4. This life is only worth living as an Act of Faith, of Hope, of Love; faith in the Unseen, hope of Eternity, love of the Leader.—*A. M. F. Cole*.

5. There is no substitute for prayer. It is hard work, and at times distasteful enough; but let us keep at it, bearing in

mind the words, "being in an agony, He prayed the longer."—*Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.*

6. There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, that it does not become any of us to talk about the rest of us.—*Anon.*

7. If loyal minds never misunderstood, if tender hearts were never unkind to those they love the best ; if imagination lighted only the ideal of our friends and did not at moments grossly magnify their failings ; if explanations were of any use, or silence could heal, or reconciliations make the past live again : how many would rest satisfied with earth who now raise tear-dimmed eyes to Heaven !—*Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.*

8. To my mind it is not only in her liturgy and her ritual, but far more in her real catholicity, her vast humanity, her organization so flexible yet so firm, so sympathetically and sagaciously adapted to the idiosyncrasies of all her children, that the Catholic Church transcends all others, Greek or Protestant, and justifies her proud title of the Church Catholic. . . . For all sorts of reasons I shall never become a Catholic. But a Catholic I should certainly be if I could get over the initial difficulties of belief common to all the Churches.—*Robert, Earl of Lytton.*

9. Earth is crammed with Heaven, and every common bush afire with God ; but only he who sees takes off his shoes, the rest sit round it and pick blackberries.—*Mrs. Browning.*

10. Intoxicants produce weakness, not strength ; sickness, not health ; death, not life.—*Dr. Collenette.*

11. Brave men, if they can respect, seldom dislike, a formidable antagonist.—*James Bryce.*

12. The souls of little children are marvellously delicate and tender things, and keep for ever the shadow that first falls on them ; and *that* is a mother's.—*Olive Schreiner.*

13. The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once.—*Richard Cecil.*

14. I feel about all things now as I do about the things that happen in an hotel after my trunk is packed to go home. I may be vexed and annoyed ; but what of it ? I am going home soon.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

15. The more I know of nature, the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know it all, my faith would doubtless equal that of the Breton peasant woman.—*Louis Pasteur.*

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A WORD MORE ABOUT NOVELS

THE interesting lecture on "Novels and Novel-Reading," delivered by the late Judge Carton more than thirty years ago, which was reprinted in the last two numbers of this Magazine, invites a few thoughts on the progress of novel-writing during the interval, and a comparison between the works of fiction offered to the public then and now.

In speaking of the disadvantages of novel-reading the lecture points out its relaxing influence on the vigour of the mind, its tendency to create a distaste for more solid studies, and to absorb more time than should be given to books that are merely entertaining, and finally, the injury it may sometimes lead to in forming mistaken impressions of life and history and wrong conceptions on social, political, and religious subjects. Books of a distinctly evil character are not, it will be observed, included in the enumeration. These are merely referred to as a danger which the lecturer assumes his hearers will recognise and shun themselves.

Now it will at once occur to anyone acquainted with the fiction of the present day, that a simple distribution of it like this into novels that are not directly harmful in their subject and novels that are bad would be incomplete and of little value as a protection against the perils of indiscriminate reading. Since the lecture was written novel-reading has progressed, not as formerly along any more or less distinct lines or restricted channels of development, but with an expansive energy, like that of water let loose on a surface, which claims as the sphere of its activity the whole region of thought, and the life

of man in all phases, objective and subjective, human and divine, as the legitimate subject for its arbitrary exercise.

Mr. Carton's classification of the novels of thirty years ago marks this advance. He groups them under a few heads known to that time as the domestic novel, the historical novel, the novel "with a tendency," and "the sensation" novel. Who could attempt a category of the novels of the present day? In addition to those mentioned have we not, to specify a few, the religious novel, the ethical novel, the psychological novel, the political novel, the romantic novel, the realistic novel, and the nauseous problem novel with its everlasting question of sex? If the indirect danger referred to existed for the young or unwary reader in the past, how much greater must it be now when works of the kind have been chosen as the favourite medium for the propagation of every speculative opinion on every subject of human interest that the mind of man has been able to formulate or imagine!

No one can reflect on the character of the novels which of late years have gained most notoriety without realising how far works of fiction have been diverted from their original purpose as a mere mental recreation to subserve the end of writers who have some doctrine to establish, some theory to illustrate, or some philosophy to expound. The rapid growth and undoubted power as an intellectual influence of works of this nature are easily accounted for. In an age in which successful fiction is perhaps the most profitable of all forms of literary labour it is not surprising to find among novelists so many writers of the highest endowments. Addressing themselves to the widest of all audiences, their talents receive an instant recognition as well as a liberal reward. But to men of original powers of mind a greater inducement to this form of work is found in the fact that the novel is the easiest and pleasantest vehicle for disseminating new ideas on those grave subjects of thought which they think themselves qualified to elucidate. If the didactic methods employed by such writers were unimpeachable, the danger to readers would be less. But the modern novelist with a thesis to establish offers us no proofs of the validity of his inferences. He seeks to convince us by a readier device. Conclusions are presented without their premises, and an effort is made to prejudice the mind in favour of unattested opinions by influencing the imagination. The novel-reader's aim is amusement, not study or deep thought. He reads indolently, and when his interest has been aroused in the characters and incidents of the story, the more completely he can adopt the standpoint and enter into the feelings of the

author as reflected in his creations, the fuller will be the reader's enjoyment of the book. He may thus be led to yield an unconscious assent to ideas of an evil tendency, on which he had not reflected or formed definite opinions, which he would hesitate to adopt—if divorced from their imaginary setting—as mere conclusions from a process of reasoning. The extent to which impressions of the kind may be created in the mind of the reader will, of course, depend on his intelligence and education. But it is to be feared that novel-readers as a class are scarcely well qualified to guard themselves against the danger. To most of us mental exertion is at all times an unwelcome labour, but especially so when we are in the vein for novel-reading. And if we were to analyse the sources of our convictions and try to investigate how many of them are the conclusions of our own independent thought as distinguished from those we have imbibed, or borrowed ready-made, we could not fail to realise how much we are in subjection to the habit of letting others think for us.

Even the most cursory knowledge of the novels of our day is enough to show us how effectively they can be employed in the prosecution of this illegitimate propagandism; and if the false ideas thus insinuated constitute the main danger in novel-reading, it will follow that it is not the worst novels, commonly so called, that are productive of the greatest harm. Readers of ordinary intelligence with healthy minds, who would be at once repelled by books in which vice is openly sanctioned and exalted and bad principles explicitly avowed, may yet be seduced by the more subtle arts of clever writers, who are less undisguised enemies of truth and virtue, to give heed to speculations and criticism of a rationalising and otherwise vitiated tendency which lead to the unsettlement of faith and the disparagement of the moral laws. The reader who will turn with disgust from the flagrant indecencies of some of the works of such writers as Zola, Thomas Hardy, or George Moore, may find it difficult to resist the intellectual charm and power of books like *Robert Elsmere*, *John Inglesant*, or *The Story of an African Farm*, though they may not fail to perceive in them elements of more real danger to the principles of religion and morality.

It would be idle, however, to attempt an enumeration of the books or writers of the present day with a view to assisting readers in the choice of novels, as Mr. Carton does. Even if one were competent for it, the task would be impossible within reasonable limits from the overpowering wealth of material at command. Nor would a general verdict on the character of modern fiction be of any more advantage to the reader. To

condemn it wholesale as mischievous would be as unjust as it would be unwise not to recognise its dangers. No one who has devoted his time to fiction at all can be insensible to its value, not only in informing and cultivating the mind, but also as a powerful influence in the formation of character. What reader of an age to remember his first introduction as a child to those "Old Masters" of romance, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray—while they were yet the standard novelists of the English reading public—can fail in gratitude to them for the pleasant lessons in discipline of mind and heart, and knowledge of life, which helped to sustain him afterwards in meeting its hard actualities and real experiences of trial and suffering? And though the fiction of the present day with its more insidious perils demands the exercise of a greater care and discrimination, for right-minded and reflective readers its benefits must surely outweigh its disadvantages.

Perhaps the best safeguard for us against the influence of the retrograde tendencies of contemporary fiction is a clear perception of their character, and of the fact that they are mainly due to the adoption by writers of the "advanced" school of what they would have us accept as a new precept or canon of art. The pursuit of "art for its own sake," they tell us, should be the sole purpose of the artist. This, in its literal sense, no doubt, expresses only a legitimate aim; but it has come by a convention to mean an exercise of the artistic faculties wholly freed from the control of laws which, if not always observed, have been hitherto deemed of indefeasible authority.

That art is independent of morality, or holds rather a position of paramountcy conferring a right to regard even the ethical aspect of life as a subject for its capricious treatment, is the form in which its ultimate claim is presented by this class of its votaries. In this illicit theory we find the chief source of the depravities of modern fiction; and all that is wanted to show its falsehood is a just notion of the essential elements which constitute art in its true sense, and of the relation in which they stand to each other. Art is not merely reproduction: it is not occupied with the indiscriminate copying of what exists in nature, many of the details of which do not, in fact, admit of artistic treatment at all. It is employed in abstracting and fitting together certain impressions to the exclusion of others which, when moulded into a whole by apt combination, produce the desired effect; and it is in thus idealising his subject that the artist displays the higher creative faculty, and impresses on his work that personal stamp which gives it the quality of a distinctive treatment. How much of the value of his creation is

due to this ideal conception in the mind of the artist and to his individual method of expressing it can be realised by comparing the painted canvas with the photograph, or the hand-wrought fabric with the product of mechanism. The two elements—the ideal and the real—may be described as the soul and body of art, and upon their adjustment in proper proportion depends the excellence of artistic work. Emanating from their sources, the creative and the imitative faculties of the artist's mind, they will be found to reflect in his art any degree in which either of these attributes may dominate the other ; and a tendency towards vague transcendentalism or soulless materialism will indicate which of the two qualities has upset the required balance.

Now the malpractices of the literary art of our day are chiefly due to the selection of subjects unfitted for idealistic treatment, resulting in an uninspired realism which expends itself in a slavish imitation and probes the forbidden recesses of nature. This is not to say that the principles of true art require the avoidance of any theme but one of a moral character. Nature is not indefectible, but its peccancies must be presented with a recognition of their obliquity ; and the main vice of modern writing is the treatment of the subjects for which it shows a preference without regard to the ethical laws that pertain to them. This degenerate art, which claims for itself a new principle, in excuse for its delinquencies, is in reality only the half-articulate effort at expression of minds that lack the higher endowment of the imagination ; and the heresy on which it is based—to account it, for the moment, something more than a mere subsequent pretext—is easy of refutation. If all that is impressive in nature for its beauty, its grandeur, or its horror—taking these as heads for the grouping of all that is comprised in the field of æsthetics—is the proper subject-matter of art to the exclusion of no type of fitness, *moral* excellence comes within its province no less than other forms of intellectual or sensible beauty. From this range the artist can, of course, select for his study any subject to the rejection of the others ; but in doing so he must respect the unerring intuitions of the mind which fix the standards of perfection by which all forms of excellence are measured. And if the subject chosen is of an ethical character, its treatment without regard to the immutable moral law is no less a travesty of nature violating the fundamental principles of art, than to present to us types of deformity for grace, confusion for order, or discord for harmony.

This estimate of some of the vicious tendencies of modern literary art is not based, it will be observed, on the

recognition of any theological principles. The existence of a moral sense in man is all that it assumes. Viewed from the standpoint of Christian ethics, however, this debasement of art by following the random impulses of the artistic temperament wherever they lead, unguided by any principle and undirected towards any aim, save, it would seem, that of an extravagant novelty in ideas and in expression—a subvention for which true art can have no necessity—stands condemned in a clearer light. It is a sin against the cardinal virtue of temperance. The abuse by excess of an instinct healthy in itself, and refining and elevating in its influence when controlled and directed to its right end; an undue indulgence in emotional sensibility akin to a passion, which dims the eye of conscience and weakens the moral fibre even when it stops short of a deliberate revolt against the eternal principles of right and wrong. In the successive phases of modern fiction the progress of this decadence is marked. From a realism which attempts the imaginative treatment of subjects too ignoble for idealisation, art has sunk to the grosser form of naturalism which denies to the spiritual side of nature any place in its field at all. It is hard to say to what depths it may not yet descend before it comes to realise that the true corrective for its aberrant propensities is to be found in the moral perceptions of man, and that in protecting and strengthening these against the pernicious influences of the new moralities lies the only hope of its real progression.

CHARLES T. WATERS.

COMMUNION

To-morrow, Lord, Thou'lt be with me,
Deep down within this wretched heart;
And finite, from Infinity,
Will stand a whisper's breadth apart.

E. P. TIVNAN, S.J.

BRETHREN

At eve, beneath my window pane
 I saw a baby vagrant stand,
 Who sought for alms with outstretched hand,
 Amid the driving rain.

The autumn wind blew fierce and keen,
 My casement shaking, and my door ;
 The child's scant rags were all too poor
 His trembling limbs to screen.

But they who passed brushed careless by,
 And gave his wistful face no heed ;
 Unmarked by all his pressing need,
 Unheard his wailing cry.

Hushed now was sound of pattering feet
 In many a dainty upper room,
 Drawn curtains casting gentle gloom
 O'er childhood slumbering sweet.

Within my chamber just above
 (His dimpled limbs with kisses warm)
 Lay, breathing soft, a tiny form,
 All wrapped around with love.

And now his prayer recurred to me,
 The prayer his lisping voice had said,
 (In reverent droop the curly head,
 Hands folded on my knee).

Again I seemed to hear him say
 " *Our* Father," aye, not " *Father mine*,"
 For so decreed the voice divine,
 As brethren we must pray.

As brethren ! Yet that friendless form,
 Without, alone and friendless wept,
 And while my babe serenely slept,
 Unconscious of the storm.

Ashamed, I hastened down the stair,
 And swift the hapless waif I sought ;
 For 'twas a curious thing, methought,
 Our rendering of this prayer.

M. E. FRANCIS.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS

ALL that is joyous, spontaneous, naïve, shivers and shrinks under controversy : children become self-conscious, with critics or cynics standing by ; and the *abandon* of the middle-aged is decent only in the home, in the family, or the friendly circle. David dancing before the ark, as Blessed Thomas More on all fours among his children ; the dancing boys in Seville Cathedral ; even that hardy growth, the Peasants' Passion Play in the Tyrol—all require that " the cursed critical habit " be suppressed, and the vulgarizing sense of the ridiculous. The music hall is more likely to be understood and found congenial, than is the simplicity and majesty of the Mass, among the disinherited descendants of reformed and revolutionized populations, now " after Christians."

But in Ireland, even with all its bad anglicizing and its borrowing often of the folly rather than of the nobleness of England, in literature and in taste, there is so much of reverence—that angel of the world—so much wise submissiveness, so much of the fear of the Lord, together with a faithfulness to a ceremonial religion, and a widespread desire, at least, to worship in the beauty of holiness. How is it, then, that in this Ireland, we are wearied almost with hearing of how glorious certain times and places are in their Catholicity ; but always *not* in our Ireland, here and now ? How is it that the very English—not only Catholic but Protestant—show more of their religion outwardly than do the Catholic Irish ?

There is, doubtless, a ready answer, as to everything else in Ireland ; and that is, the bad days, the days of the penal laws. The Irish, generally, kept the Faith ; and they could not have its ceremonies ; even their churches were taken. Hence, in a country like Canada, where Irish and French make up most of the Church, one sees the contrast, in the French peasant's love for High Mass—to him a low Mass of Requiem is almost unknown—and in the Irish settler's content, in parishes where even Benediction has never been given.

But nowadays, as again with so many other things, one may hear Irish voices telling their countrymen to be up and doing, and to complain no more, except of the present-day wrongs ; why shall they not enjoy the fulness of Catholic ceremonies, as they will take pride in cultivating their own lands ?

This year in Ireland more Corpus Christi processions have been held. But how many more of such processions, publicly,

has even France seen this year, that France that we are prone to think all careless or hostile? For the first time since the establishment of the new religion, at least one other southern Irish cathedral has seen its processions with the Sacred Host pass out of its doors, and through some decorated streets, amidst a devout people. But when the present writer reads suggestions for such processions to be held only in districts where there are no Protestants, or in western country parishes, he cannot help thinking that even the most combative amongst us do not know the time they are of. And he thinks of Canada; not only the town of Quebec, as Catholic (say) as Cork, but of Montreal, as large as Dublin, and perhaps not more Catholic, with its great procession, and Benediction given by the Archbishop from a lofty balcony, looking out over kneeling multitudes. And then, of Ottawa, the Canadian capital, half Protestant, where the same holy procession passes through a great part of the city, and never a sign but of respect. It is a mark of the old sadness, if we are too suspicious of our neighbours. They have changed, and we with them. Let us accept our own day, and our new selves.

Not long since, a devoted English layman, who, with the sanction of the Archbishop of Westminster, defends and explains Catholic doctrine among the varied religious and anti-religious "street preachers" of Hyde Park, came over to southern Ireland and there expressed his dismay and almost amusing astonishment at the absence of wayside crosses and crucifixes and shrines—he said he thought he was going to refresh himself in a real Catholic country, but it looked as Puritan as Scotland—and then at the neglect of processions. It was interesting to hear him say that English Catholics owe the sympathetic crowds round their processions to-day, to the Salvation Army, who fought and won the battle, among the jeering but now indifferent or well-disposed masses, for "religion in the streets." And then the Ritualists. We may have read how half a century ago, even within their churches, High Churchmen of a moderate manner were pelted and hustled. But now, every Good Friday, those whose nominal brothers we here still call Protestant clergymen, preach the Way of the Cross in London streets, with crucifix, acolytes, and all as prescribed by Rome. The processions, not only Anglican, but Catholic, in Lancashire, with children of the schools, girls in white, choirs, banners, crosses, with incense and priests in vestments—they are the yearly commonplaces now, there, where priests suffered, hanged, in such vestments, from those same old church steeples that still look down on this new-old world.

The Catholic Church has long since decided in that momentous question of art ; she has decided for use, not abuse. She decided against Puritanism, as early, shall we say, as the days of Tertullian. Nothing remains, therefore, but to give of our best, to do our best, to chasten our taste, to march (in a good sense) with the times, not to let it be said that we, passing into a normal state of a civilized people, are allowing beauty to belong to the art galleries and museums and not to our churches, their worship, their adornment, their ceremonies—within their walls and without.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

AFTERMATH

To the fields where thou hadst mown in summertide
One did come, exceeding beautiful to see ;
And she looked upon thy brown fields lying wide,
And she smiled upon thy fields and smiled on thee.

Oh, that smile of hers, the spring light come again,
Spring light fair as on the heart of Eden laid ;
And the patter sounded as of early rain,
And the sunshine quickened little stalk and blade.

Shall not autumn fields give herbage fresh and green
If the warmth and light be fair as summer hath ?
And the Queen of Christendom hath walked therein
In whose love, O Mower ! make thine aftermath.

EMILY HICKEY.

STORIED WINDOWS

ALL honour to St. Benedict Biscop, who in the seventh century brought makers of glass from France to England!

Never was a greater lover of the beautiful than was this intrepid and holy monk. In his frequent travels it would be hard to say what he did not bring back to his fatherland: pictures, books, and music, all and everything that could contribute to the adornment of God's house and to the edification of the faithful, he bestowed upon our Celtic and Saxon forefathers.

But though it is expressly said that he brought holy pictures for the adornment of churches—an entire series illustrating Old and New Testament history—it is not probable that his windows were richly dight, or that they displayed any really pictorial design. It is true that his great contemporary St. Aldhelm, in a well-known Latin poem, speaks of a church “resplendent with serene light, the sun shining through its windows of glass, and diffusing limpid rays through the four-square temple” :—

*Haec domus interior resplendet luce serena,
Quam sol per vitreas illustrat forte fenestras,
Limpida quadrato diffundens lumina templo.*

But it was not until four centuries or more after his death that figure designs, disposed in ornamental frames, began to appear in some of our cathedrals and churches. For the history of painted glass begins in the twelfth century; it is essentially associated with Northern Europe and with the development of Gothic architecture. Small were the figures at first; deep and rich were the tints—chiefly red and blue. For four centuries was this lovely flower of art to grow and flourish, and then to be blasted and killed by the cold and poisonous breath of paganism and unbelief. After the year 1540 the art was practically dead.

Though its revival in our own days has not been an unmixed good, much excellent work has been achieved by several well-known modern painters. But there came the abomination of desolation, and Lucifer said to his Puritan acolytes :—

*Shake the casements !
Break the painted
Panes that flame with gold and crimson ;
Scatter them like leaves of autumn,
Swept away before the blast.*

Nor did they answer, "O, we cannot!" Unlike the Powers of the Air who saw the Archangel Michael flaming from every window, the Puritans did their master's bidding with malicious thoroughness.

We know that George Herbert likened himself as a preacher to the "brittle crazie glasse" of a church window, thanking God for

This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through Thy grace.

Yet he does not overlook the fact that in order to fix its colours the glass must be annealed: it must be subjected to great heat before it can become a storied window richly dight with the mysteries of religion and with the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ. Plain glass "shows waterish, bleak and thin," like the words of preachers whose lives are not annealed by the fire of the Holy Spirit. But when the Redeemer makes His grace

To shine within
The Holy Preachers, then the light and glorie
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win.

.
Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe: but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the eare, not conscience ring:

Such is the excellent little parable that this good country parson-poet, the most lovable of seventeenth-century schismatics, obtained from the church windows. If his meditative muse found a thought concealed in such a common church appurtenance as the lock and key, as well as the monuments and the floor, it is small wonder if he derived a subtlety from the painted glass.

Much simpler is Keble's fancy in his *Lyra Innocentium*. Thinking, no doubt, of the sparse attendance at the Anglican daily service—never sparser than in a provincial cathedral—he writes:—

And some will say 'tis drear and cold
In holy church to kneel
With one or two, Christ's little fold,
With blind and lame, with poor and old,
There met for Him to heal.

But there comes to him the comforting thought of the Com-

munion of Saints, and of the presence of their images in the church windows.

Nay, look again : the saints are there ;
 Christ's ever-glowing Light,
 Through heavenly features grave and fair,
 Is gleaming ; all the air
 Is thronged with shadows bright.

The Saints are there : the Living Dead,
 The Mourners glad and strong :
 The sacred floor their quiet bed,
 Their beams from every window shed,
 Their voice in every song.

And haply where I kneel some day,
 From yonder gorgeous pane
 The glory of some saint will play :
 Not lightly may it pass away,
 But in my heart remain.

Yet the presence of the effigies of the saints does not constitute that communion of the blessed ones that the poet had in mind ; and he who had already written, or was to write, "*My mother is not here*," admitting, as he did so frankly, that the established Church had lost the care and protection of the Mother of God, may have had his doubts as to the Church's possession of the saints.

Matthew Arnold's interest in painted glass was, of course, largely æsthetic ; its beauty haunted him, as did that of so many of the comely adjuncts of divine worship. Like some of his followers, he often showed himself to be an uneasy agnostic, "suffering from suppressed theism." At least he begrudged Christianity her inevitable and inalienable poetry. Her least beautiful usage he parted with unwillingly.

But in his famous "Church of Brou" he shows the keenest appreciation of the tomb of the Princely Pair, and of its surroundings.

Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb
 From the rich painted windows of the nave
 On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave :

So sleep, for ever sleep, O Marble Pair,
 And if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
 On the carv'd Western Front a flood of light
 Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
 Prophets, transfigur'd Saints, and Martyrs brave
 In the vast western window of the nave ;

And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
 A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
 And amethyst and ruby ; then uncloze
 Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
 And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
 And rise upon your cold white marble beds,
 And looking down on the warm rosy tints,
 That chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
 Say—" *What is this ? We are in bliss—forgiven—
 Behold the pavements of the courts of Heaven.*"

Even Matthew Arnold must link his joy in the sense of colour with something higher than earth, something nobler than the heroine of the "Eve of St. Agnes," reminiscent as the following is of the warm casement through which gules were thrown by the wintry moon :—

Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
 Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
 On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
 Shedding her pensive lights at intervals
 The moon through the clere-story windows shines,
 And the wind washes in the mountain pines,
 Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
 The foliag'd marble forest where ye lie,
 "Hush"—ye will say—"it is eternity !
 This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
 The columns of the Heavenly Palaces."
 And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
 The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
 And on the lichen-crustled leads above
 The rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

The more frankly pagan Keats revels in the joy of colour for its own sake—though even he has linked his story to the name of a holy virgin-martyr, and speaks of his Madeline "as down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon." But, after all, his window is not that of a church ; not even that of a private oratory, though painters have done their best to make the maiden's bedroom take on the appearance of a chapel. Yet he riots in the rich colours of the glass ; just as a little later he ecstatically shows us the "lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon," the candied apple, quince, and plum and gourd on golden dishes and baskets bright of wreathed silver shining in the moonlight on a cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet. Certainly the painted window is a thing of beauty, and the presence in it of "twilight saints" by no means detracts from its interest

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings ;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

All this may, perhaps, be likened to the child's joy in pure colour—entirely human and natural, but quite innocent. Its twilight saints do not lift it into the region of the divine ; the shadow of the cross does not fall upon it. Born in a pagan city, and at a pagan period, nourished too exclusively on the pages of Lemprière and Chapman's *Homer*, Keats erected his paradise upon an earthly foundation whose builder and maker was man.

In order that our beauty of form and colour may be sanctified without losing one whit of its mystery and its charm, we must turn to those writers whose faith in the Unseen was strong and robust, and who belonged to the soul, if not to the body, of the Church.

Many were the quaint and mystic sayings of that true poet Robert Stephen Hawker, who, after long years of affectionate clinging to the Church's soul, had before his death the supreme happiness of being united to her Body. Writing to an old friend, he declared that meditation was his most abundant source of instruction, and that he was wont to practise it kneeling in the chancel of his church, and often at night.

"There mysteries are made clear," he says, "doctrines illustrated, and tidings brought, which I firmly believe are the work of angelic ministry. Of course the Angels of the Altar are there, and the Angel of my own baptism is never away . . . Once, in a dreamy vision, a stately and solemn person stood and said to me : ' Ephphatha is not so good a word as *Amen*.' I was pondering the manner of the Real Presence in the Eucharist, and I understood him to rebuke me and to say : ' It is better to acquiesce in a doctrine than to see it clearly. Better say *Be as it is*, than *let it be opened to me*.' "

Yet the beautiful phrase *Ephphatha* must have been loved by the parson poet, for it stands at the head of one of his most haunting poems. Charming is the picture of the blind old pilgrim minstrel, who, on the morning of St. John the Baptist's feast, enters the baron's hall, and, after singing a canticle in honour of the saint of the day, asks for bread, and thirsts for

water from the spring

Which flowed of old and still flows on,
With name and memory of St. John.

Sitting on the sunny side of the great hall—

What showers of gold the sunbeams rain
Through the tall window's purple pane !
What rich hues on the pavement lie,
A molten rainbow from the sky !

And as the pilgrim breaks his fast, my lady's youthful page,
Ronald, notices that the lovely lights and shadows from the
painted window fall upon the sightless singer and glorify his
cup and platter. Pitying the old man's blindness, the boy
says :—

" He eats, but sees not on that bread
What glorious radiance there is shed ;
He drinks from out that chalice fair,
Nor marks the sunlight glancing there."

Beautifully does the old man answer the lad Ronald :—

" I cannot see the morning poured
Ruddy and rich on this gay board ;
I may not trace the noonday light
Wherewith my bread and bowl are bright :

" But thou, whose words are sooth, hast said
That brightness falls on this fair bread ;
Thou sayest—and thy tones are true—
This cup is tinged with Heaven's own hue :
I trust thy voice ; I know from thee
That which I cannot hear nor see. "

Deftly does the old minstrel turn his song into a parable.
At once he is reminded of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and
speaks to the boy of the Adorable Presence that human sight
can never see.

" Thou wilt behold, thy lips may share
All that the cup and paten bear ;
But life unseen moves o'er that Bread,
A glory on that Wine is shed ;
A light comes down to breathe and be,
Though hid like summer suns from me.

If to our forefathers the old windows were open books, to
us they are precious parables, historical documents, and painted
poems.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH

THE subject of this short memoir was born in December, 1776, at Burnhall, near Durham, the beautiful residence of her paternal ancestors, and died August 7, 1806, in her thirtieth year, at Coniston, Lancashire.

Her remarkable gifts are portrayed for us by Miss Harriet Bowdler, her biographer.* In a letter written a few weeks after her decease, she says :—

“ The lovely young creature had been for above a year gradually declining, and on the 7th of August she resigned her pure spirit to God Who gave it. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection ; but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persian. She was well acquainted with geometry, algebra, and other branches of the mathematics. She was a very fine musician. She drew landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective.

“ She showed an early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain ; but I believe she destroyed most of the effusions of her youthful muse, when an acquaintance with the great (German) poet Klopstock, and still more when the sublime composition of the Hebrew bards gave a different turn to her thoughts.

“ With all these acquirements she was perfectly feminine in her disposition ; elegant, modest, gentle, and affectionate ; nothing was neglected which a woman ought to know ; no duty was omitted which her situation in life required her to perform. But the part of her character on which I dwell with the greatest satisfaction, is that exalted piety, which seemed always to raise her above this world and taught her, at sixteen years of age, to resign its riches and its pleasures almost without regret, and to support with dignity a very unexpected change of situation.

“ For some years before her death the Holy Scripture was her principal study, and she translated from the Hebrew the whole

* *Fragments in Prose and Verse by Miss Elizabeth Smith, lately deceased, with Some Account of Her Life and Character.* By H. M. Bowdler. A new edition, 1814.

Book of Job, etc. And the benefit which she herself derived from these studies must be evident to those who witnessed the patience and resignation with which she supported a long and painful illness, the sweet attention which she always showed to the feelings of her parents and friends, and the heavenly composure with which she looked forward to the awful change which has now removed her to a world where her gentle, pure, and enlightened spirit will find itself more at home than in this land of shadows."

Elizabeth was the eldest daughter of George Smith, Esq., and of Juliet his wife. When nine years of age, in 1785, her parents removed to a beautiful estate in Wales called Piercefield, presumably from Prince Llewellyn ap. Gryffyd having been pierced with a spear in its grove. When a reverse of fortune* compelled her parents to relinquish their home, one of the finest places in England, and the library of which she so well knew the value was gone, she uttered no complaint.

Mr. Smith went into the army in the year 1794, soon after the misfortune which deprived him of Piercefield, and he spent several years in Ireland with his regiment. On May 22, 1796, when Elizabeth was in her seventeenth year, her mother and she set out for Ireland, where they stayed four months.

Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby sent them an invitation to break the journey at their house; and the visit to the Ladies of Llangollen more than answered their expectations. At the seat of the Earl of Kingston, twenty miles from Sligo, they passed some weeks, and Elizabeth formed a fast friendship with his daughters Lady Eleanor, and Lady Isabella King.

From Kingston Lodge they removed with Captain Smith to the Barracks at Sligo, and Elizabeth wrote as follows to Lady Isabella :—

"SLIGO, 1796.

"We were most completely wet long before we reached Sligo, and when we did arrive, we had everything to unpack, beds to contrive, etc., etc. All our fatigues, however, are at length over, and I hope we shall now go on tolerably well. We have a pretty view of a bay of the sea (which looks like a lake) and some fine mountains. How much more beautiful should I think this scene if you were looking at it with me!

"We are all very well and much amused with the little misfortunes that happen to us. You ask what we have been doing,

* At the commencement of the war, in the year 1793, many banks in the West of England failed, and Mr. Smith's was unfortunately of the number.

saying, and thinking. For the first, we have been trying to set ourselves in order and receiving company."

Mrs. Smith completes the picture for us. She says in a letter to Miss Harriet Bowdler :—

"We arrived at the Barracks dripping wet ; our baggage was not come, and owing to the negligence of the Quarter-Master, there was not even a bed to rest on. The whole furniture of our apartments consisted of a piece of a cart-wheel for a fender ; a bit of iron, probably from the same vehicle, for a poker ; a dirty deal table and three wooden-bottomed chairs. It was the first time we had joined the regiment, and I was standing by the fire, meditating on our forlorn state, and perhaps dwelling too much on the comforts I had lost, when I was roused from my reverie by Elizabeth's exclaiming : ' Oh what a blessing ! ' ' Blessing ! ' I replied, ' there seems none left. ' ' Indeed there is, my dear mother ; for see here is a little cupboard. ' I dried my tears and endeavoured to learn fortitude from my daughter."

The Editor adds that Mrs. Smith often mentioned to her friends the ingenuity as well as good humour with which Elizabeth contrived to make a currant tart in that uncomfortable dwelling when it appeared quite impracticable.

After a second visit to Kingston Lodge, the mother and daughter removed with Captain Smith to Lisburn, whence Elizabeth wrote to Lady Isabella King on September 13, 1796 :—

"I forgot to tell you that we met with no accident on our journey, except laming the horses and tiring them, so that we were obliged to leave them at Lurgan, ten miles hence, to be led home on Saturday. Poor Brunette,* considering she was not quite well when she set out, performed surprisingly, and has now, with a few days' rest, quite recovered from her fatigues. The riders were not at all tired, but much amused with their journey. The country on this side of Belturbet is very pretty ; about Monaghan beautiful, composed entirely of green hills, rivers, lakes and fine woods. On this side of Armagh, though still richly cultivated, it grows gradually too flat to please me, till it spreads about this place nearly into a plain, which, though it is very rich, and in general much admired, cannot compensate to me for the mountains about Sligo.

"We saw on a hill between Carrick and Ballynamore, an immense figure cut in stone, which the country people told us was Fiuhn MacCoul, who you know is Macpherson's Fingal. If

* A horse which Lady Eleanor King had given to Miss Smith.

you can learn any particulars respecting it, I shall be much obliged to you. The only curiosity we saw besides was one of the old round towers, that puzzle the antiquarians so much, at Clones.

"I must tell you a piece of good fortune that befell me by the way. The inn where we breakfasted at Armagh was opposite to a bookseller's shop, and my mother proposed going to see if there were any Irish books. We went, and found the first number of an Irish magazine now publishing at Belfast, in which was a grammar, and some poems with translations. You will suppose I have been very busy ever since. If you have any thoughts of learning the language, I would advise you to get this book."

In the summer of the year 1799 Mrs. Smith and all her family removed to Ireland, where Captain Smith's regiment was still quartered. And during their residence in that hospitable country they received much kind attention.

At Ballitore, where the family spent nine months, Elizabeth had access to a very curious collection of books, chiefly Greek and Latin. A bundle of papers found after her death is thus entitled: '*Fasciculus Plantarum rariorum. Discerptae apud Balitore, vere 1800, aliae ob pulchritudinem, aliae ob odorem, aliae ob curiositatem.*'" ("A Collection of curious Plants gathered at Ballitore in 1800, some for their beauty, some for their sweetness, some for their rarity.") In each paper is the name of the author and some extracts in the original languages. She took likewise the trouble of collecting many words in different tongues and making many extracts, as she was often without a home and deprived of the assistance of dictionaries, and the books from which she derived much pleasure and improvement were not her own, and perhaps for a short time only accessible to her.

When the Smiths left Ballitore in 1800 to reside in England, Mary Leadbeater, whose maiden name was Shackleton, a Quakeress connected with the classical academy of Ballitore, addressed a long poem to Mrs. Smith, in which occur the verses:—

Where Clarkson for the helpless pleads,
Where nature's charms majestic rise;
And broad Ulswater's beauteous lake
Gives back the mountains, woods, and skies.

There, Juliet, may thy lovely maids
Their pencils' wond'rous art employ
While each acquirement gives the pow'r
To increase their tender parents' joy.

And still dispensing kindness round,
 The happy household shall unite ;
 While from amid surrounding bow'rs
 Their virtues beam with nature's light.

And in their joys we still shall joy
 While fancy views their dear retreat ;
 Though Juliet's eyes and Juliet's smile
 No more our gladden'd sight shall meet.

What though the tender tear shall start
 And soft regret the sigh shall send ;
 Yet shall our conscious hearts exult
 In the rich gift of such a friend.

Juliet of the poem writes : " In October, 1800, we left Ireland, and determined on seeking out some retired situation in England, in the hope that by strict economy, with the blessing of cheerful, contented minds, we might yet find something like comfort, which the frequent change of quarters with four children, and the then insecure state of Ireland, made it impossible to feel, notwithstanding the kind and genuine attention we invariably received from the hospitable inhabitants of that country."

After passing the winter in a cottage at Patterdale, Ulswater, in May, 1801, the Smiths purchased a little farm and hired a house on the small and beautiful lake of Coniston. Twelve months later, in May, 1802, Mrs. Blake and her celebrated sister Elizabeth Hamilton, natives of Belfast, Ireland, but then residing at Edinburgh, went to spend the summer near the lakes, and were introduced to the Smiths by Miss Harriet Bowdler.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, as she was generally called, an early advocate of an enlarged and intellectual system of female education, possessed a warm and genuine piety and natural cheerfulness that made her a favourite in society, and especially with the young. Like the learned ladies of the Bowdler family, she was the authoress of various didactic works now forgotten, whilst she is still remembered by her clever and humorous sketches of Scotch peasant life in her popular tale, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*.

On August 8, 1802, she writes to Miss Harriet Bowdler from Monk Coniston :—

" Were it possible for your heart to feel a pang of envy, it would certainly be excited by the date of this letter, which at a glance will convey to you an idea of the happiness I just now enjoy.

" I wish I could say that the house is comfortable, but in truth it is not. I cannot help wishing that a more commodious

dwelling could be reared ; and I am sure that were you to have a sight of this in winter, you would be of my opinion."

On September 2 she continues :—" I cannot help reproaching myself for having added to your anxiety about your deservedly dear friends, especially as they seem determined against building at present. While they can enjoy their pursuits out of doors, the house is of little consequence, as by exposure to the air the body is fortified to endure damp, and this it is which has preserved the health of the whole family."

Of Elizabeth Mrs. Smith says :—" The country had many charms for her. She drew correctly from nature, and her enthusiastic admiration of the sublime and beautiful often carried her beyond the bounds of prudent precaution with regard to her health. Frequently in the summer she was out during twelve or fourteen hours, and in that time walked many miles. When she returned at night, she was always more cheerful than usual ; never said she was fatigued, and seldom appeared so. It is astonishing how she found time for all she acquired and all she accomplished. Nothing was neglected ; there was a scrupulous attention to all the minutiae of her sex.

" Her translation from the Book of Job was finished in 1803. During the last two years of her life she was engaged in translating from the German letters and papers written by Mr. and Mrs. Klopstock."

The author of *The Messiah* had died at Hamburg in March, 1803, and Miss Harriet Bowdler, having a great admiration for his writings and those of his first wife, and being desirous to spread a knowledge of that gifted Christian couple in England enlisted the ready services of her young friend Elizabeth Smith. Thus the translations of *The Memoirs of Frederick and Margaret Klopstock*, with the exception of a few pages, were finished by the latter in the year 1805, and Miss Bowdler's Preface was read and approved of by her.

In the summer of the same year, 1805, Elizabeth was seized with a cold that terminated in her death. " One very hot evening in July," she related a very short time before she died, to a faithful and affectionate servant, " I took a book and walked about two miles from home, where I seated myself on a stone beside the lake. Being much engaged by a poem I was reading, I did not perceive that the sun was gone down, and was succeeded by a very heavy dew ; till in a moment I felt struck on the chest as if with a sharp knife. I returned home, but said nothing of the pain. The next day being also very hot, and everyone busy in the hay field, I thought I would take a rake, and work

very hard to produce perspiration in the hope that it might remove the pain, but it did not."

In August, 1806, Elizabeth Smith tranquilly and piously expired, aged 29 years. Likewise Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the celebrated translator of *Epictetus*, died in 1806, at the advanced age of 89 years. To both of these distinguished women Mrs. Hannah More refers in her once most popular novel, *Caleb in Search of a Wife*. She says :—

"Let such women as are disposed to be vain of their comparatively petty attainments, look up with admiration to those contemporary shining examples, the venerable Elizabeth Carter, and the blooming Elizabeth Smith. I knew them both, and to know was to revere them. In them let our young ladies contemplate profound and various learning, characterized by true Christian humility. In them let them venerate acquirements which would have been distinguished in an university, meekly softened and beautifully shaded by the gentle exertion of every domestic virtue, the unaffected exercise of every feminine employment."

MARGARET HOWITT.

APHORISMS OF ELIZABETH SMITH

1. The hand of a friend imparts inestimable value to the most trifling token of remembrance ; but a magnificent present from one *unloved* is like golden fetters, which encumber and restrain not the less for being made of costly materials.

2. As the sun breaking forth in winter, so is joy in the season of affliction. As a shower in the midst of summer, so are the salutary drops of sorrow mingled in our cup of pleasure.

3. In vain do we attempt to fix our thoughts on heaven ; the vanities of this world rise like a cloud of dust before the eyes of the traveller, and obscure, if they do not totally conceal, the beautiful and boundless prospect of the glorious country towards which we are tending.

4. If it were the business of man to make a religion for himself, the deist, the philanthropist, the stoic, or even the epicurean, might be approved ; but this is not the case. We are to believe what God has taught us, and to do what He has commanded. All other systems are but the reveries of mortals and not religion.

5. An hour well spent condemns a life. When we reflect on

the sum of improvement and delight gained in that single hour, how do the multitude of hours already past rise up and say, what good has marked us? Wouldst thou know the true worth of time, *employ an hour well*.

6. To read a great deal would be a sure preventive of much writing, because almost everyone might find all he has to say already written.

7. A woman must have uncommon sweetness of disposition and manners to be *forgiven* for possessing superior talents and acquirements.

8. Hope without foundation is an *ignis fatuus*, and what foundation can we have for any hope but that of heaven?

9. To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue.*

10. Reason is the most unreasonable of all things; for, without common sense to guide it, it never knows where to stop.

11. Never refuse to give to-day lest you should want to-morrow.

12. The greatest misfortune in the world is to have more learning than common sense.

THE AFTERGLOW

MILD sister to the silvery-vestured Dawn,
Solace the widowed West with tranquil gold.
The Day from heaven hath rolled
And all the flamings of his state are gone.

Dark dreams the circle of dim shores before
And daughters of the wave-enamoured Moon,
With silver-sparkling shoon
Dance on the light lake's ever-twinkling floor.

Soft on the headlands thievish shadows creep.
O still in tremulous glory shine and glow;
Thy parting step be slow,
Ere all the shadowy world is lost in sleep!

EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J.

* We gave this as anonymous in our April Number. The daughter of William and Mary Howitt recognized it as one of the sayings of Miss Elizabeth Smith, whom she thereupon proceeded most kindly to introduce to our readers.—Ed. *I.M.*

TERENCE O'NEILL'S HEIRESS

A STORY

CHAPTER XXI

AFTER a tempestuous crossing and a long, fatiguing journey, her weariness increased by want of sleep, made impossible in the boat by the wildness of the wind and waves, in the train by anxiety of mind, Mrs. Arrowsmith at last reached London.

Here Sybil Bindon and Charles left her ; the one to go to her handsome house in Queen's Gate, the other to his bachelor's rooms in Fitzroy Square, whilst she and Flora hurried on without stopping to Windsor and her fever-stricken child.

"Don't fret, mother. Punch is strong. He will pull through," Flora would say reassuringly from time to time. "So don't take this childish illness so much to heart. You have been so spoilt, dear mother, you hardly know what trouble and sorrow are."

"Poor Flora ! 'Tis hard, I know, to be reduced to poverty, as you have been, and to see the husband you love so well go off to a distant land to work and struggle, and I feel for you deeply. But oh ! my little Punch, my bonny handsome Bertram, if he should die—and scarlatina is——"

"We've all had it, remember. The boy will be well taken care of. He's like a little pony. So don't fret ; good news awaits us, I feel sure."

But alas ! Flora's expectations were not fulfilled. The Rector met them with a grave and anxious face. The boy was very ill. Many serious and unlooked-for complications had set in. He was in great danger. Both doctors and nurses were seriously alarmed. "But," he went on to say, his heart aching for the sorrowing mother, "we still hope for the best, and I have immense faith in the little lad's constitution. With the help of his doctors and nurses he will pull through and be bright and well again, although even with the most skilled nursing and the greatest care, his restoration to health will take time. So you must be very, very patient, my dear Mrs. Arrowsmith."

And sorely indeed was the poor mother's patience tried. For many weeks the boy's life hung upon a thread. No one dared say or think what the end might be. One day he rallied slightly, and they were full of hope ; the next, a serious relapse made them more despondent than ever.

Slowly and wearily the time passed over; and absorbed in anxiety, hopeful one hour, depressed and grieving the next, Mrs. Arrowsmith thought only of her sick child. Lottie was well and happy at Docwra, so she had no reason to trouble about her. Charles ran down from London continually, and did all he could to console and encourage her. Flora was her constant and most devoted companion. All their kindness and attention she accepted as a matter of course. But she took little interest in their affairs, and seemed to have forgotten everyone and everything. She never asked about Elizabeth. The loss of her diamond cross, and the girl's cruel suffering under unjust suspicions, appeared to have passed completely out of her mind. She talked of nothing, thought of nothing but her boy, the once merry, mischief-loving Punch.

"I'd give all I possess," she cried one day, her face streaming with tears, "to see the darling running gaily round the gardens at Rathkieran once more. How gladly I'd bear his noise! How patient I'd be when he tormented me by his tricks!"

Charles, who was sitting near her, smiled and looked compassionately at her worn, anxious face.

"Please God, you'll do so, mother dear, and before very long," he said gently. "His strength is well maintained. I'm full of hope to-day."

"I've seen so many relapses. The poor child has had so many things to fight down—pneumonia on the top of scarlatina—typhoid after pneumonia. How he survives at all is little short of a miracle."

"That I grant. But he has survived, and to my mind he has come to a turning point. He is, I feel sure, better this morning."

"The doctors don't say so."

"Not decidedly. They do not wish to commit themselves or raise your hopes unduly. But I think you'll find that I am right."

And to the great joy of his loving mother and everyone interested in the boy's recovery, Charles was right. From that hour Punch continued to improve. Slowly but surely he regained his strength, and at last the doctors declared him out of all danger and in a condition to be moved.

"Take him abroad; keep him in a warm climate for a month or so," they said; "and then he may go home. Fresh air and plenty of it will be all he will want then."

With a thankful and glad heart Mrs. Arrowsmith and Flora carried the boy off to the Riviera, and here under the sunny skies he made rapid strides towards recovery. Very soon he

was able to walk, run and play, and his mother, though she still watched him with anxious eyes, and surrounded him with all possible care, began to feel more easy in her mind, more convinced that she need have no fear now of losing him.

For some time the beauties of the "Sunny South" delighted Punch. It was a joy to lie and bask in the warm sunshine, a happiness to gaze at the beautiful scenery. But as he grew stronger, he longed to go home.

"I want to see Lottie," he cried, "and roam round all our dear old haunts. Take me back to Rathkieran, mummy. The air there is what will suit me now."

But Mrs. Arrowsmith demurred. She was beginning to long to be at home again herself, but she felt doubtful as to what she ought to do.

"A few weeks longer here, Punch, will be still useful to you, dear," she answered, her eyes fixed lovingly upon the still rather pinched white face of the eager boy. "The air is doing you so much good——"

"The air of Rathkieran would do me more good. I'm simply dying to get back there."

"Well, I'll talk to Flora."

"Oh! bother Flora. She doesn't care. She'd rather be amongst all the fine folk here than in quiet Rathkieran."

The door opened and his sister came in, looking flushed and excited, and holding an open letter in her hand.

"Mother," she gasped, her voice tremulous with emotion, "You will be glad. This is from Austin. He has had good luck. How and where he does not say——"

"My child, I am overjoyed. Oh! Flora, perhaps your troubles may soon be at an end!"

"I trust so. I feel sure they will. Austin says he is pledged to secrecy about his good fortune till we meet. But he is coming home. He and a friend. And oh! mother, I must go to Rathkieran at once. He thinks I am there—and—and—may arrive there to look for me any day. I would not for worlds be absent when he arrived. Dear fellow! It all seems like a dream."

"So it does," answered her mother joyfully; "but a good and happy dream."

"I'm sorry to leave you and Punch," Flora went on breathlessly. "But you will understand——"

"Let us go home with Flora, mother." Punch threw his arms round her neck. "Straight off to-morrow."

"But, my dear boy——"

"But, my dear mother ——" And after a series of loving

kisses and somewhat bear-like hugs, Mrs. Arrowsmith gave in, and Punch won the day. Their immediate departure for Rathkieran was at once arranged for, and early next morning the happy trio set out on their journey to Ireland.

"Well, there is no place like home, after all," Mrs. Arrowsmith exclaimed, the day after her arrival at Rathkieran, as lying upon the sofa she looked admiringly round the finely-proportioned and comfortable morning-room. "I feel tired—but glad to be here, with all my anxieties and wanderings over for the present."

"Yes," answered Punch cheerily from the depths of a big arm-chair. "And so am I—and so is poor Flora, though she is too excited to rest as we are doing. I wish old Austin had told her a little more."

"Yes. Still since she knows he has done well, and is coming home, she can afford to wait. It is delightful to see her so happy, Punch."

"It is, indeed. We're all that now. Lottie is just enchanted to have us all back, and I'm overjoyed to be in the old place again, although I know I'll soon have to go off to school."

"Not for many months, Punch. The doctor says you must not look at a book for a long time."

"Jolly old chap. I'm in no hurry to start that dull Latin grammar again. But, mother?"

"Yes, dearie."

"Couldn't you coax Elizabeth to come back to us? I miss her horribly."

A shadow crossed Mrs. Arrowsmith's face. Punch was approaching a dangerous topic. Knowing how great was his love for Elizabeth O'Neill, she had been warned against agitating him by telling him anything about her real reasons for leaving Rathkieran, and so not a word had been said to him concerning the lost diamond cross, and the cruel suspicions that had spoilt the girl's life. The boy, she believed and hoped, was completely ignorant of that unhappy episode and its unfortunate results.

"Elizabeth can't leave her Uncle John," Mrs. Arrowsmith answered sharply. "He's ill and wants her, Punch."

"Well, so am I ill and I want her very much."

"An uncle has first claim, dear."

Punch wriggled up and down in his chair, and shuffled his feet along the carpet. "A good uncle, yes; but not a selfish, cross old fellow like John O'Neill. Why, mother," hotly, "he wasn't a bit like an uncle, and Betty didn't care that," cracking his fingers, "for him. The old Ogre! Fancy him

expecting the dear girl to dance attendance on him, just when he pleases, and now when I want her so much."

"It was her duty to go to him, Punch. He is her father's brother—his last brother left—and he was dying."

"A good job too. I wish he would hurry up."

"Punch! I am shocked! You should not wish for any man's death."

Punch laughed and kicked his heels in the air.

"Now, mother, don't make me out worse than I am. I was going to say, when you interrupted me—hurry up and get well. For if he was well he would not want Betty, and then the dear girl would come back to us."

"I—I think not, dear boy. You must learn to do without Betty. She will never come back here now."

Punch looked angrily at his mother, his little face flaming suddenly very red.

"Because she is poor and you are afraid Charles might marry her, you want to keep her away, I suppose. I call it a shabby thing to do, mother, and I wouldn't have believed it of you."

"Punch, you forget yourself strangely. I am really displeased." Mrs. Arrowsmith spoke severely. "For no such reason do I keep Elizabeth away. She went of her own accord, and for various reasons"—her colour rose—"principally because of her uncle's illness—at least——" stammering as she realized that that was not a truthful statement. Then wondering how she should satisfy and quiet the boy without telling him the whole miserable story, she said quickly and sharply: "There are things that cannot be told to children. Elizabeth is gone and does not want to come back. So don't worry me any more about her."

"That's just like big people," Punch answered peevishly. "They always try to shut children up when they don't want to be bothered making explanations."

"Punch, you are rude and impertinent. I have quite spoiled you. But after all"—tears rose to her eyes—"you should not forget what you owe to your mother. If you loved me——"

"Mummy." Punch flung himself upon her, and clasping his arms round her neck, kissed her over and over again. "The best mummy in the world. I wouldn't be rude or impertinent to you for—for anything."

"That's a good boy," smiling; "and now don't fret any more or worry about getting Elizabeth back. I daresay she's having a good time in London, and would think Rathkieran very dull."

"And so it is,"—walking over to the window—"without her. She (gazing out thoughtfully and talking half to himself) "was such a jolly one. She could tell such exciting stories, knew every nook and cranny, every secret hiding-place—all round—in and out of Rathkieran. Oh! what games we used to have! What tricks I used to play on her! And she never grumbled or scolded. What scrapes she got me out of! Dear old Betty. She could just do what she liked with me. Though sometimes I did go in for larks that she did not approve of. And you," turning suddenly round and fixing his eyes reproachfully on his mother, "though you don't seem to care for her, or want her back now, were just as fond of her as I was. And you trusted her—Sybil Bindon used to say—far too much."

"That was very impertinent of Sybil Bindon."

"Oh! Sybil was often that. She was a stuck-up thing, and thought that because she was an heiress she might say and do what she pleased. Still she had good reason all round"—with a chuckle—"for being jealous of Elizabeth. We all loved and trusted the dear girl, and did not waste much affection on the wealthy beauty—not even you."

"I like and admire Sybil very much, Punch."

"I dare say," laughing. "And if Charles had taken a fancy to her, you'd have been glad—just because she had money. But you loved Betty, dear golden-haired Betty, and would have trusted her with untold gold—and you did, too—or as good as gold—for you showed her that secret drawer of yours, where you keep all those diamonds and jewels you're so proud of."

Mrs. Arrowsmith started, and grew red and pale by turns.

"Who told you that?" she asked in a choking voice. "Not Betty, I'm sure?"

"Betty?" he laughed scornfully. "Not likely. Anything you told her in confidence was never mentioned. Oh! no. Betty did not tell me. I saw you showing it to her through the crack in the door, and there and then determined to play a trick upon you, and give you a good fright."

"Punch!" Mrs. Arrowsmith sat up, her heart giving one quick, wild bound. "What do you mean?"

"As if you didn't know!" laughed the boy. "Now, mother, you don't mean to tell me that you were not alarmed at first—didn't feel sure that you had a good thief in the house? Oh! I've pictured it to myself often and often. The excitement when you came home after leaving me at Beaumont, and missed the thing. The hunting up and down, the overhauling of servants' trunks and drawers. My only grief was first that I wasn't

there to see the fun, and second, that it wouldn't last very long. For, of course, Elizabeth knew——"

"Elizabeth knew?" Mrs. Arrowsmith sprang off the sofa, pale and agitated. "What did Elizabeth know?"

"Why, mother, how odd you look!" Punch's eyes grew round with astonishment. "Elizabeth knew all the hiding-places, and the moment the cross was missed, guessed of course where it was hidden."

"Punch, you are talking wildly—absurdly. Elizabeth did not know, did not guess anything. How could she have any idea where the cross was hidden?"

"She knew *me*," laughing, "and—and that old hole in the secret hiding-place behind the oak panelling in the dining-room. Surely she went there and found it at once."

"She did not go there," Mrs. Arrowsmith said hoarsely. "Never seemed to think of such a thing. And it would have been useless if she had, I feel sure. There was, there must have been a thief in the house, Punch. I shall never see my cross again."

Punch stared at her in blank amazement, then laughed loudly.

"Mother, you're making fun of me. Goodness! All this time. Oh! I can't believe it. And I wrote such hints and—Why, you don't seem to understand. But wait a bit, I'll soon show you the truth of what I say. I never could have believed that Elizabeth could have been such a duffer." And, springing to the door, he dashed away across the big hall to the dining-room.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" moaned Mrs. Arrowsmith. "How they all harp on Elizabeth. But she knew nothing, guessed nothing, and has suffered. Oh! if Punch——"

"Here you are. See," the boy cried running in breathless, and holding up the lost diamond cross before his mother's astonished gaze. "Here it is. It has lain there safe and sound just where I placed it."

Mrs. Arrowsmith caught him roughly by the shoulder, her eyes blazing with anger.

"You wicked boy! You deceitful, mischievous boy! Oh, Punch, Punch, I never believed you possible of playing such a horrible trick." A sob choked her, and she burst into tears, as, turning away from him, she flung herself down upon the sofa and buried her face in her hands.

"Mother, forgive me." Punch threw himself upon his knees beside her. "It was only fun. I was sure you had found the cross long ago, and thought nothing about it, when you did not mention it in your letters. And see it has not been

injured. It's quite safe, and as beautiful as ever. Don't cry, mother," imploringly. "I didn't think you'd mind much, and after all it has done no one any harm. It was only a joke."

"Joke! Done no one any harm?" Mrs. Arrowsmith raised her head. "Oh! Punch, you little know," she gasped. "Poor Elizabeth! The dear girl you love so well, when the cross was missed—and—and everyone knew that I had told her—showed her my secret jewel drawer—she was suspected."

"Suspect? Elizabeth? Oh! mother!"—the boy was white to the lips—"Suspect Elizabeth! Do you mean that any person was mad enough to think her a thief? Neither you nor Charles would surely do such a thing?"

"Charles never did. But I—Oh! Punch, you have done a wicked thing. At first, I confess, when I found the cross was gone—I—I for a little while doubted the dear girl. Then I saw I was wrong. But alas! too late. All I could do I could not hush the matter up. It was known that Elizabeth was in want of money. And so—and so suspicions grew, and at last miserable and unable to bear it, she went home to Docwra. Then her Uncle John sent for her. And I went to you. Your illness put everything else out of my head. I forgot Elizabeth—the cross—everything on earth but you. And oh! she has suffered, the poor girl, shame, humiliation, annoyance, loss of her place."

Punch sat huddled up on the floor. He did not move or speak, and wishing to rouse him to a true feeling of repentance by impressing on him the full wickedness and cruelty of his practical joke, Mrs. Arrowsmith went on, her voice growing more and more severe and emphatic every moment.

"That a son of mine should disgrace himself by playing such a trick, and leave it unconfessed for so many months is——"

"Mother, mother!" Flora came flying in, waving a telegram. "Such news. Austin is in London. Just fancy! Oh! how I long to see him. The dear fellow is well and happy; but his friend, the man who has helped him on to fortune, is ill. They are at the Langham Hotel. And as my dear, grateful, kindly old Austin will not leave him, he wishes me to go off to him as soon as I can."

"You will be too tired to start across the sea so soon again, Flora," Mrs. Arrowsmith's voice was dull. Even Flora's news and happy excitement failed to rouse her to cheerfulness. She was overcome with grief and confusion at the discovery she had just made. Her heart was heavy as lead.

The light from the fire suddenly touched the cross upon her lap, and as the diamonds flashed out a myriad of brilliant colours, Flora uttered a cry of joyful surprise.

"The cross! mother, why did you not tell me? Oh! At last! This is splendid. How glad Elizabeth will be! But," she paused, and bent over her little brother. "What is the matter with Punch? Is he ill? Oh!" looking closely into the small white face, "he is. Mother, mother, the poor boy has fainted."

CHAPTER XXII

"He means it. I'll go at once," murmured Elizabeth, as hot and burning she sped down the narrow passage to her room. "Uncle John is not and never has been ill—at least not dangerously so. He brought me here on false pretences. His heart is sound. Excitement will not kill him. Diana Lamb and he have both deceived me. Oh!" with a sob, "I am no longer wanted here. But, thank God, the dear ones at Docwra will gladly welcome me back. I must go now. I" (looking into her purse) "have but little money—not enough to pay my fare home. What shall I do? Leave this I will without delay. And yet—— Oh! it is a trying situation. But it will soon be over. Uncle Mike or Aunt Magdalen will send me all that is necessary by return of post. Still even that will mean two nights and a whole day. Where shall I go?"

She dropped down upon the side of her bed, her heart throbbing painfully. She felt thoroughly miserable and sadly perplexed. The outlook seemed very dark. Her uncle's anger and cruel words had wounded her deeply. In the face of his distinct orders that she should leave the flat that night, she felt that unless she were prepared to humble herself, and crave his permission to stay, at least till the morning, she ought to hurry away and get in somewhere before it was too late. She could not bring herself to go through the ordeal of another terrifying and perhaps useless scene. That would be more than she could bear. So go she would, and that without loss of time. But where? She shivered and her eyes filled with tears. Never in her life had she been in such straits. Alone in London, sent out upon the world for the second time, in disgrace. But no. She was wrong. She had left Rathkieran of her own accord. Her friends would never have told her to go. Circumstances, the burden of unbearable suspicion, had driven her from that once happy house. But then, she had had her own beloved aunt and uncle to go to; whilst now in the whole of this great city she knew of no one who would receive her, a homeless, unprotected girl, even for one night.

"Charles would advise," she reflected, "tell me what to do.

The dear fellow would surely find me a temporary home. But no"—with a bright blush—"I will not, could not trouble him, and he lives too far away."

Then suddenly her face lit up. She ceased to weep, and her sweet eyes grew bright and hopeful. "The lady at the Langham Hotel. A good thought. She is a friend of Uncle Mike's. He helped her long ago when she was in difficulty—helped her to get her present post of manageress in that fine place. She was kind to me, and spoke so pleasantly when I went to see her with dear Uncle Mike. I'll try her. She will tell me at least what to do, where to go, to-night. A capital thought; and I'll wire straight away to Docwra. Oh!" her heart growing suddenly lighter and more hopeful, "this is a splendid way out of my difficulty. Thank God, I am not quite so friendless as I fancied myself at first!"

With quick and trembling hands Elizabeth packed a small bag with a few necessary articles, and putting on her hat and jacket, hurried in breathless haste down the passage to the hall-door. Her great desire was to get away unseen. She was terrified at the thought of encountering John O'Neill or Miss Lamb. The one would be, she felt, almost as bad as the other.

"I might say things I'd regret," she thought. "And really, if only the hour were a little more convenient, I'd be completely glad to get off. I've been wretched, thoroughly wretched here."

In one hand Elizabeth carried her bag, in the other her violin in its black case. She did not mind leaving her clothes behind, to be forwarded at Miss Lamb's convenience, but her beloved fiddle was too precious to be left to that lady's tender mercies. So, although it hampered her considerably, she clung to it with brave determination.

The hall door, to her consternation, was bolted, and as she fumbled in the semi-darkness, for John O'Neill was very economical in the matter of electric light, she heard the sound of angry voices proceeding from the drawing-room.

"Oh! I pray, I trust I may get off before either Uncle John or Diana Lamb comes out," she thought quickly. "How they are wrangling! Is it about me, I wonder? Well," with a little laugh, "I'll trouble them no more. So they might as well take things quietly. Ah! they are coming out—they'll just catch me. And that would be dreadful!"

She tugged at the last bolt. It was stiff. Her heart stood still, as the voices and footsteps came nearer, and the handle of the drawing-room door was turned.

"How horrible! What shall I do?" she cried, crimson and trembling. "I dread a row, I hate altercation. Oh!"

The bolt slipped back, and in another moment, panting, breathless and excited, Elizabeth was running with flying feet down the broad flagged stairs of the big mansion.

“Thank God! Oh! thank God!” she [exclaimed, as she reached the street. “I think I am safe now. They are not likely to follow me. Still I’d better not loiter, and I haven’t a second to lose. It must be very late.”

The big clock in the Marylebone Road chimed half-past eight, and Elizabeth, clutching her bag and violin case more tightly, sped on as fast as she could towards the Langham Hotel.

Here, greatly surprised at the girl’s appearance, alone and with so little baggage at such a late hour, Mrs. Ladbroke received her somewhat stiffly.

“I cannot tell you all, nor explain exactly why I am in want of a shelter for the night,” Elizabeth said, her lips quivering, her eyes filling up with tears, as she noticed the look of disapproval in the woman’s face. “But it is not my fault, and you will, I trust, believe that. You know who I am. For Uncle Mike’s sake, you will be kind and take me in. I have no money, no friends for the moment in London. But I will telegraph tomorrow, and he will come or send. He,” in a choking voice, “will be grateful—never forget your kindness. Nor will I. And oh! indeed,” with a sob, “I have done nothing wrong. It is not my fault.”

“My poor child!” Mrs. Ladbroke cried, touched and softened by the girl’s appealing glance and sweet lovely face, “I am sure of that. And I would do anything in the world for a niece of Mr. Tiernan. He stood my friend, God bless him, when I was in need. Come in, of course. I’ll give you a little room near my own, and, as you say, you can telegraph tomorrow.”

“You are good!” Elizabeth cried with deep emotion, “God bless you.” And turning away she burst into tears.

“Oh, come!” said Mrs. Ladbroke cheerily. “You must not spoil those lovely eyes of yours with weeping. I’ll take good care of you till your uncle arrives. So cheer up. It’s rather funny, but another O’Neill, a fine looking man, though not in very good health, poor fellow, arrived here only a few hours ago,” she said, hoping to interest the girl and distract her a little from her gloomy thoughts. “But he is a millionaire and arrived with a great flourish of trumpets. All the big people of the hotel, and the little ones too,” laughing, “were bowing to the ground before him. He and his friend have been lodged in two of the finest suites of rooms in the place. Ah, it’s a fine thing to be the owner of millions.”

"Yes, I suppose so," Elizabeth answered in an indifferent tone, her thoughts far away. "Uncle Mike will come, or send me money the day after to-morrow, Mrs. Ladbroke. My bill will be promptly paid. I know that."

"Of course; and so do I. I am not uneasy. But, dear me, how tired you look. Worn out, I declare. So come——" snatching up the girl's bag and violin case—"follow me. I'll not lodge you in a suite like that of the millionaire. But you'll have a comfortable bed and a cheery room. Come, dear. This way."

With a thankful heart Elizabeth followed the kindly woman up the broad, softly carpeted staircase, down a long, brilliantly lighted corridor, to a pretty room hung in gay chintz and furnished with creamy white furniture. A cosy chair was drawn up before a bright fire.

"This was got ready for a lady, who a moment or so ago wired to say that she could not arrive till to-morrow," Mrs. Ladbroke said. "So it just fits in nicely now. Make yourself quite at home and comfortable, Miss O'Neill, and I'll send you up some soup. In the morning you can go to the coffee room for your meals, but not now. Good night. I have many things to see to, so I must go."

Like one in a dream, Elizabeth sank into the chair, and clasping her hands round her knees, gazed with dim, tearful eyes into the fire.

"It's marvellous! I can hardly believe it," she murmured, as the sound of Mrs. Ladbroke's retreating footsteps died away in the distance. "The woman is an angel. Some day perhaps I may be able to make it up to her. But no, even if I were a millionaire, like that man she spoke of, I could never do that. O'Neill she called him. Strange. But how silly I am! 'Tis not a very uncommon name. There are plenty of O'Neills all over the world."

Very soon a neat maid appeared carrying some hot soup, dry toast, and a glass of good claret upon a tray; and feeling more and more grateful to Mrs. Ladbroke for her kindness, Elizabeth did ample justice to the dainty little repast so thoughtfully provided for her.

"No one to talk to and nothing to read," she murmured after a while, somewhat dolefully, her eyes upon the glowing embers. "I've thought and thought till I can think no more. Thought is so painful. I hate to remember that I am going home like a bad penny; and, although I long to get there, I cannot bear the idea of being a burden on Uncle Mike and Aunt Magdalen just now. They are pressed for money, I know."

Maura, Kathleen, Cecily, Ted, are all working, one way or another. Then, why should I go back and expect them to support me? It is not, it cannot be right. No. I'll talk to Mrs. Ladbroke to-morrow. She might help me to find a situation here in London, perhaps. And then—— But, oh! who'd take me? Without a character. But there! I won't think about it—for the present any way. I am too gloomy, too depressed. Ah!" catching up her violin, "I'll play. Thank God," pressing her lips to the beloved instrument, "I brought you with me, dear friend. You are a comfort in all my woes."

She raised the violin to her shoulder, and slowly and softly drew the bow across the strings. A sweet and soothing melody, a sonata of Beethoven's, brought the colour to her cheeks, the light to her eyes, and then instinctively she wandered on to her own little air, singing it sweetly in a clear, fresh voice, forgetful alike of time and place.

The last words died softly away. And laying aside her violin she murmured low, "Poor Uncle Terence! He and I are both wanderers now—both working and striving against a hard and merciless fate. He began it young, too. Shall we ever meet?"

The door opened, and a maid-servant looked in.

"Hush," she said, her finger to her lip. "You mustn't make that noise. The gent down stairs isn't well, and 'is friend is goin' on awful since you began to scrape on the fiddle. I like it myself," she said with a condescending smile, "though I'd prefer something gayer, like 'Good-bye Mignonette,' 'The Washington Post,' or 'The Miller's Daughter.' But, bless you, folks of the kind down stairs 'as no hears for good music. So please stop, Miss, or the manager 'e'll be after you. This gent's a millionaire, and everything must be just as he wants it."

Elizabeth laid the violin in its case.

"A sick man would naturally object to the sound of music," she answered quietly. "I am very sorry I disturbed him. Pray tell his friends so, and say that I will play no more to-night."

"Nor to-morrow, either, please, Miss. We've got to keep all the hurdy-gurdies and German bands and things right away from the hotel. So you won't be the only one to suffer."

Elizabeth smiled and locked her violin case.

"I will not play again whilst I am in the hotel, and I trust the poor man will soon be better."

"If doctors can do it, he'll soon be well. But there! too many doctors, to my mind, is just as bad as too many cooks. And we all know what *they* did. Still, I'm only a hignorant girl—

and, when folks have money, they feel bound to spend it." And, opening the door again, she went away.

"When folks have money, they feel bound to spend it." Elizabeth laughed merrily. "Well done, Sarah Jane, or whatever your name may be. You've amused me and raised my spirits with your quaint remarks. After that, I feel that I can sleep. So, since I mustn't play, and cannot read or think, I'd better say my prayers and go to bed."

The next morning the girl woke up with a start, unable for a moment to realize where she was. Then, as all that happened the night before came back to her mind with a rush she sprang out of bed, and began to dress, her heart throbbing, her fingers trembling.

"My telegram to Uncle Mike must go first thing," she thought. "And when I have had some breakfast, I'll go and have a talk with Mrs. Ladbroke. If only, only I could find something to do here. I'll explain—tell her all, and see what she thinks about it. She's so kind that I'm sure she'd say honestly and truthfully what she thought of my chances."

Having sent her message to Docwra, and taken a cup of tea and a little bread and butter, Elizabeth went slowly through the hall, and down a corridor which, a porter told her, led to Mrs. Ladbroke's private room.

In the handsome hall, with rich thick carpets, big chairs, divans and majestic palms, several people were dotted about in groups, or alone; some chatting pleasantly; some reading the papers, or looking up trains in *Bradshaw* or the *A.B.C.*; others studying guide books and maps of London. As Elizabeth passed along, she did not raise her eyes, and was not conscious of the fact that many admiring glances were thrown in her direction from various parts of the room. Hearing someone near remark upon her beauty and wonder who she was, a man seated alone under a large palm tree, raised his head and looked after her.

"By Jove!" He started and leaped out of his chair. "Surely it must be Elizabeth O'Neill. I only saw her once, some years ago, when she was little more than a child, before our wedding. She came to Rathkieran and—— Oh! I must make certain of it. He wouldn't let me send for her." He strode across the floor, and followed the girl down the corridor. "If she were here by accident, it would do him a world of good, make things easier for me, and put him out of suspense at once. How graceful she is! How lovely her hair, the shape of her head. The man will be enchanted. If she's as nice as she looks, she'll soon set his sensitive, kind heart at rest—more than make up to him for all his years of waiting."

Hearing the sound of quick footsteps behind her, Elizabeth drew aside to allow the person, so evidently in a hurry, to pass her by. But to her surprise and discomfort the man stopped, and looked straight at her with an inquiring glance.

A wave of crimson swept over her sweet face, and her eyes flashed as she turned to hurry away from him.

"Miss O'Neill, please! I am sure you will remember me, when you hear my name. I am no stranger, although it is some years since we have met. I am Austin Gibbons, Mrs. Arrow-smith's son-in-law. I have heard of you often, and I am sure you know me well by name."

Elizabeth swung round, her face still flushed and burning, but her eyes softer, for they were full of tears.

"I know you well," she said, holding out her hand. But quickly withdrawing it, "perhaps you have heard——" her voice husky and tremulous. "And believe all the stories of——"

"I've heard some nonsense about a lost cross. But," he cried quickly, and shaking her hand warmly, "I don't believe you had anything to do with its disappearance. Women are so careless. I feel sure it's in my respected mother-in-law's drawer all this time, or put carefully away in some forgotten spot."

"I'm afraid not," Elizabeth answered gravely. "We searched the whole house most thoroughly. Someone must have stolen it."

"Oh, well! It will turn up some day, I'm sure, when no one's thinking about it. So don't fret. Flora says her mother has got over its loss, and doesn't believe for a moment that you touched it."

"Mrs. Arrowsmith was always good and kind," Elizabeth said gently, the tears rushing into her eyes, "and I've been grieving deeply for her lately. Punch's illness must have been a sad and anxious time for her, Mr. Gibbons. She adores the child."

"And has done her very best to spoil him. If the devil's in anything human, it's in wee boys, the Scotchman says, and 'pon my word, I believe the old gentleman has a good deal to do with Master Punch. He's a perfect imp of mischief."

"He's fond of a joke," the girl answered, smiling. "But he means no harm, poor boy. I am more glad than I can say to know that he is well again. His death would have broken his mother's heart, I think she could spare Lottie better than Punch. But, Mr. Gibbons, I am really surprised to see you here. I heard you had gone to Australia."

"You heard aright. I went to Australia, had the most

wonderful piece of luck imaginable, and have come home again."

"Oh! I am so glad. What joy for Mrs. Gibbons! She was so sad and lonely when I saw her at Rathkieran, and so anxious."

"Dear soul, yes. But all that's over. She'll have better times, please God, than she ever had in her life before. And now, Miss O'Neill, what about yourself? I was told you had gone to your uncle, John O'Neill. Is he staying in the hotel?"

Elizabeth crimsoned over cheek and brow, and she clasped her hands convulsively together.

"Oh! no. Uncle John is in his flat in N—— Mansions. But," her voice dropped to an almost inaudible whisper, "he was displeased, angry with me last night and turned me out. It was late"—her lips trembling—"and I was in despair. But the manageress here, whom I had known, was kind and took me in. I have wired to Mr. Tiernan, my uncle at Docwra, and he will come or send me money to take me home to-morrow. I am an unlucky girl, Mr. Gibbons, and am always doing something, though quite unintentionally, to worry and vex my friends. I don't seem to have any place in this world. Good and kind as my uncle and aunt in Ireland are, I am nothing but a burden to them, for things are not going well with them at present."

"My dear girl," he caught her hand suddenly, "their troubles will soon be over, and yours too. There's someone not far off"—he spoke excitedly, his eyes full of delight at her astonished looks—"who wants you badly, and is rich and so generous——"

"I have refused Mr. Bevan Passmore," Elizabeth said coldly, and withdrawing her hand from his grasp. "Even to bring wealth and happiness to every friend I have, I could not marry him. So please do not mention him again."

Austin Gibbons stared, then laughed a low, amused laugh.

"Ho! ho! So that was Uncle John's little game. And not a bad one either," he said under his breath. "But I'm glad he didn't succeed—right glad. There are better things in store for her than that." Then, looking at Elizabeth, he remarked quietly: "I did not mean that you should marry anyone, and did not even know that Mr. Bevan Passmore was a suitor for your hand. I was thinking of some one very different, whom I feel sure you will love, though not as a husband, and who will love you and lavish——"

"Mr. Gibbons," gasped Elizabeth, gazing at him with wondering eyes, and changing colour, "what—who on earth do you mean?"

He laughed again, evidently enjoying her bewilderment.

"This world is a strange place, dear girl, and full of unexpected meetings and surprises. When I was in the Australian Bush, miles away from civilization, I came across someone—But it's a long story, and this is rather a public place. Come in here," throwing open the door of a private sitting-room, "and I will tell you something which, unless I am greatly mistaken, will indeed gladden your heart."

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

(To be continued.)

SONG

O FAIR fields and flowering hedges,
Hills and dales of home.
Streams among the whispering sedges,
Now that May is come,
Lonely is my heart without you,
Back to you I'd go,
If only things could be about you
Just as long ago!

Could I be a weeny childeen
Gathering buds of May;
Or a *cailin*, shy and wild, in
Fragrant fields of hay;
Could an old man come to meet me,
Dear and kind and true;
Tears in his blue eyes to greet me—
I'd come back to you!

Might I and my own true lover,
Walking hand in hand,
With contented hearts roam over
All that lovely land;
Never from your charms I'd sever,
You are not to blame,
But—the dead are dead for ever—
Things are not the same!

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

LITTLE ESSAYS ON LIFE AND CHARACTER

III.—COURAGE

I HAVE a confession to make. When I was a very young man—(My present age? you will wish to know it? Dear reader, practise a little self-denial and let that wish remain ungratified)—when I was a very young man, I used to suffer in a singular fashion. Whenever I walked through the city, I made it my aim to be seen in becoming attire; but it happened not unfrequently that, while my apparel was on the whole unobjectionable, there was a glaring defect that caused me anxiety and shame. Either my hat was somewhat worn and seedy, or my trousers had grown bent and baggy at the knees, or my coat lacked a button in a conspicuous spot, or a small aperture smiled at me from my boot. I felt convinced that everyone whom I passed had his eye fixed on what was amiss, and regarded it with amusement. How I blushed! What confusion I felt! Time, however, which cures so many of life's evils, has provided a remedy for this source of annoyance. I know now that I am not an object of such absorbing contemplation to every passer-by; that, in fact, the majority of people pay me no attention whatever. This discovery, unflattering as it is to vanity, contributes not a little, I perceive, to a quiet and easy frame of mind.

How many, indeed, of our troubles are wholly self-caused! Yet, nonsensical though they are, and even ludicrous, they inflict keen pain; and when they rob us of courage, "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." There are those who, through groundless apprehensions, shirk plain duty, and excuse their sloth and cowardice by alleging their inability to cope with an adverse fate. Full of self-pity, they yield to what they regard as insurmountable obstacles, and make no struggle.

The truth, of course, is that every man has it in him to be the shaper of his own destiny. He achieves this result, not by finding external circumstances favourable to success, but by exerting resolutely the powers native to the soul. It is extraordinary what triumphant force a man develops who is determined to do his duty in the world and to act always with courage. His energy and resolution attract from every side the elements that contribute to the attainment of his purpose, and his very boldness compels fortune to smile upon his efforts.

I do not here speak merely of social or business advancement. A higher success is gained when one by steadfast striving wins a noble character and builds for his spirit a fitting home. He is then secure against calamity, and in the midst of adversities, before which others cower and tremble, he stands erect and unmoved like a cliff "that looks on tempests and is never shaken."

There is no evading the law that the fruit which we gather in the harvest of our life shall correspond exactly with the seed scattered in our spring. If we are idle, self-indulgent, and faint of heart, we sow the seeds of inevitable failure, and we are both foolish and dishonest in laying the blame on other people, and shutting our eyes to the true cause. Each is responsible for his own career—if not for actual success in money-making—at least for that spiritual success which springs from the strengthening and annealing of his will, that it may follow truth and justice.

When we look at modern society, can we say that it is characterized by courage and self-denial, and is devoted to the pursuit of wise and noble objects? Alas, by no means. "We are a cowardly generation," says a well-known author,* "and men shrink from suffering now, as their fathers shrank from dishonour in rougher times. The Lotus hangs within the reach of all, and in the lives of many 'it is always afternoon,' as for the Lotus Eaters. The fruit takes many shapes and names; it is called Divorce, it is called Morphia, it is called Compromise, it is designated in a thousand ways and justified by ten thousand specious arguments, but it means only one thing: Escape from Pain."

A pathetic spectacle is the voluntary shipwreck of life's opportunities and gifts. At times, the religious-minded man meets with this disaster—not because he is religious, but because he is not religious enough. Through a false humility he will not believe in the power with which Heaven has blessed him, and so he fails to put forth the strength which is really his. He forgets that God helps those who help themselves; and while he can live, if he will, with the purest ideals and the highest aims, he yields to a craven spirit through lack of genuine and practical faith. The deeds of self-sacrifice and heroism that shed a lustre on the history of mankind sprang from hearts energised by faith. As it was in the past, so will it be in the future. The men of faith are the heirs of the ages that are coming. Firm Faith, resolute Hope, and Charity unfeigned—these virtues raise and perfect human nature, and the man who is gifted with them, is the conqueror of himself and the lord of all the world.

* F. Marion Crawford in *A Rose of Yesterday*.

Courage, says Vauvenargues, has more resources against misfortune than even reason has. In undertaking life's duties, they who yield to weakness and timidity are lost. The swimmer that stretches forth his hands with confidence, makes his way with ease through the foam-crested waves which fear would have changed into a source of peril. In the battle of life courage is as necessary to all of us as it is to the soldier who wishes to get the better of his enemy in the field. A brave man, it is true, may be attacked by fear, but neither in will nor in action does he yield to its sway.

True men, doubtless, meet, like others, with apparent or real failure, but they are able to change the reverse into a gain by the temper with which they meet it, and they use that gain as a stepping-stone whence they spring forward to greater nobility of character and greater success in achievement. "Man is his own star, and the soul that is courageous and perfect, commands all light, all influence, all fate." Fortune, it has been well said, can make sport of the wisdom of resolute men, but she is not able to break their courage. All things—such is the blessing of fortitude and determination—co-operate for their welfare, and they know that, no matter how dark looms the prospect before them, "man's extremity is God's opportunity," and

"Sudden the worst turns the best to the brave."

Courage, indeed, is the sun of adversity: it generates light, warmth, and vigour, and by it the winter of our distress is often made glorious summer. No one who believes that God created the world and has care of His creatures, can do aught but abide without solicitude under the protection of His Providence. The children of an Almighty Father should not be cowards; but cowards, in very truth, the children of the devil have every reason to be—they, namely, who boast of "their noble father Satan," and who spend their brief span of life in puny attempts to destroy the worship of God.

When we find ourselves called upon to encounter responsibility and difficulty, our sole security is "to bear up and steer right onward" with perfect trust in Heaven. In enterprises of great pith and moment daring is the truest wisdom. Life has placed its richest prizes under the guardianship of Patience, Abnegation, and Courage, who will hand their treasures to none save those whose pluck and resolution prove them to be kindred spirits and men of valour—men who never "bate a jot of heart or hope," but know how to labour and suffer and be strong.

M W.

A CHICAGO CHURCH BULLETIN

I AM not aware that any Catholic parish in England or Ireland issues a monthly bulletin, such as is continuously published with admirable regularity by certain parishes in the United States, at Boston, New York, Chicago, and many other places. A friend has just sent me the *Church Calendar and Sodality Bulletin* of the Holy Family Parish in Chicago, the third number of the twentieth volume, March, 1907—36 pages, those on the right hand being given up to parochial announcements and to religious and literary matter, while the left-hand pages are reserved for advertisers, a hundred or so of them, who, no doubt, more than pay for the expenses of publication. Besides furnishing practical information on the devotions and religious functions of the coming month, great care is taken in putting together a pleasant and useful set, sometimes original and sometimes selected, of pieces of prose and verse. For instance, "The Fool's Prayer," by Edward R. Sill, was worth reprinting, and is now worth quoting here.

The royal feast was done, the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester said: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
 Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung !
 The word we had no sense to say—
 Who knows how grandly it had rung !

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
 The chastening stripes must cleanse them all,
 But for our blunders—oh, in shame
 Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

" Earth bears no balsam for mistakes ;
 Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
 That did his will ; but Thou, O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool !"

The room was hushed ; in silence rose
 The King, and sought his gardens cool,
 And walked apart, and murmured low,
 " Be merciful to me, a fool !"

It would be very well for us if we could manage to say that same prayer now and then with real earnestness and sincerity, " O God, be merciful to me a fool."

To fill up corners extracts are sometimes confined to a single sentence, such as Abraham Lincoln's recipe for happiness :—

" Don't worry ; eat three square meals a day ; say your prayers ; be courteous to your creditors ; exercise ; go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

In a later page of the *Bulletin* we have something on the same subject from Sir John Lubbock, now Lord Avebury :—

" I cannot but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the Duty of Happiness as well as on the Happiness of Duty ; for we ought to consider it our duty to try and be happy, if only because to be cheerful our selves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."

Another page ends with a quatrain to make us feel happy in sorrow. I chance at the last moment to find it in the only number of *Harper's Weekly* that I have ever seen. *There* it is signed, " Louise Morgan Sill."

Joy hides behind the solemn eyes
 Of sorrow in her darkest hours,
 As underneath the snow there lies
 The promise of a thousand flowers.

I will venture even to quote a poem six times as long as that, which is quoted also without any author's name by our Chicago Editor :—

We shall do so much in the years to come,
 But what have we done to-day ?
 We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
 But what did we give to-day ?
 We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
 We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
 We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
 But what did we speak to-day ?

We shall be so kind in the after a while,
 But what have we been to-day ?
 We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
 But what have we brought to-day ?
 We shall give to truth a grander birth,
 And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
 We shall feed the hungering souls of earth ;
 But whom have we fed to-day ?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
 But what have we sown to-day ?
 We shall build up mansions in the sky,
 But what have we built to-day ?
 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
 But here and now do we our task ?
 Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask :
 " What have we done to-day ? "

And now I will take courage to quote the page for the sake of which my Chicago friend sent me the March number of the *Church Calendar and Bulletin* of the Holy Family Parish in that amazing city. The judicious reader will see why I feel some hesitation, why I have overcome it, and why I have hidden the following extract from many probably unsympathetic eyes by putting it last. Archbishop Farley of New York lately gave an informal address to the Catholic Club of New York, of which this is the substance, at least of the principal passages :—

" I remember the occasion of the visit of Lord Russell of Killowen to your club. His exact words I cannot recall, but the substance amounted to this : ' I am glad to find myself in such a Catholic atmosphere, so far away from home as I am, and I hope you will never do anything which will shame or make you ashamed of your Catholicity.' These words, coming from a man like Lord Russell, speak volumes. If there is anything of which we may be proud, it is our Catholic faith. It will never keep you down, but will help you to be upright, high-minded and revered. Lord Russell was a living lesson of that truth. He was a man who did not owe his position either to birth or wealth. He belonged to the class from which you, gentlemen of this club, have come, the great middle class of society, the class from which professional men and clergy are drawn. He rose to the highest position in the gift of the British Government, except one, and

he was kept out of that because of his loyalty to his faith. He would rather die than surrender his principle. That is something that ought to come home to you, laymen. He was proud of his faith, and I am glad to see that his sons are following his footsteps. I read an article recently in one of the magazines by one of Lord Russell's sons, in defence of the Catholic schools in connexion with the English Education Bill.

"This recalls another duty. You have received an inheritance of faith which has made you the men you are, but your responsibility does not rest there. Suppose I should sit down and take my ease and say that I did not feel like making provision for the clergy and those who are to come after me. If I were content with letting the future take care of itself, I say that would be an act of treason to my faith, to my country, and to my God. There is just as much responsibility resting upon you. You provide your families and little ones with all that is necessary in a material way, but there is another provision that you are bound to make. You are bound to see to it that your children will not only take a high position in the affairs of the world, but you must also see to it that your sons will become as good men as you yourselves are, and place them in the same relation to the Church as you stand to-day.

"I feel that I am speaking to men who, if they thought that their sons fell below their own standard, their great hearts would be bowed down with bitter disappointment. How are you going to bring up your sons? This question raises the subject of Catholic education. There is a strong tendency on the part of some of our Catholic men who have attained a standing of wealth and position to send their sons to non-Catholic colleges. This is something, I am sure, that many of you are well aware of, and this is what I wish to call your attention to particularly. I consider the sending of your sons to non-Catholic colleges as much an act of treason as it would be for me to neglect to make provisions for the future welfare of the Church in this archdiocese. I hold that a man who has been brought up in a Catholic atmosphere, and who feels that he is not bound to give his sons the same religious education that he had, is a renegade.

"Why do not our wealthy Catholics send their sons to Catholic colleges? Perhaps it is a desire for social advantage. I make bold to say, and I say it advisedly, that young Catholic men who go into non-Catholic colleges with the desire to be elevated socially, come out very much humiliated and in the same social status as when they went in. Another reason is that perhaps they get better equipment, or that the discipline of the Catholic college is too severe for them. It should be borne in mind that

this period of a young man's life, the period of formation, is the most important of his life. It is a period of formation and information. There is a difference between information and formation. Information can be had at any college, but formation can be had only in its best form in our Catholic colleges. Any person who gives his son the right to choose his own college because he expects social advantage or superior equipment, will live to see, but will not be able to repent, the wrong that he has done. I will give one example of what I have said. I knew of an excellent young fellow, seventeen or eighteen years of age, the son of good Catholic parents, who was sent to a non-Catholic college. When he came home after his first year, his father, a man of education, discovered that the son had lost faith in the Bible, and had no more regard for it than he had for his Homer or Virgil. This was the result of one year's stay in a non-Catholic college. He finished the remaining few years, and he lived to break his father's heart and to bring disgrace upon his family. If you wish to go down to your graves in peace, don't think of sending your son to an institution where he will live in an atmosphere of tolerance, but send him where he can hold up his head and feel that he is amongst his equals and follow the faith for which his forefathers suffered."

With the reference made by the Archbishop of New York to an address of Lord Russell to young Americans, I will join the advice that he gave about thrift and temperance to young Irish lads at Lurgan several years earlier :—

"There is another most important department in connection with the Institution, and its value is rendered all the more appreciable and certain on account of some characteristics of the people for whose benefit it has been inaugurated. I refer to the Savings Bank, an institution which it is hoped will tend to develop and encourage a particular quality, which I hope I may be forgiven for saying the Irish people are generally sadly devoid of—namely, thrift. They are unfortunately too fond of accepting literally, and acting on literally, the Gospel teaching of not being solicitous about the morrow. They are too much inclined to live from hand to mouth, apparently under the delusion that whatever wages they may enjoy at the moment they will continue to enjoy for an indefinite time. It seems hardly ever to enter their heads that it is necessary to lay something by for a rainy day. So sure, and so long, as this spirit of improvidence and want of foresight lasts, just so sure and so long will the working-classes of Ireland continue to experience more or less protracted periods of misery and hardship. If the

people could only be induced to acquire and cultivate habits of thrift, if they could be got to lay by ever so little out of their weekly earnings to meet the necessities of trade depression or times of sickness, how much might they not do to advance the interests of themselves and their friends ?

“It should be recollected that the actual suffering entailed at a particular time is not the only evil resulting from this neglect to provide for the contingencies of the future. It also impairs and lessens the capacity of the people to work ; it contributes the very badness of trade from which their sufferings mostly arise ; it prevents them making honestly favourable terms with their employers, and, for that matter, it reacts injuriously on the employers themselves ; it operates injuriously to the interests of society in an infinity of ways, and by diminishing the material comforts of the people, tends in no small measure to corrupt and degrade them morally. The habit of thrift taught in the Patronage is one of the chief benefits conferred on the boys trained there, and an influence may through their means be carried into the general community, for the example which a man or boy teaches in his own life and conduct radiates from him, and may produce good no one can tell where. The mere fact that a boy is known to be temperate, thrifty, self-respecting, and decent of language and act, sets an example that many may unknowingly benefit from. I do most sincerely hope these suggestions may have some practical effect, and that the opportunity for cultivating habits of thrift offered by this Savings Bank established by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, will be largely availed of and produce good results. If the working people would determine to lay by ever so little, even a penny a week, anything in fact for a beginning, assuredly the habit of economy would increase and probably extend, and what a beneficial change it would effect in the condition of local society ! It would be difficult to discover a place in the kingdom where the inhabitants might do more in this way than Lurgan. It is a place with a large trade, where willing workers can usually command good wages ; and it is a melancholy sight to see boys and girls putting all they can earn either in their stomachs or on their backs. I am afraid from what I can learn that this is only too frequent a practice with the female workers of Lurgan. It is really too bad to see young, well-looking, and otherwise intelligent women workers, expending almost every penny they can earn on trumpery finery to adorn their persons. I can assure them if they only had the sense to consult their own natural good looks, and would dispense with the tasteless fripperies on which they lay out so large a proportion of their earnings, they would find they

were far more attractive in the eyes of those whom we may presume they are anxious to please, when clad in modest, becoming, and suitable raiment. I remember well, when years ago I lived on the shores of Carlingford Lough, being much struck with the simple, comfortable, and altogether becoming costume, home-made, of the peasant girls in that part of the country ; and I cannot help thinking how much more becoming, and even more picturesquely effective, not to say more æsthetically correct, such a style was than any that depended either wholly or in part on the ingenuity and skill of the town milliner. In Lurgan the loom workers, veiners, or stitchers, and what not—for I cannot pretend to specify all the different departments of the trade—seem to me to display a by no means commendable taste when they dress themselves out in gaudy prints, with hats decorated with immense feathers, and their entire persons so tricked out in gewgaws of various sorts as to make them ridiculous and not always very sightly persons.

“ I am sorry that the necessities of the position I this evening occupy render it requisite for me to deal with some phases and habits of our people neither encouraging nor satisfactory. Happily, however, whenever we return to it, and in whatever way we regard it, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul offers something to stimulate and direct us. Among the various other measures by which the Fathers and Brothers of the Society try to benefit those under their charge, is the inculcation of temperance principles. They insist on the practice of temperance, not teetotalism, but of that rational moderation which naturally commends itself to good sense. I am not myself a teetotaler, but for several years of my life, when I was working very hard, and when every energy was taxed to its utmost, I drank no alcoholic stimulant, and, judging by experience, I have come to the conclusion I can get more and better work out of myself when I abstain entirely from intoxicants. For eight of the hardest working years of my life I never touched a drop of any intoxicating liquor, and I am now constrained to confess that I never during all that time felt the least want of it.”

FOR THEE !

May all I feel
And think and do and say
Bear this for seal :
Mt Deus, propter Te.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and of His Virgin Mother Mary.* Translated by the Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. (Price £2.)

This is probably the weightiest and the most sumptuous volume that has ever lain on our review table. It is a splendid trophy of the printer's art; and the stout binding, with its brilliant red and gold which are modern, remind one of the indestructible boards which enshrine some ancient folios. The work is worthy of such a splendid setting, with which indeed we ought to have linked the thirty-two full-page pictures by Feuerstein and the innumerable illustrations in the text. The original work by L. C. Businger is most solid and instructive, giving much more than the title promises: for it contains not only a full and accurate account of our Saviour's life, but instructs the reader on all the points of Catholic belief, beginning with a narrative of God's dealings with man since the creation. It is in itself a whole library of religious literature. High as is the price placed upon it, it will require a vast circulation to make a due return for the capital that the spirited publishers must have invested in this single tome.

2. *Waters that go Softly, or Thoughts for time of Retreat.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 2s. 6d.)

The title of this book is hardly justified by the reference to Isaias viii. 6, of which the Douay version is not given; but the book itself is fresh and original and full of stimulating thought, often condensed into an epigram both spiritual and *spirituel*. Father Rickaby is very strong in unhackneyed quotations, pressing into service Shakespeare and even Bunyan, but especially Aristotle and Plato. These last will often have for the ordinary reader very little of the power that they have for the author himself, much less than that fine sentence from St. Leo which is so skilfully translated at page 62. But the readers who will derive most pleasure and profit from Father Rickaby's *Thoughts for time of Retreat* are those who have made the *Exercitia Spiritualia* of St. Ignatius their special study.

3. *The Mystery of Cleverly. A Story for Boys.* By George Barton. Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. (Price 3s. net.)

Another of the wholesome, spirited stories that American Catholic writers are giving us. We think Mr. Barton's name has

only appeared in connexion with short stories hitherto. This is a book of considerably more than two hundred pages. The plot is very well managed, and the style is brisk and unaffected. The life of a journalist in New York is described pretty minutely. Everything winds up most satisfactorily in the last chapter, which gathers into one merry scene the five or six people that we are interested in. We have tried to suppress a painfully obvious pun, but it must out at last—Mr. Barton unravels the "Mystery" cleverly.

4. *St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland.* By the Rev. J. A. Knowles, O.S.A. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, Ltd. (Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is the fullest account that has yet appeared of the Mary of Erin. It seems to have been written on the occasion of the centenary of the foundation of the Sisters of St. Brigid, which was duly celebrated this year. No portion of the book is more interesting or more edifying than the last sixty pages, which give a full account of the Order of Brigidines and of their Founder, Dr. Daniel Delaney, Bishop of Kildare, at the beginning of the last century. Pictures are given of their convents in Tullow, Mountrath, Abbeylaxey, and Goresbridge, and of the five or six convents of the Order in Australia, where it flourishes. There is so rigorous an abstention from notes, and the references are given so briefly that these might well have been placed at the foot of the page, instead of being hidden away at the end. We already owed Father Knowles thanks for his history of Fethard and its Abbey. He has now done his duty well as biographer of St. Brigid. So large and handsome a volume is cheap at half-a-crown.

5. *The Licensed Trade. An Independent Survey.* By Edwin A. Platt. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street (Price 5s. net.)

It is not clear what meaning is to be attached to the word "independent" in this title-page, but the independence at least does not exclude a determined partizanship in favour of those who sell intoxicating drinks on such a tremendous scale that their business is called—not *par excellence*—"the Trade." Holding a brief for the Trade, Mr. Platt is conveniently forgetful of the medical evidence about the destructive influence of alcoholic drinks on many who do not compromise themselves publicly and who would not be pointed to as instances of the abuse of drink. We greatly prefer the scientific testimony to be found in such books as that which we noticed in May (*antea*, page 291), *The Drink Problem in its Medico-Sociological Aspects*, by Fourteen Medical Authorities (Methuen & Co., London).

6. *The Eloquent Dempsey. A Comedy in Three Acts.* By William Boyle. Dublin : O'Donoghue & Co., 15, Hume Street. (Price 1s. net.)

Mr. Boyle did himself credit lately by withdrawing his plays from a certain theatrical company which had drawn upon itself much angry censure by exhibiting what seems to have been an atrocious travesty of Irish life and character. What must it have been when Mr. Boyle's own play appears to us not quite free from blame in the same direction? Of course comedy must fasten on comic incidents, and must deal with comic characters; but we think the dramatist could amuse us and make us laugh while giving a better impression of our people. But there are "eloquent Dempseys" in real life, and the type is here caricatured very cleverly.

7. B. Herder of St. Louis, Missouri, and Freiburg, Germany, has published, at 9d., two paper-covered books far more solid and valuable than many pretentious volumes. They are both by the Rev. Bernard Otten, S.J., Professor of Philosophy in St. Louis University. *What Need is there for Religion? A Plain Statement of the Reasons for Religion and its Practice*, and then, *Why Should I Believe? A Brief Statement of the Reasons for the Truth of Supernatural Religion*. These are not mere popular tracts, but solid, well-reasoned treatises which require thought and study from their reader, and which will, we hope, fall into the hands of a great number of thoughtful readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Father Otten writes with a special view to the needs of the men of his own country; but there are very many in Ireland who will profit equally by the study of his excellent little treatises. The same publisher has issued an edition, adapted for stage purposes, of the morality play, *Everyman*, which has recently been performed with great reverence and impressiveness. This edition consists of only 36 pages, yet the price is a shilling—probably because a limited circulation is anticipated. Yet it is more interesting than the mere text of most plays.

8. *Madame Rose Lummis.* By Delia Gleeson. London : Burns and Oates. New York : Benziger. (Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This must be singled out from the large number of edifying biographies that are added year by year to Catholic literature. It is a book of quite exceptional charm and interest, both on account of the character of the woman whose story is told, and on account of the skilful simplicity of the telling. It was hardly judicious to let *Madame* be the first word of the title, for it may make the reader imagine that *Miss Rose Lummis* is "translated

from the French." She belonged to a wealthy and cultivated set of people who were pure Americans. She won her way into the Catholic Church as a girl with hardly any human assistance. She became an incurable invalid early in life ; but, as she thus could not become a Religious of the Sacred Heart, she was received in some way as an external associate and did an immense amount of good work in different parts of the United States, gathering Catholics together and establishing small missions in several districts where Catholicity had before been unknown. Her entire time and means, and the time and means of as many others, Catholics and Protestants, as she could influence, were devoted to the service of religion and the poor. Miss Delia Gleeson was closely united with her in her later years, and has given here a very skilful and tenderly sympathetic sketch of a delightful and saintly soul. But why does she give no dates ? Madame Lummis died recently enough to be amused on her deathbed by a chapter of *My New Curate*. Miss Gleeson is so unconventional as to throw her preface into the form of a poem—which would have looked better if divided into five stanzas of four lines each. If the third line were altered into " I said, ' No flowers it yields,' " the one solitary break in the rhyme-scheme would be got rid of.

9. *The Life of St. 'Humphrey (St. Onofrius) Hermit,' by the Abbot Paphnutius*. Translated by Dean Kavanagh. London : Burns and Oates. (Price 2s. net.)

This very slim and dainty octavo consists of forty pages, which would have borne well the addition of a few pages of preface, proving among other matters that " Onofrius " is " Humphrey." If it is, it escaped the compiler of *Nomina Patrum et Fratrum qui Societatem Jesu ingressi in eâ supremum diem obierunt* 1814—1894, for Father Humphrey Donovan, who was born in 1807 and died in 1848, is called here " Pater Humphredus Donovan."

10. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, have " designed, printed, and published " a large sheet, very beautifully ornamented, and meant to be framed and hung up in the house of a member of the Anti-Treating League of St. Patrick. The arguments against this fruitful cause of intemperance are stated very briefly and forcibly, and in this form they will, please God, induce many to sign the pledge which is given at the bottom of the sheet.

11. Messrs. Burns and Oates are the publishers of *On Christmas Eve : A Domestic Play for Children*, by Annie D. Scott, which seems to us very much above the average of such things in literary and dramatic merit. The writer's name is quite new

to us. She has provided our young folk with a pleasant and useful little drama.

12. *When Love is Strong*. By Grace Keon. New York: Benziger. (Price 4s.)

This is a very striking story, written with the high principle and literary skill to which Miss Keon has accustomed us; but we do not like the plot or the characters so well as those of two of her previous novels, *Not a Judgment*, and *The Ruler of the Kingdom*—which last, indeed, was a collection of short tales, not a full-length story like the two others. The interest and the mystery are kept up very cleverly till the end. This book confirms Grace Keon in her high rank among the Catholic writers of the United States.

13. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin) has added five numbers to its wonderful series of penny books. *Nuala*, by Nora Degidon, has much merit as a story; but some of the characters use expressions which such persons would never use, and we should like to see some of the incidents managed differently. Several Irish phrases are introduced and left untranslated. Father John, O.S.F.C., B.A., furnishes a very vivid and impressive picture of *University Life in the Middle Ages*, and Mr. William Fallon, B.A., gives an extremely interesting and learned account of *The Saints and Sanctuaries of Meath*. There is a second selection of chapters from that admirable book, *The Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, by Father Aernoudt, S.J., to which very properly is prefixed a biographical note about the author. Lastly, *How we should Love God*, is a translation of a French booklet of which 600,000 copies have been sold. There is some vagueness in the last pages about a certain society, into which "no formal admission is required." This is not true of the Apostleship of Prayer, which is mentioned in a note, and whose "Morning Offering" is adopted. Several misprints have escaped notice, as where Abbé Baunard is called "Mrs. Baunard." More information ought to have been given about the French original of this very pious *opuscule*. We may join with the penny books an exquisite booklet which, however, costs twice as much—*Manuale Parvulorum, or Manual for Beginners*, by Thomas a Kempis, translated by Sir Francis R. Cruise, M.D., D.L., K.S.G. This *opusculum oligonte philonte* is issued from the *Messenger Office*, 5, Great Denmark Street, Dublin.

14. *Doctor Kilgunnon*. By Seumas MacManus. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. (Price 1s.)

The jovial old M.D. who gives his name to this book, tells seven of his racy stories. There is more of farce than of comedy

in them. The fun is rather broad, though quite innocent ; and there is plenty of laughter in these pages for those who care for such things. But some people find laughing a very fatiguing operation and prefer a quiet smile. We confess to have read with almost more pleasure the advertisement pages at beginning and end, which show the high and wide appreciation won by Mr. MacManus in his serious efforts and by his "late espoused saint," Ethna Carbery.

15. B. Herder of St. Louis (Missouri) and of Freiburg (Baden) has published in English two of the popular German tales of the recently deceased Father Joseph Spillman, S.J., *Crosses and Crowns*, and *Blessed are the Merciful*. The latter is on the same subject as Harriet Martineau's forgotten novel, *The Hour and the Man*, the hero of both being Toussaint L'Ouverture during the Negro Insurrection at Haiti. But, indeed, Father Spillman's hero is the brave boy, George Schlossthaler—a German like Father Spillman himself—while the villain is a Frenchman.

16. R. and T. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London, send post free for sixpence halfpenny, *Consecration to the Divine Heart : Musical Devotions by Father Zulueta, S.J.*—containing the Litany of the Sacred Heart in Latin and then in English, both set separately to music, and also, besides the music and words of several hymns to Our Sacred Heart, an impressive picture of Our Divine Redeemer and the Form of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus prescribed by Leo XIII in 1899. Father Zulueta offers his booklet for use at the annual consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart, lately decreed by Pius X.

17. There has been issued from the Irish Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 30 Molesworth Street, Dublin, price sixpence net, a pamphlet of 80 pages (with 40 pages of advertisements to match) under the title of *Open Doors for Irishwomen*, giving clear practical particulars about the various sorts of employment open to women in Ireland, personal qualifications, remuneration, etc. These are all furnished by experts, each in a page or two. Thus, the teaching of elocution is treated by Mrs. M'Hardy Flint ; children's hospital nursing by Miss M'Neill of the St. Joseph's Hospital, Temple Street, Dublin ; and so of some fifty other avocations. It is an interesting and instructive book, highly creditable to the editor, Miss Myrrha Bradshaw.

18. Some time ago we praised as they deserved the first and second volumes of *Round the World* (New York : Benziger). The third volume is almost more interesting with its 114 illustrations and its great variety of articles describing curious scenes, works, operations, such as *Revolution Work in the United States*,

The 'Blind' Readers in the Post Office, A Day at the Zoo, The Reclamation Service, etc. A pleasant and useful book. The illustrations are very well executed.

19. *On Gregorian Rhythm.* By A. Fleury, S.J., and L. Bonvin, S.J. New York: *The Messenger*.

The authors of this volume maintain the theory that in the oldest period of Gregorian Chant, extending up to the eleventh century, strict musical rhythm prevailed in the rendering of the chant. During the following centuries confusion, loss of correct tradition, and ill-judged attempts at reform have been prevalent, and our two writers recommend a return to what they conceive to be the primitive ideals, not, however, without admitting that there are certain awkwardnesses to be overcome or compromised. They seem to display admirable erudition, and to have converted to their view some eminent quondam opponents. On the merits of the case we refrain from offering an opinion. It seems remarkable how far from agreement on even the most elementary questions as to the nature of Gregorian Chant are the general body of specialists on the subject.

20. *The New Theology.* By the Rev. W. Lieber. London: R. and T. Washbourne. (Price 6d.)

We have little concern with what is nicknamed "the new theology" of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London, except perhaps as another proof that branches cut off from the living tree grow more and more rotten with time. Fr. Lieber begins by showing that these things are not new and not theology, but only very old heresies jumbled together. To state them is refutation enough, and this short pamphlet might have been much shorter. In the last page the Rev. P. M. Northcote seems to be confounded with the late Dr. Spencer Northcote; but neither of them would recognize himself as "a great churchman."

21. The Summer Number of the *Clongownian* for 1907 is one of the most sumptuous and most interesting college periodicals that we have ever seen. It is the outcome, evidently, of a great deal of labour and enterprise. For instance in the article by Mr. De Courcy MacDonnell on the conflict between Church and State in France, very well executed portraits are given of the friends and foes of religion—Briand, Fallières, Jaurès, Waldeck-Rousseau, Rouvier, and Clemenceau, the ringleaders of the attacking mob, and then the leaders of the Catholics, Albert de Mun, Piou, Denys Cochin, Lasies, and Abbé Lemire. The same article is illustrated by excellent views of Notre Dame and Montmartre in Paris, the cathedrals of Rheims and Amiens, the Basilica of Fourvière, and the Jesuit Colleges of Mongré, Vaugi-

raud, Rue des Postes, Montpellier, Poitiers, Bordeaux, Moulins, and Boulogne. Mr. Laurence Kettle on Engineering as a Profession, and Mr. Henry Seymour on the Geology of the Clongowes District, deserve our gratitude for giving information guaranteed by their high authority. Many other old Clongownians contribute exceedingly interesting papers; but by far the most valuable article is a Symposium on Patriotism in Practice, or Work for Clongownians on Local Boards. This second title is not quite adequate; for the suggestions of some of the contributors take a wider scope. We trust that many of our young men and boys will study the counsels given to them by Sir William Butler, Mr. George Crosbie, Mr. Joseph Dolan, Father T. A. Finlay, Mr. John J. Horgan, Mr. David M'Donnell, and Mr. Stephen Brown. "Jottings by the Way" seem to be brief notes from the diaries kept by two of the boys from September 3, 1906, to May 7. Very properly each entry is initialled by either T. J. Fullerton or W. J. Corbett. Out of hundreds of notes there is just one (April 18) for which neither diarist makes himself responsible. "After a long absence, the barbers paid a welcome return visit to-day." This mysterious statement *donne furieusement à penser*. Who are the barbers? How many? How long was their absence? How is their visit a return visit, and why was it welcome? And why is this note alone unsigned?

22. The 1907 Number of the *Castleknock College Chronicle* begins very wisely with a table of contents; and indeed the table is furnished with very appetising viands. A full sketch of Dr. Gerald Molloy, has before it an admirable portrait of that gifted and amiable priest—a picture which is worth framing and does great credit to the photographer, Lafayette, and the engraver, Lewis of Capel Street. Other excellent portraits are those of Father Malachy O'Callaghan and Father Paul Cullen, C.M., and of the late Canon Connolly of St. Kevin's. There are, besides, pictures of hundreds of young folk, some of whom will be very eminent about the year 1950. Father Patrick Boyle, C.M., gives an interesting history of his beloved Irish College, Paris, which the French freemasons and atheists wish to destroy. Father Sheehy's essay on "The Soul of a Great School" will help to verify the prayer or prediction with which it concludes. Some of the boys contribute very pleasant pages, such as Richard Whitty's "Cricket Bat." This is the twenty-second number of the *Castleknock Chronicle*. A set of the volumes that these numbers form will always be valuable and very interesting. The present issue is one of the very best of the series, with the true Castleknockian flavour.

23. *A Homily of St. Gregory the Great on the Pastoral Office.* Translated by Rev. Patrick Boyle, C.M. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. (Price 4d. net.)

Our Holy Father Pius the Tenth, in his Encyclical *Jucunda Sane*, issued the 12th of March, 1904, addressing the Bishops of the Church, says:—"Read, venerable Brethren, the admirable homily of the holy pontiff, and make your clergy read and ponder it, especially at the time of their annual retreat." Father Boyle, the Vincentian Rector of the Irish College, Paris, has made it easier for our priests to give heed to the Pope's exhortation by publishing this homily separately in English for a few pence. It is the smallest of several similar books that Father Boyle has bestowed on his brethren in the priesthood.

24. The first volume of the great *Catholic Cyclopedia* has come at last. Our first glance at it has convinced us that it fulfils our hopes, and that it will be a great boon to priests and Catholic laymen and to all sincere, right-minded men outside the Church who wish to know the truth about Catholic dogmas, rites, persons, and things, and the Catholic side of disputed points in history. We shall often have to return to this great work which reflects immense credit on all who in various ways are concerned in it.

25. This is only the second summer that has been marked by the issue of the *Belvederian*, organ of the great Jesuit Day School, Belvedere House, 6 Great Denmark Street, Dublin. (By the way, we have hitherto wavered on the point, but we shall never again put an *i* in "*Belvedere*.") No. 2 runs the best of the older college magazines close for first place both as regards elegance of get-up and interesting matter. It has more of the school-boy element and is delightfully *Belvederian*; but more mature work is also furnished by old pupils and young professors, such as Father Frederick Gill's exquisite little entomological paper, and the sketch of John Cornelius O'Callaghan. B. F. P. must continue next year his explorations "*Round about Belvedere*." He has not named Lord O'Hagan, the first Catholic Lord Chancellor, whose three successive homes lay within the Belvedere district, in Great Charles Street, Gardiner's Place, and Rutland Square.

26. It would not be duly respectful to a book which contains poetry and not merely verse, if we crushed into a paragraph at the end of so much prose our estimate of *The Golden Joy*, by Thomas M'Donagh (Dublin: O'Donoghue & Co., price 2s. 6d.). We therefore postpone our notice for a month.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1907

JUDGE CARTON, K.C.

IN MEMORIAM

“**P**REMATURE consolation is but a remembrancer of sorrow.” Consolation that is not premature, but on the contrary comes too late, deserves still more the reproach that is implied in these words ; and it is in this sense that Goldsmith’s beautiful phrase has suggested itself to me while beginning this belated obituary of a good and gifted Irishman who died half a year ago. A magazine in which, as will be seen, he took a very practical interest, ought not to have left unnoticed the passing away of such a man as Richard Paul Carton.

He was the eldest son of Richard Carton and Mary Anne de la Hoyde, and was born at Rathgar, an outer suburb of Dublin, June 26, 1836. His only brother, Christopher, born two years after him, died ten years before him. He had entered the Society of Jesus on his eighteenth birthday, July 13, 1856 ; and after forty years’ work as a Jesuit, he died April 15, 1896, and was buried in the retired little cemetery of St. Stanislaus’ College, Tullabeg. He is still remembered affectionately by his religious brethren and by the good country folk of that Rahan district of King’s County.

Both the brothers were educated first at Belvedere College, Great Denmark Street, Dublin, the well-known day-school of the Jesuit Fathers. Judge Carton was Vice-President of the Belvedere Union from the foundation of that society of Old Belvederians, and, if he had been to the fore when its first President, Sir Francis Cruise, M.D., insisted on resigning this dignity, he would probably have been the first thought of as a worthy

successor. His loyalty to the *Alma Mater* of his childhood was shown to the last. The introductory poem of the first number of the *Belvederian* was his ; and he had volunteered to contribute to the second number, which only appeared after his death.

Richard Paul Carton passed on to Clongowes Wood College in 1848, and studied there four years. He preserved the Prize List of his last year, 1852, in which he was the most distinguished in the class of Rhetoric, gaining the first place in the English Oration and in the Latin, Greek, and English Odes, as well as in the general examination. He was second in Geology, Christian Doctrine, Latin Oration, French, and Mathematics. His chief competitors were Francis Lyons, John O'Shaughnessy, John Shearman, and John Stanley Mathews, all of whom were heard of creditably in after life. Many will recognize the learned Irish antiquarian, Father Shearman of Howth, and Father Mathews, S.J., who was Rector of Belvedere College when he died in his forty-fifth year, 1878.

Richard Carton chose the Bar as his profession ; and an indication of the high place that he gained from the first in the esteem of his youthful rivals may be found in the fact that they made him, in 1858, Secretary of the Law Students' Debating Society. The next two years he was Treasurer, and in the autumn of 1861 he was elected Auditor of the Society.

While pursuing his legal studies, he was clerk in the General Register Office for Births, Deaths, and Marriages from 1857 till 1863, in which latter year he was called to the Bar, at the opening of the Trinity term. Three years later he married Mary, only daughter of Peter Hoey, Carrickmacross—a circumstance which partly explains why he was subsequently appointed to the Commission of the Peace for County Louth. We may forestal the sequence of events by stating here that of his two sons, Mr. Joseph Carton, M.A., adopted his father's profession, and is now Librarian of the King's Inns, while Dr. Paul Carton, M.D., M.Ch., B.A.O., has already gained a high reputation, especially in the very important branch of his profession that is represented by the last three of the initials appended to his name.

After his call to the Bar Richard Carton quickly acquired a large practice, especially in the Bankruptcy Court, in which he was regarded as a great authority. In 1872 he drafted the Irish Bankruptcy Act. In 1877 he was called within the inner Bar, exchanging his well-worn stuff gown for the silk gown of a Q.C. It was about this time or somewhat later that a rather flippant pen drew the following picture of him in the *Dublin Figaro* :—

“ Richard Paul Carton, Q.C., is a favourite at the Bar.

He has always enjoyed an extensive Bankruptcy and general practice, and it is whispered that he has, on more than one occasion, disdained the tempting offer of a County Court Judgeship. And now, in the Vacation, when golf-loving Q.C.'s and juniors are gaily disporting themselves on the links at Dollymount, Carton is plodding away at his work, at home and in the Courts, through the mazy intricacies of bankruptcy and finance. He is not what you would call an eloquent pleader—he is too matter-of-fact for that; and his voice is, at times, decidedly harsh and unpleasing. But then he has a business head of a capacious order, and there is nothing in commercial speculations too deep or labyrinthine for R. P. to unravel. In a banking case, for instance, which lately came before the courts, I have seen Carton repeatedly correcting the judge, who, to give him full justice, appeared now and then to be all but hopelessly floundered.

"Carton is one of the most benevolent and philanthropic of men, and a thoroughgoing devotee. He is a *virtuoso* of the most enthusiastic kind, and his house in Rutland Square is a veritable palace of art. A year or two ago Sir John Nugent, who is known as an art-collector, brought an action against Messrs. Bennett, the auctioneers, and John Atkinson (now Lord Atkinson), who appeared for the defendants, took occasion to describe the typical *virtuoso*, as personified in Sir John Nugent. 'He is one of those fellows,' he said, in his dry, sarcastic way, 'who is prowling incessantly about auction-rooms, and who goes crazy over some antiquated bit of broken crockery, which you might buy for a few pence in Liffey Street.' Now, the cream of the joke consisted in the fact that Carton was engaged on the other side for Sir John, and he visibly writhed at this cold-blooded outrage on his most treasured predilections.

"But this æsthetic taste of his is no new-fangled hobby, born of conceit: it arises from his innate love of art. For Richard Paul is a cultured man, in the universal sense of the term; and nothing gives him more intense delight than whiling away his leisure hours with his books. He is a great admirer of Tennyson, and a lecture which he delivered some time ago on the 'Palace of Art' was an intellectual treat for all who, like myself, had the good fortune to be present."

"A thorough-going devotee" in the second of these paragraphs is the Philistine expression for a truly religious and virtuous man. Such Mr. Carton was, and admirable also in all the relations of private life. One proof of his professional standing and of the esteem in which he was held by those best

qualified to judge is that he was elected a Bencher of King's Inns in 1886, and re-elected in 1898. Other public testimonies to his abilities and to his character are his appointment as Chairman of the Queen's Colleges (Ireland) Commission in 1884, Commissioner of Charitable Bequests, and Commissioner of National Education. In the last of these offices he was the successor of Judge O'Hagan.

Like the good and gifted man just named, Mr. Carton was an active member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of which for many years he was President. Like Judge O'Hagan also, he was a member of the Royal Irish Academy; and he shared in no inconsiderable degree in the literary tastes of the author of *Dear Land* and *The Song of Roland*. No memorial of his literary gifts remains except a few lectures and essays, some of which are preserved in our pages. Among these are the excellent counsels on the use and abuse of novel-reading which were given in the May and June Numbers of this Magazine. In our Thirty-third volume (1905) may be found at page 488 a delightful paper on the poet and holy convert, Richard Crashaw. Earlier, in 1898, he contributed to our pages (pp. 569-588) a fine study of "The Irish Poems of Aubrey de Vere," of which the students of Maynooth had the first benefit. The poet and the lawyer were congenial spirits. During the 'nineties Mr. de Vere, passing through Dublin on his way to pay his summer visit to his English friends, would join Mr. Carton in his summer residence at Howth and walk with him over the Hill, to enjoy the wonderful view which he had learned to love some years earlier, when his dear friend Judge O'Hagan was living at his beautiful seaside home, Glenaveena—now Stella Maris, Convent of the Sisters of Charity, yet hardly holier now than then.

When Aubrey de Vere, "poet and saint" like Richard Crashaw, died on the feast of St. Agnes, January 21, 1902, Judge Carton paid an exquisite tribute to his memory in a sonnet which graced the first page of that year's March issue of this Magazine.

Richard Paul Carton bore in every respect the stamp of a man destined to sit with credit and dignity in the High Court of Justice. I once heard the most distinguished member of that Court say something to that effect. "Whenever Carton raises a point or makes a statement before you, you can trust him implicitly." His friends were disappointed when he accepted, in March, 1898, the position of Divisional Magistrate for the City of Dublin, after the death of that excellent man, Mr. William Woodlock, Q.C. In the following December he was promoted to the more suitable office of County Court Judge

and Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the County of Clare. Some time before this, while only Acting Recorder of Galway he had won from the Press the verdict that "by his able and painstaking discharge of judicial duties, his courtesy to all parties, and his manifest desire to be impartial, he had given the greatest satisfaction to the public and the profession." A still more favourable sentence was passed upon him when tried in the more responsible office of County Court Judge. The journalist, whom we shall quote in full, links his name with another *clarum et venerabile nomen* which has already slipped more than once from our pen.

"It is gratifying to notice that there has been no unnecessary adjournments of the business of Quarter Sessions since His Honor County Court Judge Carton, Q.C., came to Clare. There has been an entire absence of vexatious delays, or transfer of causes to other parts of the circuit, so needless expense to litigants is averted. In October the Judge returned to Kilrush a second time to finish the business, and at the present Hilary Sessions gave an additional day and remained over Monday to convenience the Bar and the public. Work is expeditiously transacted in Court, all cases are heard with the utmost patience, and the professional people, litigants and witnesses treated with the greatest courtesy. The decisions of His Honor give satisfaction to all concerned, and the rulings are looked to with every confidence in the President of the Court. Mr. Carton is an ideal Judge, an able Judge, and an honest Judge. He is after the manner of the late lamented Judge O'Hagan, who is still remembered not alone for his great legal acumen but for his poetic and scholarly attainments."

Judge Carton, with all the pressure of public and private duties, found time to take his part in almost every meeting held in his native city for the alleviation of distress or for any other benevolent or religious object. He also in his last years, since the foundation of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, devoted much time and energy to the promotion of its objects, and was most assiduous in his attendance at the meetings of the Committee over which he presided most efficiently.

His health had been unsatisfactory for some time, and he was obliged to employ a substitute for the discharge of his judicial duties at the beginning of this year. Death, however, came at the last unexpectedly, yet so as to allow of the immediate preparation for that great act of dying, for which his whole life had been the best preparation. He died on the 24th of February, 1907.

The sharp contrast of human things is illustrated by one of the newspaper cuttings preserved as a record of Judge Carton's funeral. Printed on the back of it, and filling exactly the same space, an account was given of the congratulations offered by the solicitors in the Land Commission Court to Mr. Justice Dodd on his appointment to a seat in the High Court of Justice. "Two shall be in the field : one shall be taken and one shall be left" (Matthew xxiv. 40). One man beginning his career as a judge ; another, ending his earthly career for ever. How well it was ended, how honourable that career had been from first to last, was testified by the great number of judges, barristers, solicitors, priests, and other citizens of Dublin who accompanied Judge Carton's remains to their resting-place in Glasnevin. But more consoling and more gratifying to those who loved him was the large band of orphans that joined the funeral procession as it passed St. Vincent's Orphanage near Glasnevin : for these represented the hidden works of zeal and charity by which the deceased Judge had sanctified his strenuous life. Surely it was well with him when, a judge no longer, he presented himself to be judged before the tribunal of that supreme Judge who has said, "Whatever you do to the least of these little ones, you do it to Me." *Et orphano tu eris adjutor.*

M. R.

MADONNA AD NIVES

(AUGUST 5)

EACH crystal of the winter's snow
 Is prismatic in its rainbow light :
 Yet, when its flakes are mass'd, they show
 But one pure fleece of dazzling white.

So, Lady of the heavenly snows,
 Though all the virtues shine in thee,
 Their rainbow tints, combined, disclose
 One dazzling front of Purity.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"O MEMORY, FOND MEMORY!"

WHAT a happy thought, and a truly Catholic thought, has inspired Mrs. Hinkson in the compilation of her beautiful and consoling book of anniversaries!* It makes its appearance rightly, not in the hue of mourning, but in bridal or birthday garb. What, indeed, within the reach of human nature, can be more cheering and ennobling than the loving remembrance of our blessed ones who have gone before us *cum signo fidei, et dormiunt in somno pacis*? There was an instance lately of the great difference in this regard between our Protestant friends and ourselves. I never miss the admirable "Literary Letter" of an esteemed friend, which appears week by week over the initials C. K. S. One such letter, after praising from a literary point of view Mrs. Hinkson's *Book of Memory*, said it was rather saddening on account of its subject. Such an idea would not, it seems to me, occur to a Catholic. Perhaps it would be too much to say that we Catholics "enjoy" going to funerals, as C. K. S. playfully said of the Irish and Scotch, when he noticed how few English friends along with himself stood by the grave of dear Lionel Johnson. But, assuredly, Catholics very cheerfully pay the last marks of respect to the neighbour, and it seems to be a Catholic turn of mind which has survived in the Highlands and in Welsh Wales, as well as in Ireland, where people certainly do flock together for the wake or the burial. Perhaps it requires something of a Catholic instinct to be very willing to remember what is undeniably true. Yet "things are what they are : things will be what they will be : why then should we deceive ourselves?" Partings there have been ; other partings there must be ; and our own departure cannot long be delayed. It is the happiness of Catholics that, without always having at their command the language of Henry Montagu, Earl of Manchester, they are familiar with such thoughts as his, and even thoughts rising far beyond his. "He too narrowly pincheth his own joys who resteth satisfied with what is present. Man is a future creature ; the eye of his soul looks beyond this life. What more heavenly than the thought of immortality ? What so necessary as the thought of death ?

* *A Book of Memory : The Birthday Book of the Blessed Dead.* By Katharine Tynan. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

It was the saying of Socrates, When death approacheth thou growest more divine." And if more divine, surely more joyful, our hearts being lifted up and truly "enlarged." Some years ago, when getting into or out of a fever, I took a fancy to hear Louis Veuillot's epitaph, and passages of *Gerontius*. It seemed to some one a strange fancy, and perhaps was misunderstood. I did not think that I was dying, and I did not at all want to die. But I found it easier than usual to relish thoughts which are at all times beautiful, noble, and consoling. I hope I may quote here the lines written in view of his own death by Louis Veuillot, as not everyone may know where to lay his hand upon them :—

Placez à mon côté ma plume,
Sur mon cœur le Christ, mon orgueil,
Sous mes pieds mettez ce volume,
Et clouez en paix le cercueil.

Après la dernière prière,
Sur ma fosse plantez la croix,
Et si l'on me donne une pierre,
Gravez dessus : *J'ai cru, Je vois.*

Dites entre vous : " Il sommeille ;
Son dur labeur est achevé."
Ou plutôt dites : Il s'éveille ;
Il voit ce qu'il a tant rêvé."

* * * *

J'espère en Jésus. Sur la terre
Je n'ai pas rougi de sa foi.
Au dernier jour, devant son Père,
Il ne rougira pas de moi.

Such as these are surely the thoughts of all to whom Catholic teaching is familiar. We are far removed in mind from those of whom St. Paul speaks, *qui spem non habent*. It is not as if we had no instinctive fear of going out into the dark, and taking our flight we know not whither. But to us the darkness is not complete, for the veil has been lifted a little, and a little light has been allowed to shine upon the valley of the shadow of death, along which we know that One will go with us who is both a rod of guidance and a staff of support. It is not as if we did not stand in wholesome awe of God's searching judgments. But we remember that blessed book written for them that fear the Lord and think on His name (Mal. iii. 16). Such a book, such a list, will assuredly not fail to include us, and to bring us forward to the hand of Him who delights to purify the sons of

Levi, and to refine them as gold and as silver. We are quite alive to what refining must mean for poor and lowly creatures, in whom is found so much dross. But we know also how that refining purification is continued and completed when we have passed the borders of eternity, and how even whilst it lasts the faithful soul that has "thought on the name of the Lord" enjoys such bliss as this world can never afford. Says one of the greatest of our Irish Bishops, "J. K. L.": "The happiness of such as are detained in purgatory, though incomplete and joined with suffering, is greater than any to be found on earth."*

Adown the grooves of all these happy and high considerations the mind is sent by Mrs. Hinkson's book of *The Blessed Dead*. She has so arranged it, that we may each write down the names specially dear to ourselves, and even our own quotations in addition to hers. But her quotations are delightfully chosen, which is only to say that they are worthy of one who is a poet and a Catholic, a devoted daughter and wife, mother and friend. For each day of every month in the year she gives us to read a text of Holy Scripture, a short poetic passage, and then a couple of lines of poetry or prose quite packed with meaning. It will not be wonderful if on such and such an anniversary, having a special meaning for ourselves alone, the chosen words seem to have been fitted in by a Providence that foresaw. The compiler says for herself that as she was putting together the materials for her book it happened to her to lose an extremely dear friend and her own father, but that being steeped in these "most beautiful thoughts of the most beautiful souls concerning Death" she was enabled to lift up her heart, and not to look upon death as a desolation. And I am sure that this book will give not only "to one," but to many, "another bereaved heart the calm and the hopeful joy in the face of death which it has given to the compiler," and already to some fortunate readers too.

In the pages of this *Book of Memory* there is, of course, no mere sameness, but a considerable variety of view, corresponding to the very various positions of those who are taken and those who are left. There are parting addresses, just as touching, though they could not be so brief, as the two words which one may read on a slab in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, "Deare Childe"! Of many such addresses let two or three be given here. It is a saint who writes thus:—

This pledge of your joint love to heaven now fled,
With honeycombs and milk of life is fed.

* *Life*, by Fitzpatrick, vol. ii., p. 305.

And an ordinary poet very worthily writes thus :—

O God, to Thee I yield
 The gift Thou givest, most precious, most divine !
 Yet to what field
 I must resign
 His little feet
 That wont to be so fleet,
 I muse. Oh, joy to think
 On what soft brink
 Of flood he plucks the daffodius,
 On what empurpled hills
 He stands, Thy kiss all fresh upon his brow,
 And wonders if his father sees him now.

It was another poet who thus expressed an entirely lawful human feeling :..

You were like a light
 In your place.
 Fires of love burned bright
 In your face,
 Heart of grace.
 You were like a light in your place.

Like a light put out
 You are flown,
 And the night is all about,
 Cold as stone.
 Ullagone !
 Like a light put out you are flown.

And very poetic was the man of men to whom we owe the lines :—

Sheep without a shepherd when snow shuts out the sky.
 Why did you leave us, Owen ? why did you die ?

Yet all such thoughts must be for us only the first and passing thoughts. Quickly we remember the Light of the World who said, " He that followeth Me shall have the light of life," and we remember with Christina Rossetti that our beloved ones who are gone are " the new-begotten from the dead, whom the great birthday bore." We easily have courage to apply to them and to our own selves the words :—

Glory touched glory on each blessed head,
 Hands locked dear hands never to sunder more.

Hence we are able to make our own even the words of the merry Chancellor of England, who went to death altogether out of due course, as men would judge : " I cannot mistrust my

God, Meg, though I feel me faint. I know He shall set His holy hand upon me and hold me up. Never trouble thy mind, for nothing can come save what God will. I full heartily pray for us all, that we may meet together once more in heaven, where we shall again make merry." And it is not hard, after familiarity with language so human yet so heavenly, to go on to welcome the one condition of our everlasting peace. "And now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and begin my intercourse with God. Farewell the world and all delights. Farewell sun, moon, and stars. Welcome, God and Father. Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ. Welcome, blessed Spirit of Grace. Welcome, Glory. Welcome, Eternal Life. Welcome, Death." (May 30.)

The Catholic poet, Richard Crashaw, will tell us of heaven's happiness that is before us :—

Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go ;
And wheresoe'er He sets His white
Step, walk with Him those ways of light.

And, even if we still can find happiness here, we raise our heads, and look up, knowing right well that

The land of dreams is brighter far
Above the light of the morning star.

So many others being gone there whither we hope to come, we gladly take a lesson even from old Marcus Aurelius, who says : "The residue of life is short ; live as on a mountain." To live upon the heights is assuredly the lot of him who in the Christian poet's words is ever ready to give "his" soul unto his Captain Christ," under whose colours he fights full joyfully. And such a happy warrior will turn to the same Captain, the all-comprehending, and address Him in the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning :—

Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire,
I aspire while I expire.

Is it not a goodly heritage that has been purchased for us at a great price, and to which by one only door we enter in ? Even if here and now we might have a happy home by Belashanny and the winding banks of Erne, our faith and trust would make us pray with William Allingham :—

Lift me, take me—the night is falling ;
Quick, let us go—the day is past.

And, if we can sing at all, we shall imitate Robert Herrick :—

I sing—and ever shall
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

With him too we cry out :—

Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run,
And make no one stop till my race be done.

We know in whom our trust is placed : *In Te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum*. We already anticipate, in the words of our Irish and Catholic poet, Rosa Mulholland :—

And Christ was on the earth and the sinner He forgave
Is with Him in His rest.

How many beautiful passages, hitherto to our loss not known, Mrs. Hinkson presents us with from our other Catholic poets, such as Lionel Johnson, Alice Meynell, Coventry Patmore, Louise Imogen Guiney, Faber, and others, not to speak of the great predecessors ! And best of all are the words of the Holy Scripture, through which we are well assured that in the evening-time there shall be light, that there is One who delivers our feet from falling, so that we may walk steadily before Him in the land of the Living, and that they indeed are blessed for ever who die in the Lord.

Sevenfold be the blessings upon the compiler of this beautiful *Book of the Dead*, which will be a comfort to many a lonely heart which knows its own story, and will also be turned into a list of cherished anniversaries in the Catholic home, reminding of each one gone on a little before but not forgotten, and will be specially valued in religious communities where its blank spaces are so soon filled with names that are dear.

THOMAS DAWSON, O.M.I.

LITTLE ESSAYS ON LIFE AND CHARACTER

IV.—A MOTTO : "GRIP FAST"

THERE is a pretty story about the origin of this motto. The good Queen Margaret of Scotland was one day travelling on horseback with her attendants. She reached the bank of a rapid mountain torrent, which she attempted to cross. Owing to the fright of her palfrey, or the force of the current, or to both combined, she was in imminent danger of being swept away and drowned, when Leslie, Earl of Roth, rushed to her assistance, and, crying to her, "Grip fast," rescued her from the peril. From that time the words, "Grip Fast," became the motto of the Leslies.

It is a good motto for anyone to adopt, for it expresses the tenacity of purpose and the perseverance, without which no undertaking of moment can be carried to success. A young man beginning his career might with advantage act in the spirit of it in little actions as well as in important affairs. It may be confidently asserted that it is more for his interest to be mindful of doing so in what he is often tempted to look upon as trifles, for, if in them he adheres to it, he will acquire a habit which shall render a similar fidelity assured in matters of consequence. The qualities which the motto exacts are not to be found ready made, so to speak, in the character. The rock is pierced by the drop of water that ceaselessly falls upon it, and resolution, self-reliance, and perseverance must be created and nurtured by repeated acts if they are to impart that steadfastness which withstands temptation in the hour of trial. To rise at a reasonably early hour in the morning, to be punctual at meals, to anticipate, rather than delay, the time for commencing business, to be strict in keeping a deliberate promise, even in small things, to persevere in fidelity to daily religious duties—each of these may not require an heroic effort, but the man who is unfailing on principle in attending to them acquires a strength that one who regards them as bagatelles will never possess, and he will be trusted and honoured by employers and friends. In the momentous truths that help us to serve God, this motto, or the character which it denotes, is especially to be kept in view. The whole success of our career on earth depends, not on material prosperity, wealth, and power, but on the principles which teach the self-denial, courage, and charity that characterise the true follower of Christ. The concluding passage of Mr. Timothy Healy's great speech in the House of Commons during the debate on the second reading of the

Education Act (May, 1906) expresses admirably this truth, and I here quote his words :—

“ I would rather that my children understood their religion in preparation for the eternity that is to come than that they should be rich, prosperous, and educated people in this world. I care very little for your so-called education. I cannot spell myself. I cannot parse an English sentence. I cannot do the rule of three. I am supposed to know a little law, but I think that is a mistake. But there is one thing that I and mine have got a grip of, and that is a belief in the Christ to come, and a belief that our children, whatever be their distress, whatever be their misfortunes, whatever be their poverty in this world, will receive a rich reward if, listening to the teaching of their faith, they put into practice the lessons they receive in Catholic schools.”

These words bring to one's mind the noble strain in which Pius X, addressing the Bishops and Priests of France, animates them to meet their trials with high moral courage and unwearied patience, with generous and perfect loyalty and union. I cannot refrain from citing a few lines of the concluding paragraph of his celebrated letter. He says :—

“ We have done our duty, as every other Roman Pontiff would have done. We could not have acted otherwise without trampling Our conscience under foot, without violating the oath which We took when We ascended the Chair of Peter, and without outraging the Catholic Hierarchy, which is the foundation given by our Lord Jesus Christ to His Church. We, therefore, confidently await the verdict of history. It will say that, with Our thoughts firmly fixed on the defence of the prior rights of God, Our intention has been not to humiliate the civil power or to combat a particular form of Government, but to safeguard the inviolable work of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. It will say that We have defended you, beloved Children, with all the might of Our great love : that what we have claimed and do claim for the Church, of which the Church of France is the eldest daughter and an integral part, is respect for her Hierarchy, the inviolability of her possessions, and liberty : that if Our request had been heard, the peace of religion would not have been disturbed in France, and that on the day when Our voice is listened to, this peace, so much to be desired, will be restored. Lastly, it will say that if, assured from the outset of your noble generosity, We have not hesitated to tell you that the hour of sacrifice has struck, it is in order to remind the world, in

the name of the Lord of all things, that man must be solicitous here below about higher things than the transitory concerns of this life, and that the supreme, the imperishable joy of the human soul on this earth is found in the supernatural performance of duty, cost what it may, and in honouring, serving and loving God in spite of all."

It is an undisputable truth that the majority of men seldom exert themselves to the top of their power to secure success in the cultivation of character, or in the fulfilment of duty. A lesson thereanent may be learned from the following interesting fact. When the Cubans rose against the Spanish Government, the American President wished to send a message to Garcia, the leader of the insurgents. Garcia could not be communicated with by post or telegraph; he was among the mountains, but no one knew where, or how he could be reached. To take a letter and deliver it to him was an enterprise of extreme difficulty and peril. President M'Kinley knew not where to find a man to do the deed. Someone said: "There's a fellow here, by the name of Rowan, who will deliver the letter if anyone can." Rowan was summoned, and he at once consented to take the message. He sailed from America, and landed from an open boat on the coast of Cuba. He was obliged to traverse a country filled with Spanish soldiers. He reached the mountains, which he searched till he discovered the man whom he wanted, and he delivered the letter. It has been well said that for his pluck, determination, and perseverance such a man should have his statue cast in bronze, to be set up in every college of the land. He did not act as many do when they are asked to undertake some task that demands exertion. He did not say: "Where is Garcia? How am I to find him? How can I escape the Spaniards?" He put no question; he took the letter; he delivered it.

If our country is to prosper and excel, we need men (and many of them) who know how to undertake enterprises of pith and moment, and carry them through in the spirit that animated "the fellow by the name of Rowan."

M. WATSON, S.J.

VENI, SPONSA CHRISTI

"A spouse of Christ." O longed-for day!
 When at His Feet my "all" I lay—
 Myself, earth's friendships, pleasures fair.
 Far dearer than all jewels rare
 Are now His gifts—to me, His bride.
 The crown—the Cross on which He died.
 In love I press them to my heart,
 From these love-tokens ne'er to part.

"A spouse of Christ." I'm safe at last;
 His loving arms now hold me fast
 Close to His Sacred Wounded Side!
 This is my shelter—here I'll hide.
 Dear Saviour, now make fast the door
 That I may never wander more,
 That life or death may never see
 Thy little spouse estranged from Thee.

"A spouse of Christ." O vows most sweet,
 That bind me now to Jesus' Feet!
 I ne'er will break these golden chains,
 I'll love this bondage—own His claims.
 Ah! Jesus, draw more closely still
 These cords, that curb my wayward will.
 For ever chain my heart to Thee,
 That I Thy faithful spouse may be.

"A spouse of Christ." When life is done,
 Earth's lights grow fainter, one by one—
 When night's dark shadows fade away,
 And in the East there breaks the Day—
 Upon the shore *He* shall appear.
 We'll meet at last! His voice I'll hear:
 "Come, come to Me! Earth's night is o'er,
 My faithful spouse, for evermore."

S. M. W.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THE above title is all that we remember of one of the effusions of Felicia Hemans's graceful, but too fluent, Muse. The graves of *that* household were scattered over various regions of the earth ; the household that we are now concerned with has all its dear ones buried in one holy spot near their native village.

The little series of funeral discourses, of which probably this is the last, deals with three who did not belong to that household, and with three who did ; but they are all linked together by the happy circumstance that the same lips spoke eloquent words of praise and prayer at the burial of each of them. The first of these memorials that made its way into this magazine may be found at page 104 of our Thirtieth volume under the title of "A New Grave near 'the Old Chapel.'" It preserves the memory of Michael Magee, a young man who died in Newry in 1902 at the beginning of what promised to be a career of great public usefulness. "A Newry Priest and a Newry Layman" (IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. 34, page 662) joins together the tribute paid to Mr. Thomas Fegan and the Rev. James Carlin by their Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill. "A Young Priest and a Young Physician," at page 297 of the present volume, does a similar service for the memory of two brothers—the Rev. Hugh O'Hare and Dr. John J. O'Hare. Between these two deaths had occurred the death of their father—Mr. John O'Hare, of Mayo-bridge, Co. Down. What manner of man he was we can best show by again quoting the farewell words spoken at his grave by the Bishop of Dromore, as we find them reported in an old newspaper :—

It is saddening, standing as we do here by the work of death, to behold the destruction it has effected, to think that the eyes which once beamed with intelligence and the light of kindly recognition are now closed and sightless, that the tongue which so often sent forth the voice of praise and prayer and thanksgiving to the Most High is silent, that the busy hands are motionless, and the warm throbbing heart stilled for ever, and that what was but a short time ago a living, breathing human being is now but a mass of senseless clay. Then, too, it is a solemn thing to be brought face to face with a dread fact that concerns

ourselves, an important truth which we all admit, but which most of us strive to forget—that the fate which has just overtaken another is the same that awaits ourselves, and that the cold hand which has stilled the beating of his heart will one day silence our own. Whether we like it or not, we are constrained to think of this, if only for a brief time, on occasions such as the present. Even the most thoughtless amongst us, looking on the coffin and what it contains, must be impressed with feelings akin to fear, and in the very silence and stillness which surrounds it must recognize the might and the majesty and the dread presence of a kingly power amongst whose victims he, too, will one day be numbered. “Yesterday for me, to-day for thee” is what those dead lips would say if they could, for “it is appointed unto all men once to die.”

Yes, some day we too shall pause in the labour of our lives. We shall see the shadows deepen and the coming of the night. The world's work will drop from our nerveless grasp, a shadowy hand will beckon us away from the things we loved and the interests for which we toiled; a summons stern, imperious, clear as a trumpet call, brooking no delay, will ring in our dull ears, waking us from life's fitful dream, announcing the coming of the Bridegroom, and bidding us go forth to meet Him. Where and when shall the summons find us? On land or sea, in the fields, in the streets, or in our own homes? Shall it come to us in the summer time, when the world is full of gladness and our pulses beat in tune with the life around us, and on a bright and beautiful festival of Our Lady, as was the happy lot of this departed Christian, and saints such as Hyacinth and Stanislaus; or in the sober autumn time, when the leaves are falling and nature itself speaks of dissolution and decay? Shall it be when winter holds the earth in a death-like grasp, and the skies are leaden and the winds come moaning down from the hills, or, again, in the pleasant springtime, when the world wakes up again and smiles in the freshness and beauty of a new life? Death will come to us surely, but where and when? Ah, that is one of those secrets regarding us which God keeps to Himself.

Looked at, then, in the certainty that it will happen, in the uncertainty of its time and the circumstances which shall attend it, in its consequences which involve an issue of tremendous moment for every one of us, it is not wonderful that the very thought of death should fill the mind with fear. But while to the unbeliever and sinner death is a simple horror, for the fervent Christian it has its joyful as well as its mournful aspect. For faith comforts us with the blessed assurance that death, with all the wreck and ruin it makes of life here, is but the end of a

pilgrimage, that the grave, with all its terrors, is but a gate which opens into a kingdom of everlasting delights. Yes, thanks to the all-saving merits of our Divine Lord and the plentiful redemption He effected for us, death is no longer for us what it is to those who are without hope. We can look through the fissures of the tomb and catch a glimpse of the glories that are beaming beyond it. The darkest clouds that thicken round the death-bed are lit up into unearthly brightness by the approaching dawn of an everlasting day, and, when we part from cherished friends, we feel that they have only gone a short time before, and that we shall meet them once more in the kingdom of the just made perfect, that home of peace and joy where neither trouble nor sorrow can ever enter, where, loving and beloved, we shall be the companions of the brightest spirits creation has produced, enjoying happiness greater than human fancy has ever dreamt of, or human desire has ever coveted, and this not for a few passing years, but for the long ages of a never-ending eternity.

Such is the sublime destiny to which as Christians we are called, such the true country into which we pass through the portals of death, such the everlasting kingdom provided for us from the foundation of the world by the mysterious fondness of our Heavenly Father. But then what have we ourselves to do to reach it? How is the glorious prize to be gained? How are we to secure this magnificent inheritance? Our Divine Lord Himself, "the way, the truth, and the life," has told us in the plainest words: "If you will enter into life," He says, "keep the commandments." And elsewhere He declares that "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent alone bear it away." If, then, we desire to win the crown of everlasting life, we must be exact in the observance of the commandments, which are simply the expression of God's will with regard to us and all the duties of life; and we must do violence to our sinful inclinations, our unruly passions, checking them, curbing them, and reducing them into subjection to God's law. And to enable us to do this our Lord Himself has provided us with abundant helps, which render a work otherwise impossible not only practicable, but even easy. He has given us the great power and privilege of prayer, which unlocks the treasury of heaven's graces and procures for us assistance in every spiritual need. He has left in His Church for our use the Holy Sacraments, in which are treasured up the all-saving merits of His most Precious Blood and through which His graces stream in copious abundance to cleanse us from our sins, to console us in our sorrows, to give us courage in danger, and to strengthen us to fulfil every precept of His law, however difficult it may seem to the weakness of our

fallen nature. But, oh, the folly and stupidity of the human heart ! Men in their mad excitement to gain the things which perish overlook the interests which are eternal. With many the passing present pleasure outweighs the never ending future joy, and the sacrifices which are cheerfully made to obtain the fleeting honours of the world are grudged to secure the prize of heaven's imperishable glory.

But it was not so with the good Christian before whose mortal remains we are met to-day. He had formed a true estimate of life and of the purpose for which life was given. He never forgot that the world was but a passing scene, and that his duty was to prepare himself for that other world, the eternity that lay before him. Respected in every station of life, he has passed away to the deep sorrow of some, and, as this large assemblage testifies, to the general regret of all who knew him. Consistent, straightforward, of transparent honesty of character, he won for himself in public life not only the confidence of friends but the esteem of opponents. Strong and manly in the assertion of his own views, he was tolerant and courteous to those who differed from him ; and in the strife of prejudices and differences which embitter and estrange so many he always bore himself with such conspicuous fairness and moderation that, while staunch to principle, he never lost a friend or made an enemy.

But, after all, it was here in his own home and in the discharge of the ordinary duties of life, that the true inner worth of such a man can be best seen. Wise and kind and obliging, his advice was ever ready for those who sought it. Generous and open-handed, he responded promptly to every call of faith, of charity, or of country. His mind was cast in a deeply religious mould. Religion was the atmosphere of his home, and the source of the happy domestic surroundings with which for so many years his life was blessed. It made him not merely an example of all that is good to the members of his own family, but it made him also, through the fervent discharge of his public religious duties, a standing source of edification to the priest and people of the parish in which he lived. And even when health and strength had failed him he would not forgo the usual practices of his life, and so until a few weeks ago his familiar presence in this church was rarely missed. And if, as is said, death be the interpreter of life, what a holy death his must have been ! He had time to watch its coming, and by reason of the life-long preparation he had made he looked forward to it without fear. Prayer almost uninterrupted, communion with God by prayer, was the occupation of his last days. Cleansed in the Sacrament of Penance, soothed with the sweet graces of Extreme Unction, consoled and

cheered by the frequent presence and blessing of his Lord in Holy Communion, he tranquilly awaited the end as it crept on day by day and hour by hour. He was still conscious when the end was plainly near, his dimmed eyes spoke a silent, farewell blessing to the loved ones around his bed, his feeble hand strove to trace upon himself once more the sign of redemption, and his heart's last throb gave voiceless expression to the aspiration that had been so often on his lips, "My Jesus, mercy!" and so dying the death of the just, he passed into eternity.

Though the thought of a death like this is the one great consolation to those who have the most reason to mourn his loss, yet, as long as hearts are human, the kindly sympathy of others has its own value, gives a comfort of its own to those who grieve. And that sympathy I would offer in your name and in my own to the devoted wife who, for well nigh forty years, was joined to him in a union of mutual affection on which never a shadow rested, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, and in latter years his constant companion, his loving support and unfailing strength; to his son whom he gave to God's service in the priesthood, and who will not fail to remember him when at the altar he offers the great Sacrifice for the living and the dead; to those who are left to take up his work here and fill his honoured place; and ah, yes, to those other two not here to-day, but who in their convent homes are following in spirit our mournful ceremony, and thinking with sad affliction of the father who loved them dearly, yet grudged them not to God. A good name is better than riches, and that precious inheritance he has left to his children. May they value it, and walk worthily in the footsteps of their father. But while we express our sympathy for the living, we must not forget the duty of charity we owe to the deceased. And that duty is to pray for him, if indeed he still needs the help which prayer on earth can give. Oh, may God have mercy on him, and bless him, and may He cause the light of His countenance to shine upon him! May He, through the merits of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the intercession of Mary Immaculate, and all the Saints, grant his soul eternal peace and rest! Amen.

STATUE AND SOUL

"THE marble wastes ; the statue grows apace !"
 So said the greatest Master of his art ;
 Had he some hidden meaning to impart,
 Some lesson that he fain would teach his race ?

The Poet's hidden thoughts 'tis hard to trace ;
 In signs too fugitive they will depart
 And leave to future dreamers' mind and heart
 To sift the precious from the commonplace.

"The marble wastes !" The crumbling vesture falls
 As the white spirit to full stature grows,
 And casts the slough of the frail flesh it wears.
 "The statue grows !" The stricken quarried walls
 The semblance of a perfect soul disclose
 Silent, as waiting from th' eternal years.

P. A. S.

TO A WOUNDED SNIPE

Poor little Bird, why did I wound you ? Why ?
 It seems so hard, so pitiful to die—
 Yet here within my hand, inert you lie.

Those speckled wings will never bear you more,
 Where I have seen them flashing oft before
 Over the marshes and across the moor.

Your life was purely happy with no jar.
 Oh, why, or wherefore, echoing from afar,
 Your kinship with dear nature's soul to mar ?

Yet have I robbed you of this lovely earth,
 Wantonly slain a creature made of mirth
 And joy : the things we vainly seek from birth.

Only a bird, men say, why, if it fall,
 Surely a trifle if it count at all.
 Ah ! but lost life what Power can e'er recall ?

KATHLEEN M. BALFE.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S HEIRESS

A STORY



CHAPTER XXIII

RAIN and storm, tempestuous days and wild wet nights had made the country desolate round Docwra. Fine trees had been blown down, and shrubs torn up by the roots. Several fields near the house were completely flooded; the garden was a wilderness.

"With all thy faults I love thee still," sighed Cecily Tiernan, looking up somewhat sadly at the leaden sky, as she tramped along a muddy lane, in a short and shabby blue serge, a black sailor hat, and a pair of strong, but unbecoming brown boots. "For all its rain and damp, I'd rather live in Ireland than in any other country in the world. And then, after all, perhaps, we haven't much more rain than they have over in England. Maura often speaks of a 'deluge' in London. And here it does sometimes clear up in an unexpected way. 'Half sunshine, half tears.' So the poet speaks of Ireland's climate. Well," sighing, "it's been more tears than anything else lately, and in a way it suits us best at present. For we're all very down-hearted—father and mother at having to give up, after years of struggle, the dear place where they have lived all their happy married life, and where the dad was born. I—because the necessity to earn my bread takes me to join Maura in the hospital at Poplar. Kathleen—No, sweet Kathleen suffers least, and as far as she herself is concerned, she has little to fret about; for she, having chosen the better part, is serenely peaceful. In her own trusting, holy way, she feels sure all will come right for us in time. God is trying us somewhat severely, she says, but all for our good. And she is right, I suppose. But, oh! 'tis hard to learn resignation. Kathleen will be a good and holy nun, but I—oh, my vocation is not for the wards of a hospital. It would, indeed, lead me far—very far from them. There was a time when I wasn't sure, thought I didn't care. But now I know better, and I feel I'd rather have life—poverty—even in Ireland with—— But what a goose I am! It can never be—never." She stopped, and leaning against a little gate closed her umbrella and looked up at the sky again, crying out: "Well, to be sure, wonders will never cease. The rain is over, and

I declare, the clouds are scampering off. There is quite a large piece of blue, giving hope of better things. Is it an omen? Would that I could take it as such—a little signal that things were about to improve for us all. From poor Elizabeth with that tyrannical old uncle in his London flat, to Teddy in his Dublin bank."

A man on a bicycle spun round the corner, and came swiftly and silently down the muddy lane. Catching sight of the girl near the gate, he pulled up sharply, and sprang off his machine. "What a happy chance!" he cried, his pleasant face lit up with a gleam of joyful excitement. "Cecily, it's ages since we met."

"Three days, Jim, you mustn't exaggerate," laughing a little nervously, as, blushing to her eyes, she laid her hand in his.

"It seems more like three months," he cried, looking into her face. "Cecily, are you still bent on going to this hospital?"

"I must. There is nothing else to be done. Everything is at sixes and sevens at home—debt and difficulty rampant. My father and mother are leaving Docwra. Kathleen is going to her convent, and I—well," in a choking voice, her eyes filling up with tears, "I must go to London and earn my bread in some way. I——"

He caught her hand and pressed it against his breast.

"I love you, Cecily, as you know, for I have told you so a hundred times. I am poor and have little to offer you. But, oh, my darling, be my wife. We'll struggle and fight together, and love and happiness will raise us above the sordid cares of life. We'll not feel poverty whilst we have each other. Our tiny house will be better, brighter than the wards of a hospital. Come, Cecily, say yes. Oh! my own, my own, I cannot live without you."

Cecily raised her head, and looked into his kindly honest eyes.

"Yes—Jim—yes. And—and—I'll do my best, with God's help, to be a good wife to you."

"My darling," rapturously, "you'll be that without a doubt. God bless you."

Half an hour later, a bright colour in her cheeks, her eyes shining, Cecily walked quickly home.

"Shall I tell them now, or wait till Jim comes to see father this evening?" she asked herself, as she neared the house. "I hardly know which to do. They'll think us foolish, unwise, I feel sure, to marry on Jim's present salary. And, of course, in many ways they are right. But still—oh! we'll get on well."

I'll be so economical. I must talk to mother—get her to speak to father and prepare the way for Jim. Dear old Jim! He's splendid. And we'll be as happy as the day is long. But still," sighing heavily, "I do wish I had some money, even a tiny fortune, to help to make things comfortable. However, there's no use in longing for the moon, and Jim is a man in a thousand."

The old house seemed deserted. Not a sound was to be heard anywhere. The diningroom door was open, so was that of the drawing-room, and not a soul was to be seen.

"All gone out for a breath of fresh air, now that the rain has stopped," the girl thought. "Well, no wonder. But I wish mother would come in, I'm dying to tell her my news, longing to hear what she will say. She must take my part. She will, I am sure, for she loves Jim, and thinks all the world of him. But, oh! dear, where are they all? I——"

A door opened, quickly upstairs, and Kathleen, her fair cheeks very pink, her usually calm eyes troubled, her smooth brow knit in anxious thought and pain, stepped out of Mr. Tiernan's study, and came with hurried feet, down into the hall.

"What's the matter?" asked Cecily in alarm. "Oh, Katty, no one's ill, I hope?"

"No, dear. Thank God, no." Kathleen slipped her arm round her sister's waist. "But Elizabeth is in great trouble. Uncle John has turned her out, quite late last night."

"The old wretch! I always feared he'd do something horrible. Where is the poor child?"

"At the Langham Hotel. Mrs. Ladbroke took her in for father's sake. Elizabeth has telegraphed for father to go for her."

"Oh! Kathleen. What an expense! Just now, too. Will he go?"

"No. He means to send her money to bring her home. He and mother are greatly upset about the whole thing."

"I am not surprised, when any day Docwra may be sold. She ought to stay in London and get a situation."

"Father and mother think she ought to come home for the present. I am off to the post office to get a couple of orders for the poor girl. They must go at once."

"Let me get them, Katty. I am ready to go out."

"Very well, dear," handing her a couple of sovereigns. "I'd be very glad if you would."

"Elizabeth is very unfortunate," Cecily said, buttoning up her jacket. "Things are always going wrong with her."

"Poor child, yes. But I do hope she'll have better times

by and by. We are all suffering, one way or another just now, Cecily."

"Yes ; and yet," she grew suddenly scarlet, "I am very happy to-day, Kathleen."

"You ?" Kathleen looked up with a start. "I am so glad, little sister. Jim is a dear fellow."

Cecily kissed her warmly. "How quickly you guessed."

"My dear, it was writ all over you. I knew an understanding with Jim was the only thing could make you look like that."

"You're far too wise—uncannily wise," laughed Cecily, radiant with delight. "Dear old Jim—But there! I'm not going to rhapsodize. If the dear fellow had only a little more of the goods of this world. However, I'm happy. And I'm off. Ta-ta. I hope father won't think me an idiot." And kissing her finger-tips to her sister, she turned, snatched her umbrella out of the stand, and ran off.

"Poor Cecily. May she be happy," cried Kathleen. "I am glad she has accepted dear Jim at last. 'Twas the right and best thing to do. God will take care of their future."

At this moment the Arrowsmith carriage dashed up to the door, and Mrs. Arrowsmith, pale and worried looking, stepped out, and, pushing the footman aside, rang the bell herself.

Kathleen sprang forward, and threw open the door.

"My dear Mrs. Arrowsmith," she cried, "I am glad to see you. This is most kind."

"Not at all. It's only a visit of justice and—— But, where's your father—Where's your mother ?" she stammered in great agitation. "I have news, something they will be glad, pleased to hear. Fetch them, please, at once."

Kathleen led the trembling woman into the drawing-room, and, making her sit down on a big old-fashioned couch near the fire, flew off to find her father and mother.

They soon obeyed her call, and in a very few moments Mr. and Mrs. Tiernan, followed by Kathleen and Cecily, hurried into the room.

"You do not bring bad news, dear Mrs. Arrowsmith, I trust ?" Mrs. Tiernan cried, catching her hand and pressing it warmly. "Yet you look ill, alarmed. Punch is——"

"Well. Though he is suffering from sorrow and remorse. Mr. Tiernan," looking up, "we have found the diamond cross."

"Thank God," he said reverently and fervently. "I felt sure you would do so. It was not stolen, I suppose ?"

"In a sense, no. But it was taken from my secret drawer and hidden——"

"Good heavens! By someone who had a spite against our poor Elizabeth?"

"No. You are wrong. It was taken and hidden by someone who loved, and still loves her dearly."

His eyes flashed angrily. "A strange way to show one's love. That person, Mrs. Arrowsmith, should be punished well. Think of all she has made that poor girl suffer."

Mrs. Arrowsmith gave a deep sob.

"It was not done in any malice. But as a practical joke. The poor boy——"

"Boy?" Mr. Tiernan, his wife and daughters cried in one breath. "Oh! surely it cannot have been Punch?"

"Yes. I regret to say—Punch is the culprit."

"Then, he ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. The young rascal!" Mr. Tiernan's voice was full of wrath. "How dared he do such a thing? How dared he blacken my niece's name?"

"He never meant to do so. He hid the cross for fun to give me a fright, and never imagined that anyone would suspect Elizabeth of touching it. He felt sure she would find it, in the secret hiding-place in the dining-room, and that all would be well."

"Why didn't he write and say so?"

"It passed out of his mind. You know what boys are, Mr. Tiernan, and then he fell ill. My poor boy! For weeks his life hung on a thread. I—I nearly lost him."

"And if he had died we should never have known the truth. It is monstrous! shocking! My poor Elizabeth. How is he ever going to make amends to her for all he has made her suffer? How is he going to clear her name?"

"He is writing to everyone he knows, who ever heard of the affair, and he is going to Elizabeth, to beg her forgiveness as soon as possible. But where is she? Where can we find her?"

"Elizabeth is in London."

"Yes. But I wired to her at Mr. O'Neill's flat this morning, and the answer came back that she was not there—that she had run away. Then I wired to Charles. He went to the flat, but could get no other answer. Miss O'Neill was gone, and they knew nothing about her. This is terrible," wringing her hands. "Punch is wild with grief—and I—I know not what to do."

Mrs. Tiernan was deeply moved. Full of joy that Elizabeth's name was now to be cleared, and that the dear girl had such a true and loving friend, she pressed Mrs. Arrowsmith's hand once more within her own.

"Elizabeth is safe," she whispered. "She is with a friend of ours at the Langham Hotel."

"But she is coming home to-morrow," cried Cecily. "Father cannot go to fetch her. But he is sending her money to bring her over. I was just on my way to the post office for the orders, when your carriage drove up, Mrs. Arrowsmith, and being a true daughter of Eve, I ran back to see why you came. I am glad. Dear Elizabeth! Shall we wire the splendid news, or wait to tell her when she comes? She must want a little cheering just at present."

"And she shall have it," Mr. Tiernan cried. "I'll send her a lengthy telegram and explain all."

"No." Mrs. Arrowsmith laid her hand upon his arm, and looked at him imploringly. "Charles must do it. He loves the dear girl, and now, please God, she will consent to be his wife."

"Mrs. Arrowsmith, this is indeed good news," Mrs. Tiernan cried, her eyes shining. "Oh! Mike, all our anxiety for our sweet Elizabeth's future may now be at an end."

"Yes, Magdalen darling. I am more thankful than I can say," her husband replied. "And the child deserves to be happy."

"Charles is not wealthy. But he will get on. Next year, if all goes well, he will be in a position to marry," Mrs. Arrowsmith said. "Meanwhile, Elizabeth must come back to me. Punch and I are going to London to-night with Flora, whose husband is waiting for her there. Curiously enough, he is staying at the Langham Hotel with some wonderful friend, about whom he says little, but who has helped him marvellously. Thanks to him, he is now in a position to pay his debts and live at home."

"That is splendid news," Mr. Tiernan cried. "What a happy meeting for you and your daughter! Please accept my warmest congratulations."

"And mine," cried his wife.

"And mine, dear Mrs. Arrowsmith," Kathleen and Cecily exclaimed one after the other in joyful accents.

"You are all most kind," Mrs. Arrowsmith answered, with emotion. "When Punch and I hear Elizabeth say she forgives us, we'll be really happy."

"You may be sure you'll hear that. The dear girl," Mrs. Tiernan said, smiling brightly, "loves you too well not to forgive poor Punch from her heart. From you she has never received anything but the greatest kindness, dear Mrs. Arrowsmith."

"I must go off now and get those postal orders," said Cecily gaily, "as they must on no account be late for the post."

"Pray don't trouble to send them," Mrs. Arrowsmith cried. "I will arrange everything. Elizabeth is my charge now."

"You are a good friend," Mrs. Tiernan looked at her gratefully. "We are in sad straits here at present, Mrs. Arrowsmith, and Elizabeth's future has been a cause of great anxiety to us. We must leave Docwra as soon as we can manage to sell it."

"I am deeply grieved to hear such bad news, dear friend. Can you not keep the old place in some way?"

"Alas! to do so would mean many thousands. These are impossible to find," Mrs. Tiernan said sadly. "'Tis a sore trial to leave our home. But God knows best. We can only bow our heads to His will."

"I am truly sorry for you and your daughters," looking with sympathetic eyes at the two girls. "It must indeed be sad to leave such a beautiful old home."

"Our daughters were leaving us anyway," Mr. Tiernan answered with emotion, and his wife hid her face in her hands. "Kathleen goes to be a Sister of Charity. Cecily means to become a hospital nurse."

Kathleen smiled sweetly and slipped her arm round her mother's neck; whilst Cecily, crimson to her hair, caught her father's hand and drew him to the far end of the room.

"Dad," she said in a low and tremulous whisper, "I—I have changed my mind. I will never be a hospital nurse."

He started and looked at her in surprise.

"You are afraid? Think the life too hard, dear?"

"No. 'Tis not that," nervously. "But, father, I love Jim Fitzgerald, and have promised to be his wife."

"Cecily? But he is poor."

"No matter. We love each other. Poverty——"

"My dear child." He kissed her. "You do not know—understand——"

"I love Jim. I am not afraid." And turning away, she ran out of the room.

Michael Tiernan stood for a moment staring out of the window. His heart felt sore and heavy. Cecily's news filled him with apprehension.

"If only, only I were in a position to help them," he thought, "I'd do it willingly, for Jim is a good and steady fellow. But alas! I am powerless. And poor Cecily little realizes what her life will be—a life of drudgery. My poor, poor child."

"Father." Kathleen's voice startled him out of his reverie. "Here is another telegram. Do open it, please. We are

longing to hear what it means. I do hope Elizabeth is not in any more trouble."

"I trust not. But Elizabeth has good friends, child," he answered, sighing. "'Tis for Cecily I am anxious now. Has she told you of the change in her plans, Katty?"

"Yes. And don't fret about her, father dear. All will be well with her. I am sure."

"Ah! you young things know little and understand but vaguely what a poor marriage means; and, perhaps," tearing open the envelope of the telegram, "it is as well. What on earth," reading the message, "can the girl mean, Katty?"

"Have splendid and extraordinary good news for you," read Kathleen aloud, raising herself on tip-toe and peeping over his shoulder at the telegram. "So come without fail, straight to the Langham Hotel, and bring Aunt Magdalen. I await you both with the greatest impatience. Elizabeth."

"Such extravagance," cried Mr. Tiernan, tossing the pink papers into his wife's lap. "Where did she get the money to pay for such a long message. And what good news can she have to tell worth all that?"

"Oh! Michael," his wife cried reproachfully. "You forget that the diamond cross has been found, and the dear child's name cleared of all suspicion. To her that must be the grandest news in the world."

"The poor darling, yes. But why need we travel to London, two of us, at great expense, to hear that? Besides, the girl knows nothing of it yet. Now," turning to Mrs. Arrowsmith, "does she?"

"I think—in fact I am sure she does not," that lady answered decidedly. "I only discovered the whole thing a couple of hours ago. It was by the merest accident that Punch unravelled the mystery of the missing cross. So Elizabeth can know nothing about its discovery yet."

"And now, she plunges us into another mystery. I'd give worlds," Mr. Tiernan cried, striding up and down the room, his brows knit, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, "to know what the girl means. It must be something really important that would make her send such a lengthy telegram and beg both you and me, Magdalen, to go at once to the Langham Hotel. Shall I wire back for an explanation?"

"That might be a good plan," Mrs. Tiernan answered a little doubtfully. "And yet, dear, I'm afraid it would be useless. This news is something she does not care to transmit by telegram. So let us wait, as patiently as possible, till dear Mrs. Arrowsmith sees and talks to the child. She will write and tell us all."

"Mother," said Kathleen gently, "I think you ought to do as Elizabeth asks, and go to her. She may be in some grave difficulty."

"Kathleen!" her mother cried with heightened colour, "You forget how hard——"

"I forget nothing," the girl said earnestly. "But Elizabeth wants you badly."

"Mrs. Arrowsmith will be with her to-morrow morning, dear."

"I know, and I thoroughly appreciate Mrs. Arrowsmith's goodness and love for my cousin," Kathleen replied. "But it may be a family affair. Uncle John is odd—strange in his ways. He may have discovered her whereabouts, and be annoying her in some way—he and that nurse of his—that we do not know. Your presence may be the only thing that can save the poor girl from their unkindness. I think you ought to go."

"And so do I, after much reflection," her father said, coming to his wife's side. "Kathleen speaks wisely, dear. She is a rock of sense. Pack a few things in a bag, Magdalen, and we'll both start for London to-night."

"But the expense, Mike," Mrs. Tiernan cried in alarm. "Think of what it will mean to you just now."

"I know. But Elizabeth must be our first thought." He answered with decision. "As Kathleen says, some danger from that eccentric old uncle may menace her. I feel that at all costs we must go. And it will not be for long."

Mrs. Tiernan heaved a deep sigh.

"You know best, dear," she said. "I will do exactly as you wish."

"I am delighted that you have decided to go to the dear child. She would not, I am sure, urge you so much to go to her, unless for some very important reason. And then, we shall all be travelling together," Mrs. Arrowsmith said, rising and shaking hands. "That will be very pleasant. And now I'll say good bye for the present, and go to see about making my arrangements for our journey. I am glad that you are coming. With such a number of friends round her, no one will dare to harm Elizabeth."

"No one, dear friend," Mr. Tiernan replied quickly; and offering her his arm he led her out of the room.

With one foot upon the step of her carriage, Mrs. Arrowsmith paused, and looked at him imploringly.

"I hope—I beg," she said in a low voice, "that on the journey—when you meet, Mr. Tiernan—you will be kind to my poor little boy. He is bitterly sorry for all that has happened and

loves Elizabeth dearly. So be merciful, and say nothing to hurt his feelings. He is not very strong, and is highly sensitive."

"Do not be afraid," he answered gravely. "I will be absolutely silent on the subject of the cross, and the suffering caused by his heedlessness and, to my mind, wicked joke. I leave master Punch to the tender mercies of his own conscience—and the kindness of Elizabeth."

"I am not uneasy about Elizabeth," she replied softly. "She loves him and will surely forgive him. *Au revoir.*" And stepping into her carriage, she drove away.

CHAPTER XXIV

In a big arm-chair, drawn up close to a bright fire, in a handsome and spacious apartment in the Langham Hotel, sat Terence O'Neill. He was pale and thin, and his hands, as he stretched them towards the blaze, were white and transparent. No one could look at him for a moment without seeing that he had been very ill, and was still in a somewhat critical condition, and that even with the greatest care and devotion his complete recovery was not by any means certain. An attack of typhoid had tried the hitherto strong man severely. He had had a hard struggle for life, and was now, although he had successfully battled through the worst part of the fever, extremely weak. But, in spite of all this, he was happier than he had ever been for many long years. He was ill, his strength was low, but he was full of hope. And as he gazed into the fire, and warmed his shaking hands, he had a bright and happy look. He had much to live for now, he had told himself. And with the help of God, and a couple of first-rate London doctors, aided by two good nurses, he felt sure he would soon be as strong and well as ever again.

"Plenty of money now," he thought. "And money is a power. Dear, how I long to be about, and able to see what I can do for all my loved friends. Elizabeth is, of course, to be——"

The door opened and Elizabeth came in, carrying a large bunch of exquisite chrysanthemums in her arms. She was simply dressed in a dark serge, a little black velvet toque upon her golden hair, a bow of soft lace at her neck. But her complexion was dazzlingly fair, her eyes were very blue, under their dark lashes, and shining with happiness. Her sweet mouth was wreathed in smiles. Her whole face was radiant.

The sick man looked up and uttered a little cry of joy, as she entered.

"Ah! my darling," he exclaimed, "there you are. I was beginning to think—to fear that my finding you was all a dream, Elizabeth, and that I'd wake up and hear Gibbons say so. What a lovely fairy you are! With those flowers in your arms, you are a picture. But put them down and come and talk to me. I have so many things to ask you—so much to hear—about yourself—and everyone."

Elizabeth laid her flowers on the table, a glowing and beautiful mass of colour, and smiled, saying gaily:

"I must put them in water, Uncle Terence, or they'll fade and die. Flowers require just as much attention as people—even people who have had typhoid."

"I know. And I hate to see them fade. But I can't spare you to worry after them. Ring the bell, and one of the nurses will see to them."

"They are sweet. You like them in your room?" as she rang the bell. "Don't you think they give the place a home-like look? Take away the stiff, formal appearance of the hotel sitting-room?"

"I suppose so. But I don't notice these things much. My life for many years has been passed in the ugliest, poorest little hut imaginable."

"Poor Uncle Terence. You have had hard times."

"I've forgotten them," he said, his eyes shining, "and can only think of my good luck and joy at getting home again—my happiness in arriving in time to help you, my sweet Elizabeth."

"It is wonderful," the girl passed her hand across her brow. "Uncle Terence, am I really awake? Are—are you really there? Or——"

A woman in nurse's dress came in, and at a sign from her patient carried the flowers away in silence.

"Come over here, dear one," Terence said, and Elizabeth drew a chair to his side, and sat down. "You will be able to love your poor rough uncle a little, I hope?" pressing her hand. "I don't alarm—frighten you?"

"Oh! Uncle Terence! Why, I have loved you always, and was sure you would come home. You certainly," laughing brightly, "do not alarm me in any way. You see, thanks to Aunt Magdalen, I was always expecting you, and always knew you'd be a dear kind thing when you did come."

"And—and I have not disappointed you."

"No, indeed," warmly. "Quite the reverse. When Mr. Gibbons broke the wonderful news to me—made me understand that you, really you, were upstairs, longing to see me, I confess

I followed him into your presence, in fear and trembling. But I soon felt at my ease, and reassured. You were just what I expected you to be, though I was sorry to see you so ill."

"And you were brought up to look upon yourself as my heiress?"

Elizabeth crimsoned over cheek and brow.

"Oh! Yes. But that," in confusion, "was only a joke. Who told you about it?"

"Austin Gibbon, who has been my good angel during my illness, dear. Sometime ago, Elizabeth, to call anyone Terence O'Neill's heiress, would have, indeed, been a grim joke. I wasn't worth a penny piece. But now," he stroked her hand softly, "'tis a title no one need be ashamed of. If I die, dear child——"

"Oh! Uncle Terence, don't talk of such a thing, pray," she cried, the tears springing into her eyes. "You are not old. And soon, very soon, please God, you will be quite well again."

"Then you don't want my money, Elizabeth?"

"Uncle! How dare you?" the girl's eyes flashed indignantly. "I want you—I——"

"You would be a great heiress and," raising her hand and laying it against his cheek, "might marry a duke or——"

"Oh! Uncle Terence! I——" She stopped short and looked at him with imploring eyes.

"Well, dear, have you no ambition to be a duchess?"

"None. And you know—I—I could not, dare not marry anyone till my name is cleared. So long," her colour rising, her eyes down cast, "as I am suspected of being a thief, I'll never marry anyone."

"Not even if you loved him and were a great heiress?"

"Not even if I loved him. And," sighing deeply, "being an heiress could not make any difference."

"Pardon me," he answered quickly. "Money is a power. Even the fact of your having a rich uncle will soon put an end to these foolish suspicions."

Elizabeth gave him a glance of surprise, then looked away into the fire.

"I'm afraid not, Uncle Terence," she said sadly. "You exaggerate the power of money. Only the finding of the thief or the cross could clear my name, whether I were rich or poor. So you see you'll first have to be content to let me live with you, and look after you—and—and not marry at all. Unless——" she paused, as a sob rose up suddenly in her throat, and her lovely eyes filled with tears.

"Well, dear," softly, "go on. Unless what?"

"Oh!" She sprang to her feet, and walked away from him, towards the window, "something unforeseen—almost impossible—should occur. The thief confess. And——"

"And," holding out his hand to her, "should I lose you then, Elizabeth, dear child?"

She blushed deeply, and coming back, laid her hand in his.

"Yes, Uncle Terence. That is—oh! you won't lose me in one way. But——"

"I see—I understand. You would then marry the man you love. Quite right, dear; and, indeed, I see no reason why you should wait. We all know you to be innocent. Then why——"

Elizabeth laid a finger on his lips.

"My mind is made up," she cried. "And I am a very determined young person. But I feel so happy to-day, that I have a sudden conviction that everything unpleasant is about to be swept out of my life. To find you, just when I was so miserable, is something like a miracle, and I am not going to worry about that wretched cross, but be happy and rejoice at having you to love and be good to me."

"You dear child. Thank God," squeezing her hands within his own, "that you are so sweet and kind, and that I came into your life at the moment you most wanted a friend. But, Elizabeth," his voice growing suddenly husky, "will the others be like you? Will they take me on trust, as you have done? Will John meet me as an affectionate brother and welcome me warmly and truly?"

Elizabeth made a grimace and her eyes twinkled as she said:

"No one on earth could answer for Uncle John—or guess what he would do in any circumstances. He's very odd, and completely under the thumb of Diana Lamb, his so-called nurse. His manager, I should call her."

"But Magdalen and Michael Tiernan?" he asked anxiously. "And all the young people?"

"Oh!" the girl cried gaily, "they'll be overjoyed and welcome you with all their hearts. Don't fret about them, Uncle Terence. They'll be all right."

"And you sent the telegram asking them to come?"

"Yes. And so well did they understand that I really wanted them, that they have decided to start to-night. See, here is Uncle Mike's answer to my wire. 'Your aunt and I go to-night, Have splendid news for you.'"

He looked at her quickly. "Now, what can that be?"

Elizabeth laughed gaily, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"The same, I fancy, as I have to tell them. They have heard, perhaps, from the Arrowsmiths at Rathkieran, that you

had arrived in London with Mr. Gibbons, and are making a mystery of their news, as I did of mine in my telegram to them."

"No! No," he cried excitedly, "The people at Rathkiëran know nothing about me. Gibbons swore he'd speak of me only as a friend."

"And I'm sure he kept his word. Austin Gibbons is a man to be relied upon, Uncle Terence," she answered soothingly. "And his gratitude and affection for you are unbounded."

"Poor fellow. Yes. He was in a bad way when he came to me," looking dreamily into the fire, "But he brought me luck. And so, when that night after years of waiting, I found gold—gold enough," his voice trembling with excitement, "to bring in, I could see, millions, when the mine was worked, I vowed to make Gibbons a partner, and I did. He is now well-off—rich, I may say."

"I know, Uncle Terence. He has told me all. He is deeply grateful."

"He need not be. He has well repaid me for all I did for him. Only for him, his watchfulness and devotion, I'd have died of that dreadful fever. But thank God I lived to know and love you, Elizabeth. Now my whole life will have but one object—to make you happy. Together we'll unearth that cross, or its thief; and when I do die, you——"

"Hush! hush! You are going to live. I can't spare you, Uncle Terence. But you must keep quiet. Excitement is bad. Lie back. That's it. Close your eyes and rest. I'll watch beside you. So go to sleep."

He did as he was told. He was very weak, and feeling quite exhausted by his long speech and excited recollections, was glad to lie back amongst his cushions and rest. In a short time, to Elizabeth's great joy, he fell asleep.

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE COUNTRY COTTAGE

IT lies in the heart of a beautiful country, a country of mountain, and woodland, and little singing streams that tumble joyously down from the amphitheatre of hills over one cascade after another, between fringed banks of fern and "flaggers," intermingled with the "long purples" of Shespeare and a hundred other sweet-smelling, water-loving things. We called the little house, "Cooleen," a name which in the homely Gaelic means "little corner," and even in the alien Saxon tongue expresses somehow much of its attributes of cool greenness and quiet. "Like a wren's nest, little and cosy," someone said of it; and perhaps because of kindred associations one comes to think of it always as a nest, hidden away from the eyes of man, though still beside the high road, by a living network of greenery, the native home of blackbird and thrush, of linnet and robin, and a whole tribe of feathered creatures.

Was there ever, indeed, such a place for birds? As soon as the first faint streak of dawn lights up the eastern sky, one hears a low tentative twitter outside one's window—open all night, be sure, to the breath of the wind that floats in across meadows where the corn-crake has been droning his sleepy song through each hour of the short June night. A little later the full chorus begins. "Get-up, get-up, get-up!" chirp the sparrows in the ivy; while a big brown thrush, perched on the topmost bough of a tall fir-tree, keeps telling us unmistakably, "I hope you have come to stay!" in bird-words set to a pretty musical accompaniment peculiarly his own.

Very happy and very proud that thrush seems to be on his lofty pinnacle, and we were not long in discovering the reason of his excessive amiability. For in a cosy nest of entwined moss and ivy in the shrubbery hard by his little brown wife sits hatching her four mottled blue-green eggs with a brooding, expectant look in her bright eyes. The children peep up at her through the laurels, while she watches them with a steady, unflinching gaze. "We must not touch her or frighten her away, poor sweet," says the oldest and wisest of them, with all the kindly dignity of his seven-and-a-half years. And now they have come so often to peep without molesting that the little mother-thrush no longer heeds or fears them.

The shrubbery is a place of delight for others than the birds; for here the lilac, white and mauve, sheds its fragrance around

it through all the lovely month of May ; the laburnum droops its golden tassels, branch above branch, seeking its royal kinsman the sun, as it climbs towards the sky above. On a sloping green bank before the windows of the cottage two great tree-peonies vie with each other in their twin pink loveliness. Clematis and fuchsia and syringa trail their flowery branches down through the trees, or over the old, fern-encumbered walls ; roses pink, white, and yellow climb along the house, or by the side of the long lean-to greenhouse wherein veritable forests of heliotrope or ivy-leaf or scarlet and white geraniums cover the walls.

There is yet much to be done with the hot-house, with the garden, with the shrubbery even ; and we have great and multitudinous plans. The greenhouse must be filled, the garden made more trim and lovely ; the shrubbery, please God, must next year be carpeted with primrose and daffodil and wildwood anemone. Already we have discovered a little wood of the wind-flowers above a purling brown trout stream, hardly a mile away, which transplanted will by next April make our woodland walks a starred delight of white and purple blossoms.

Inside, the little house is very sweet, with its many wide windows, guarded by stout old-fashioned shutters to keep one safe and warm against the winter's chill, looking always out on the green pleasaunce and the little wood of the singing birds. Everything, one's pictures and china, the old cabinets and curios, look so much better against their subdued setting of roses and gold here in this quaint sitting-room than they did in the more pretentious, more commonplace town house. There is something virginal, Madonna-like, in the starred blue papering of the tiny bed-rooms, with their immaculate white curtains ; something warm and welcoming in the tiled, crimson-tinted hall something very cosy and inviting, comfortably defiant of the wintry storm, in the wide, low-ceiled dining-room, with its wall-cupboards, its corner fireplace, and shelf of books set obligingly near at hand.

There is a tiny bathroom, a laundry, a dairy ; a wired-in poultry-run hidden away in a sheltered corner of the wood ; everything useful as well as beautiful. Yes, it is a dear little house, an ideal home for one grown perhaps a trifle world-weary, nor now too much averse to the thought of that other home in the beautiful God's-acre only a stone's throw off beyond the road, where lies already in the shadow of the ancient belfry tower so much that once made all the joy, the *homeliness* of life.

And if one be younger, or of less sombre mood, there is the steam-train hurrying past the green postern gate to bear one

swiftly between hedges of hawthorn or woodbine and wild-rose to the things of the world, of life and of youth in the throbbing city one short league away ; or if one be not a townsman by birth or inclination, to carry one higher up in the beautiful country, through fields of golden buttercups, of fragrant hay, or ripening corn, to the land of misty mountain, of wide, high-lying moor and bogland, the country of shadowy, turf-tinted trout-streams, of ponds and lakes the haunt of wild duck and water-hen. Sometimes there will come a sudden, unexpected dash of vivid colour and life in the shape of a battalion of soldiers riding down in open carts from their encampment in the furthest recesses of the hills, blowing kisses to the pretty peasant girls or making fun as they pass with the countrymen or " tinkers " whom they meet with on their way. And if one goes this road, to the land of mist and mountain, of heather and bracken and fresh bogland breezes, one is sure of a pleasant journey, a happy day and a restful night, with no uglier memory than the music of the singing streams still lingering in the ear and lulling one to sleep.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

A QUESTION

ON Scripture-alphabet intent
Sits, strangely still, my wilful son,
His curly head a little bent,
His whole attention won.

The artist has, with lavish hand,
The glowing page bedecked amain ;
In brilliant hues the prophets stand
On crudely emerald plain.

Here 'Abraham, with beard snow-white,
Builds high a pile of orange wood ;
And holds an axe most wondrous bright
Which thirsts for Isaac's blood.

There Esau, armed with huge cross-bow,
Stalks deer on purple mountain side,
While Jacob in the tent below
His smooth limbs seeks to hide.

But on a certain mystic page
The youthful student dwells a space,
While gravity beyond his age
O'erspreads his rosy face.

An awful picture, this, I ween,
With deepest crimson sprinkled o'er,
For John the Baptist dead is seen,
And weltering in his gore.

The body lies outstretched, forlorn,
While in a dish the bleeding head
Aloft by soldiers grim is borne,
The dancer's guerdon dread.

Great sympathetic tear-drops well
Within the boy's dark wondering eyes,
The while the direful tale I tell
And deep and oft he sighs.

In haste to soothe his deepening woe,
I now describe the Saint's reward :
" His pain is past and gone, you know
Forgot his durance hard."

Yet once again the page is read,
And once again a sigh is given,
" But—did he find another head,
That blessed saint—in Heaven ? "

M. E. FRANCIS.

THE IRISH LITERARY MOVEMENT

IF our perception of the tendencies of the age is just, one of its signs is the working of agencies for the gradual transformation of the nations of the earth into one vast commonwealth of the human family, wherein all race distinctions will become of little moment. However remote this consummation may appear, the recent progress of science in the uses of steam and of electricity in all its forms has already so far broken down the barriers of space and time as to make us feel that we have become citizens of the world in a sense never dreamed of by our ancestors ; and what further development in this direction may await us through newer discoveries in science we ourselves can form no conception. The mere discussion even of such projects as the formation of a universal language, and the substitution for the sword in the settlement of national disputes of the moral force of opinion based on a universal assent, indicate how far we have advanced towards realizing as a possibility of the future the existence of a scheme of society which would make the whole world kin. That this closer fraternization of the members of the human race would immensely promote the material advancement of man would seem to require no proof, but that it might also exercise influences detrimental to his moral well-being is not at first so apparent.

A writer of our day, who looked much beneath the surface of things, has pointed out that a standing obstacle to the higher progress of modern life is the despotism of custom—that unquestioning faith in the wisdom of conventional opinion and conventional action which wages an unceasing war on individuality in all its forms—the most potent element in man, as the writer deems it, for the improvement of the race. “ That mankind,” he says, “ are not infallible ; that their truths, for the most part, are only half truths ; that unity of opinion, unless resulting from the fullest and freest comparison of opposite opinions, is not desirable, and diversity not an evil, but a good, until mankind are much more capable than at present of recognizing all sides of the truth, are principles applicable to men’s modes of action not less than to their opinions,” That such an extended cosmopolitanism as, we think, the movements of the time foreshadow would, by gradually wearing down all national and race distinctions, tend to strengthen the instinct of conformity in human nature, and thus further restrict the

healthy free play of what is original and exceptional in the individual, can be easily conceived.

It may, perhaps, be owing to a perception of this tendency and from a feeling that the study of life becomes less interesting as types of man assimilate, that there is evidenced among the more intellectual classes of society a daily increasing interest in all literature impressed with the stamp of nationalism—expressive of distinctive national ideas, or illustrative of national life and character ; but, whatever may be its significance, the prevalence of this taste in modern literature is, we think, undeniable. The widening circulation among English readers of Russian and Norwegian novels embodying the specific characteristics of their national origin, the growing interest in folklore, and the rapid naturalization on English soil of an American literature differentiated strongly from our own by an indigenous humour and a culture of a native mould, are a testimony of this.

With these evidences before us, it is a matter of some surprise, we think, that a national literary movement which has for some time been in progress much nearer home should have failed to meet the full recognition it might reasonably have expected. For some years past half a dozen associations have been at work, whose aim is to promote the study and cultivation of the native language of Ireland, to preserve her ancient culture, literary and artistic, and to develop what is instinctively national—in the widest sense—in the intellectual life of Ireland. Yet their efforts, which have been persistent and successful, are little known of beyond those circles directly interested in the project. Nearly a century and a half ago Dr. Johnson wrote to an Irish scholar of the day :—" I have long wished that the Irish literature were cultivated. Ireland is known by tradition to have been once the seat of piety and learning ; and surely it would be very acceptable to all those who are curious either in the origin of nations, or the affinities of languages, to be further informed of the revolution of a people so ancient, and once so illustrious. . . . I hope you will continue to cultivate this kind of learning, which has too long lain neglected, and which, if it be suffered to remain in oblivion for another century, may, perhaps, never be retrieved." And the warning was justified by the writer's outlook. Powerful influences were at work which might have been expected to result in the complete loss to posterity of all knowledge of ancient Irish culture. The labours of individual scholars could scarcely avail much against the efforts of Governments to eradicate the Irish language. The separation, through differences of religion, race, and traditions of the educated classes in Ireland from the mass of the people

rendered the study and writing of Irish history a distasteful work to those fitted for it by scholarship, and a cleavage between the present and the past of the nation was thus effected that tended to hasten the natural operation of time in the obliteration of its archæological records.

Yet, this want of an historical continuity, while it has rendered more difficult the study of Keltic lore, has added to its attractiveness. The belated labours bestowed on it by archæologists of our own day have been rewarded by the rich return of what may be described as a virgin soil in comparison with other fields more widely cultivated by scholars. In its venerable antiquity, too, it has a special element of value, as the nearer we can approach the infancy of a nation the clearer must be the light shed on points of ethnological interest. The race that was the first to apply to poetry the system of rhyme—that had codified its laws in the fifth century—that gave birth to the *Fiann Saga*, a body of traditional lore which had been centuries old before it was reduced to writing in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and in subsequent ages grew into a manuscript literature of vast dimensions—can boast a heritage of ancient culture unique among Western nations, and well deserving of the efforts made by the Irish literary movement of the day to rescue it from oblivion.

Several associations have been formed of late years to promote this object in various ways—the Gaelic League, the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, the National Literary Society, etc. These have carried on their work with great earnestness and devotedness—evidences, we think, of a strong vitality in the aspiration for the development of a native culture in Ireland, the more remarkable for the sporadic character of its growth. The outcome of no mere movement of a school or class, it displays some of that disordered activity and dissipation of energy which mark the inception of every movement that has its origin in deep-rooted causes. At the present juncture it is, we think, of sufficient import to merit State recognition as a powerful testimony of the need for some system of higher education in Ireland which could shape this national craving for an intellectual life to more profitable issues. Of the strange mutations that the history of civilization affords, none, perhaps, is more striking than that a race, which was the first to establish Christian Universities wherein students from all parts of Christendom were offered maintenance and education free of charge, should in this age of culture be the one people of Western Europe lacking the advantage of a national school of learning.

"SOMEBODY'S DARLING"

THREE VERSIONS OF THE DEATH OF A LITTLE EMIGRANT BOY

I.—WHAT THE NEWSPAPER SAID.

New York Daily Chronicle :

"A WEEK ago last Friday a lad walked into the Harlem Hospital, his little bundle on the blackthorn stick over his shoulder. He tried to speak, but was unable to articulate, and all efforts to get a word out of him were futile. At length he lapsed into unconsciousness. A diagnosis of his case showed that he was an epileptic. He failed to respond to remedies, and two days later was transferred to Bellevue, where he died without regaining consciousness.

"He was a pretty, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy of sixteen. The rough emigrant's cap upon his tousled head and the ruddy colour of his cheeks both proclaimed the fact that he was a new arrival, one of that great army of sturdy, warm-blooded men and women who leave the little old dearly-beloved shanty and come across the big sea to make their fortunes. But who he was or where he came from, neither note nor name was found upon his person to tell. A human waif astray upon the ocean of life. 'Somebody's darling,' but whose, will probably never be known.

"The body lay in the morgue yesterday, with none to claim it. It will doubtless be buried in the Potter's Field, with a number for epitaph and a slab of wood for headstone. The friends in far-away Ireland will wonder what has become of their Pat or John, but will never know. He died a stranger in a strange land, and left no clue to his identity. The pathos of the case moved even the veterans of the hospital and the morgue, but they could do nothing to solve the mystery or give the dead boy a name and habitation.

"The unknown was 5 feet 1 inch high, with brown hair cut short, brown eyes, good teeth, and weighed about 125 pounds. He wore a grey and black plaid sack coat, black and white striped trousers, pink and white striped shirt, white cotton undershirt and drawers, white cotton socks, laced brogan shoes with hobnails, grey corduroy cap, white suspenders, and scapular on the neck."

II.—WHAT THE IMAGINATION SAYS.

A little shanty on the grey rocks of old Ireland ; a little bent woman in the doorway, in the rays of the setting sun. The sun makes a path of glory over the dancing waters, that speak to her now forever of the West, the far-off West. There is a great land beyond the waters, pulling continually at her heartstrings ; for her boy went away from her to it, less than a month ago.

Such a dear lad to his mother ; with eyes brown as the berries, and cheeks like the pink and white hawthorn, when May is all a-bloom ; brown curls with a glint of sunshine in them ; white teeth that gleamed like the whitest pebbles, when he laughed—as the blackbirds sing. She can see him now before her, between the sun and her eyes, that are dim with weeping.

"Mavourneen !" she cries out softly, "mavourneen, mavourneen !" over and over, as mothers here say, "my darling," low and tender, heart-breaking, pitiful to hear. "Oh, where be ye, my lad, this night ?"

Where is he ? Safe, surely. Nothing could happen to him ! To see her lad was to love him and treat him well. When the dream of the new land seized him, when nought else would content him, when he said he would go and make money only to bring it back to her, she had somehow sent her darling, though poverty pinched them sorely, dressed so neatly, so carefully, over the dancing sea. She could tell you each stitch he had on him ; her hand wove the stuff for his clothing ; how proud he was of his brogans, how fine they creaked as he walked ! She gave him his dead father's good stout stick of the briary blackthorn. He kissed her good-bye, and left her. Half down to the beach, he turned, flung up his grey cap, and saluted.

How is it our hearts do not break ?

"Come back," she cried, "for one moment," and he stood by her side again. "God bring you safe home !" she said. "God keep you and bring you home to me !"

"And won't He ?" her lad made answer. "And didn't we get His blessin' ? And didn't I go to confession ? And here's my scapulars, mother, where his Reverence put them on !"

In the golden sunset she hears him, though miles off across the water, and she smiles amidst her tears. "Mavourneen, mavourneen ! Surely the Mother of mothers will bring us together again !"

III.—WHAT FAITH SAYS.

Unknown and dead in the great strange city, somebody's son is lying. God in heaven! Tell us who the mother may be. Nameless, homeless, friendless, with cheeks like the May hawthorns, and eyes brown as the berries! Surely, somebody loved him well. What can this mystery mean?

Strangers kneel down reverently; draw the neat plaid coat, the cotton shirt, from the heart that never, never will ache with farewells again. What is this on the bosom, that tells us whose son he is? Only the little brown scapular; but this is a child of Mary. Thank God! the Mother of mothers has brought somebody's darling home.

Sixteen years of boyhood—then, all was over. God alone could tell what the future might be—what loneliness, want, temptation, what terrible sin, lay before him. God knows what hands in the future might have torn that badge, and the faith, away. Now, somebody's darling is safe from all that woe.

And will she never know it? Is it not enough that God knows it? Will He not send His angel over the dancing sea? What need has she of our letters, if He choose that angels tell her? Will they not bring her comfort better, far better, than ours? She will kneel at the little altar, where she knelt the day before he left her. If he comes not, and years go by, and he never comes again, do you know the faith of the children of the great-hearted St. Patrick? "Blessed be God!" she will whisper, always, amid her tears. "Blessed be God, who gave him, and who took him away from me! My lad was never a strong lad. Mayhap he is dead and buried, across that terrible ocean, and will never, never come back. But he had his scapulars on him; and Mary—Mother of mothers—she knows where my lad is to-day."

! A city beyond the waters—the deep, dark, death waters—a grand and glorious city, not builded by hands of men; a sea of glass within it, and a river of endless peace; trees fairer than the hawthorn, even on Irish hills. In that Eternal City, the parted meet again. One key is ours to all mysteries, the faith of the little children. One hiding-place in all sorrow—the sweet, dear will of God.

SUSAN L. EMBRY.

BRUNO VERCRUYSSSE, S.J.

THE great spiritual treatise of Father Antony Le Gaudier, S.J., *De Perfectione Vitae Spiritualis* was published in the year 1643, shortly after his death. His editor ends a short account of him with the words : *Et de Antonio satis, de quo tacuisse frontem operis posthumi fecit nefas jam suscepta consuetudo.* "This is enough to tell about Father Antony. Established custom has now settled that it would be wrong to be silent concerning him in the front pages of his posthumous work."

I think this custom might also be applied to the first edition published after an author's death. This also is then a posthumous work, though published in the author's lifetime. I hope, for instance, that those who may be responsible for the next issue of Father Bruno Vercruijsse's "*Nouvelles Meditations, Pratiques pour tous les jours de l'année sur la Vie de Jésus Christ, destinées principalement à l'usage des Communautés Religieuses,*" will prefix a sketch of the author's life. For these two volumes have already attained, and are evidently destined to retain, a very wide circulation as one of the favourite meditation books, especially in convents, not only in the original French, but also in the English translation.

Bruno Vercruijsse was born at Courtrai in Belgium, July 2, 1797. His family was one of the most respectable in that city. He went through his early studies very successfully in the "*pétit séminaire*" of Roulers. A zealous Belgian priest, working in Kentucky in the United States, the Abbé Charles Nerinx, paid a visit to the seminary at Roulers in 1817, and several of the young men agreed to go back with him. Bruno Vercruijsse was anxious to consecrate himself also to the American mission ; but his parents thought he was too young and not sufficiently prepared for the dangers of the mission. They allowed him, however, to enter the Society of Jesus which had just been re-established in Belgium. On the 9th of October, 1817, Bruno was enrolled among the novices who had just been received by Monsignor the Prince de Broglie in his episcopal palace at Gaud after they had been driven from Destalverghe by the arbitrary orders of the Dutch Government.

After his novitiate Brother Bruno taught various classes in the colleges of Sion, Brigg, and Fribourg. He was ordained priest October 16, 1825 ; and the following year he preached the

great Jubilee of 1826 in various places in the canton of Fribourg—at Samsales, Ria, Gruyères, Grand Villars, and Gresciers-sous-Morat.

In May, 1830, Father Vercruysse returned to Belgium and was set to work in the little parish of Offus near Ramillies—which figures in the first line of Thomas Davis's "Song of the Brigade." After the Revolution of July he was able to give full vent to his zeal; and from that time till the great Jubilee of 1875, which he preached for the third time, he consecrated himself entirely to the work of missions and spiritual retreats. There was hardly any religious institution or house of Catholic education, hardly any village in Flanders or town in Belgium, which did not hear him preach in his simple, persuasive way, always direct and practical and going straight to his object. He had a particular gift for drawing souls to virtue and directing them in the way of perfection.

The year before his death, on the pressing invitation of the parish priest of Offus, Father Vercruysse addressed in the open air more than eight thousand pilgrims who gathered there on the 8th of September for the inauguration of a beautiful sanctuary erected in honour of the Mother of God. In spite of his eighty-two years he made himself heard by all. He exhorted the pious multitude to preserve always a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin and an unchangeable attachment to the ancient faith of their fathers. This was his last time to speak in public. It was his happiness to consecrate the last efforts of his zeal to those who, fifty years before, had been the first fruits of his apostleship in Belgium.

When he saw his strength broken by age and apostolic labours, he wished still to evangelize souls from the privacy of his cell. In the last years of his life he busied himself composing and publishing works of piety. The best known of these is his *Practical Meditations for all the days of the Year*, which, as Cardinal Dechamps, Archbishop of Mechlin, said, "are distinguished for solidity of doctrine, happy choice of subjects, and pious unction." Though the Belgian Cardinal goes on to say that this book would be useful not only to ecclesiastics and to religious communities but also to pious persons who aspire to perfection in the world, Father Vercruysse made the meditations still more appropriate for such persons and issued a distinct work of smaller size which appeared in the year 1870 with the title of *Manuel de Solide Piété*. The original work had appeared in 1866; yet seven years earlier it was so far advanced that he sought encouragement for its completion from the General of the Society—another Belgian, Father Peter Beckx. I was

going to say that he wrote his letter on the feast of yet another Belgian ; but St. John Berchmans was not even beatified at that time, though perhaps the day of his death (August 13, 1621) was already set apart as his feast by anticipation. Father Beckx did not answer his letter till the feast of St. Teresa, October 15, though he begins by calling it " a very dear letter " — *Accipi Reverentiae Vestrae carissimas litteras*—and he praises Father Vercruysse for devoting to a work of great utility *quidquid virium et otii superest*, " all that remains to him of time and strength." Again, in January, 1863, he sends further samples to Rome, but the General's word of encouragement is dated May 2. The book finally appeared in 1868 ; and in November, 1870, Father Beckx congratulates his old compatriot on the great success which already makes a third edition necessary. " I beseech God to enlighten you with His grace and to make you and keep you strong enough to go on with and bring to perfection so meritorious a work."

The two volumes of meditations thus slowly and carefully prepared have indeed had an immense success. In the first twelve years 80,000 copies were sold ; and the book was translated into Flemish, German, English, Spanish, Polish, and perhaps other languages. We owe the English translation to Mother Magdalen Taylor, foundress of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, who in Ireland are working devotedly at St. Joseph's, Portland Row, Dublin, at Rathdown Union Workhouse, and at Carrigtwohill, county Cork. To compress the bulk of the volumes a little the London translation suppresses the affections and resolutions that Father Vercruysse suggests at the end of each point ; and I have heard that, when he first examined this version, the good old man exclaimed "*Oh, mes pauvres colloques !*" Most of these economical omissions, but not all, are supplied in the American edition of the English version ; but these two New York volumes, though much larger than the London ones, are the very same translation with these slight additions. The American edition, which claims the author's special approval, prints also the warm recommendations of Cardinal M'Closky and four other Bishops of the United States, together with the praises bestowed on the work by several convents in which it was used as far back as 1877, thirty years ago. By this time its diffusion in many countries must be very wide indeed. What a grace to have so intimate a share in the holiest hours of so many holy lives ! The illustrious Bishop of Poitiers, Cardinal Pie, writing a few months before Father Vercruysse's death, told him that he used his *Meditations Pratiques* every day, and that he was glad to perceive that this

book was not made up out of other books, as is the case too often, but that it was the fruit of long and precious experience.

✠ Father Vercruysse preserved till his eighty-fourth year his activity of mind, his energy and gaiety ; but in the beginning of October, 1880, he was attacked by inflammation of the chest, and after a few days' illness he died most happily on the ninth of that month. At the last moment a telegram reached Brussels from Rome, conveying the apostolic benediction of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, which Father Beckx had procured for his venerable friend, who had spent 55 years in the holy duties of the priesthood, 63 years in religious life, and more than 83 years since he was born into this world.*

M. R.

THE MONK'S ALTAR

I SAW a monk within his lonely cell.
 The wall, the floor, the very bed was bare ;
 His head was crowned with one faint fringe of hair ;
 Outside his window was a painted hell.
 Fool, no ! But ever from his hand there fell
 To-day, and yesterday, and every day whilst there,
 Some remnant of the vanities men wear
 Into an altar-flame that burned full well.

And all were dust and ashes in a trice,—
 Wealth, fame, power, love, ambition, and desire,—
 A holocaust before the Godhead's face.
 At last, he burst its ribbed fortalice,
 And flung his bleeding heart upon the pyre.
 It flamed aloft,—a star of chrysoprase.

P. A. S.

* This sketch is based on an article in the *Précis Historiques*, published at Brussels, vol. xxix., pp. 702-704.

SERMONS IN STONE

SICKNESS of body in this life has often brought health of soul in the next.

For the notes of your conversation you can find no better tuning fork than the Golden Rule.

The French, knowing that the world and the devil have much in common, spell their names with the same letters—*monde* and *démon*.

Tears of sorrow, like raindrops washing the window-panes, frequently clear the way for God's white light to enter the soul.

Operatio sequitur esse is a maxim out of Scholastic philosophy ; it is, therefore, natural for some people to sing falsetto.

Don't be envious of another's talent ; the astronomer may have his telescope to show him some star that is invisible to the naked eye, but that is not to hinder you from enjoying what you may see at a glance—the countless stars in the harmony of God's law.

A Perhaps of the past ought not to engage men more than a Certainty of the great eternal future. The question of the body's evolution is a trivial subject for man's thoughts when the soul is crying out its certainty of an imperishable life to come.

A saint is a person that makes the most of every moment for the glory of God ; therefore, it is quite possible for each one of us to be a saint, if not day in and day out, at least from time to time. The thought that you are now thinking, the word that you are speaking, the action that you are doing—put your best heart into them and for God.

Lucifer, with all his intellectual power, failed when he tried to reach God's throne under the banner of pride ; many a little maid of this world has reached it under the standard of humility.

Work on with courage, even though you are slow ; and remember that a tailor's scissors with the long blades may move quickly through the cloth, but it is the tinsmith's shears, with short, slow blades, that cut through sheets of metal.

As plants in a dark corner of a hothouse reach forward to a favourable position in the sun's light and then take on their natural form and colour, so should we, howsoever humble our spiritual opportunities, lean towards the nourishing splendour of God's love, and, being warmed therein, show in thought, in word, and in act, the marks of the children of the Light.

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

x. *The Catholic Encyclopedia, an International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church.* Vol. I. New York: Robert Appleton Company. London: Caxton Publishing Company, Surrey Street.

At last we have here the splendid beginning of one of the most important additions that the twentieth century is likely to make to Catholic literature in the English language. This stately tome is the first of fifteen volumes which are intended to furnish "full and authoritative information on the entire cycle of Catholic interests, action and doctrine." This instalment reaches only to "Assize," though the book—"a noble one in aspect and opulent in contents," as the *New York Tribune* says—consists of more than 800 royal octavo pages, the double columns with their admirably clear, though compact, typography compressing into a small space a very large amount of matter. The work is edited by Charles G. Herbermann, Ph.D., LL.D.; Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., D.D.; Condé E. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D.; Thomas J. Shahan, D.D.; and John J. Wynne, S.J. These three priests and two laymen have the fullest confidence of the Archbishop of New York, who on their authority alone gives his official Imprimatur to the work. They are assisted by some thousand contributors of the highest standing from every country in the world. Seven thousand copies of this volume have already been distributed, and a second edition is at press. Each article is signed with the author's name in full, not mere initials, and ten very interesting columns in front of the volume give these names alphabetically with the academic qualifications of each contributor and the office that he fills. We have studied with great interest the dozen pages at the end which contain the names of the stockholders and original promoters. Among the former are Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishops of New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, and Philadelphia, and twelve other American prelates. The other stockholders are 130 American priests and laymen, New York being largely in the majority, followed by Philadelphia and Boston. The only representative of the female sex is Mrs. Teresa Kulage, and the only intruder from without the United States is Major P. W. O'Gorman, Punjab, India. The original promoters are those who had

sufficient interest in the undertaking and sufficient confidence in the men who had undertaken it to pay in full for the entire set (£18) before the publication of the first volume. These, too, are nearly all American names, or rather for the most part (thank God) Irish names with American addresses attached to them. We can see no names from this side of the Atlantic except Father Wernz, General of the Jesuits, Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, Father Bewerunge of Maynooth College, the Rev. Patrick Donohoe, C.C., Longford, Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh (here called by mistake Bishop of Longford), Canon Murphy of Macroom, the new President of the Maynooth Union, and Dr Browne, Bishop of Ferns, who pays in advance for two sets of the entire work, as Dr. Conaty, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, does for three sets. The only European college that we notice among these "original promoters" is St. Beuno's College, North Wales. Eleven convents of the Sacred Heart in the States have paid in advance, their contribution to the undertaking being thus two hundred pounds. In the same way ten clubs of the Knights of Columbus invest £180, and ten convents of the Sisters of Charity do the same, with the Sisters of Mercy just one short of that number. All this is not very profound criticism, but it may serve to interest the reader in this great work. The most practical proof of interest would be to send twenty-eight shillings to the Caxton Publishing Company, Clun House, Surrey Street, Strand, London; for that, we believe, is the separate price of Volume One with its twenty-three full-page illustrations, its three coloured plates, and its four admirable maps, which make many of the articles much more easily understood.

2. *Prince and Saviour. The Story of Jesus Simply told for the Young.* By Rosa Mulholland. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd. (Price 1s.)

Lady Gilbert's exquisite version of the Gospel history has long been out of print, has been constantly asked for, and is here reproduced in a form and at a price which are sure to make it a favourite among a new generation of children. But "children of a larger growth" will admire the skill with which the sublime incidents are narrated for the benefit of Christ's little ones. The publishers have given the book clear, widely-spaced printing, good paper, pretty binding, and pictures much better than the ordinary run of illustrations, the frontispiece being J. R. Herbert's beautiful conception of "The Youth of our Lord," and the next, Holman Hunt's famous "The Light of the World." Even in these days of cheap printing a shilling is a very small price for such a book.

3. *Institutiones Philosophicae* Auctore C. Willems. Treveris : Ex Officina ad S. Paulinum.

Dr. Willems is professor of philosophy in the seminary of Trier. His two large and admirably printed volumes (pp. 578 and 662, price 7 marks and 8 marks respectively) discuss with Teutonic thoroughness and solidity the vast range of questions with which his chair is concerned. After he had taught for nine years, he printed his lectures for the convenience of his pupils, 1899; and now, that private edition being exhausted, he prints them again for any students of philosophy who may care to read them. Dr. Willems' Latin is very clear and pure. The first volume treats of Logic and Ontology; the second, of cosmology, psychology, and natural theology. While Aristotle, Aquinas, and the ancients are duly honoured, Dr. Willems brings his treatment of the various questions down to date, and such very modern names as Balfour, Lord Kelvin, and John Stuart Mill appear frequently in his pages—the last of these being sometimes disguised as "St. Mill." The references to contemporary books and periodicals are particularly copious. The very small percentage of our readers to whom this work appeals will be able from these particulars to judge how far it consults for their needs.

4. John Keats wrote one of the finest sonnets in the English language, "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." Mr. George Fairfax, of Montreal, has chosen the same medium for expressing his feelings on looking into the first volume of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, concerning which we have given our opinion in prose in the first of these Book Notes.

Thou last-wrought marvel of the printer's art,
I turn to thee with ever fresh delight,
And, as each page new features brings to sight,
I murmur thanks with happy, grateful heart.

Of all thy treasures here is but a part,
And yet what garnered gold! what jewels bright!
With rich and varied lore! what floods of light
On court and cloister, hall and busy mart!

Unskilled to toil at such a learned loom,
Mine but to speed the swiftly parting gloom;
And, as fresh volumes from the presses flow,
I'll haste to each as to a welcome tryst,
And joy to watch beneath deft fingers grow
A vesture rare to deck the Bride of Christ.

5. We copy this sonnet from the *Messenger* for July, the editor of which, Father John J. Wynne, S.J., has a chief share in the arduous undertaking which inspired the Canadian Muse.

The announcement is made in this number that the *Messenger* will henceforth be conducted altogether separately from the devotional periodical, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The former, which since 1902 has been a magazine of general literary interest, quite distinct from the organ of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, will have its editorial rooms at Fordham University and its publication office at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City. *Quod bonum, faustum, felixque sit*; but we wish the names also were more distinct. Librarians in the twenty-first century will be puzzled by the numeration of the volumes. For instance, the July number is called No. 1 of Vol. 48; but the periodical of that ancient lineage would seem now to be represented rather by the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. However, this may be, the literary magazine, the *Messenger*, has already attained a very high standard of merit. Nothing can be more tasteful than its get-up, its cover, its paper, its type, its illustrations. All the articles are excellent, each in its own way, especially the story begun by a new writer, Patience Warren. The "Chronicle" is the most complete summary that we know of the contemporary events in the various countries of the world chiefly in their bearings on religion.

6. The Catholic Truth Society (60 Southwark Bridge Road London) shows no signs of falling away from its first fervour. Among the latest additions to the great multitude of excellent writings that it has put into print and (what is better) into circulation, is an admirable little treatise on "Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture," by M. N. The price of this is threepence; but all the others that we are about to name cost only a penny each. Perhaps the most interesting of these is *Blaise Pascal* (1623-1662), by the Rev. George O'Neill, who compresses into 32 pages a very clear sketch of a complex career and character. Other biographical sketches are *Venerable John Nutter* (one of the English Martyrs) by John B. Wainwright, "*The Brothers Ratisbonne*, and (nearer still) *Lady Amabel Kerr*. Two theological tracts are *Faith Healing in the Gospels*, by the Rev. R. H. J. Stewart, S.J., and *Pantheism*, by William Mathews. More practical subjects are treated in *Socialism and Religion*, by the Rev. John Ashton, S.J., *Religious Instruction in Schools*, by Robert J. Smythe, and the excellent pennyworth which gives both *The Pope and the French Government: Who's to blame?* by Father Gerard, S.J., and *M. Briand's Real Sentiments*, by Father Sydney Smith, S.J. If it was necessary to expose the Rev. Joseph Hocking's ridiculous and vulgar absurdities, Mr. James Britten's arm can wield the scourge deftly. A pleasanter pennyworth is No. 57 of *The Catholic's Library of Tales*, which,

along with a slight little sketch, " St. Andrew's White Flowers," gives " A Tale of many an English Home," a very pathetic and instructive story by Father George Bampffield of holy memory. The large and open printing makes still it more readable.

7. From the *Irish Messenger* Office, Great Denmark Street, Dublin, is issued a penny Life of Father Henry Young of Dublin, still remembered as one of the most saintlike and canonizable of modern priests. His first biographer was another saint, Lady Georgiana Fullerton in our first two volumes. The Rev. Daniel M'Erlane has made a very beautiful translation of *The Little Office of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, which may, we hope, be procured from St. Joseph's Sodality, 15 N. Grand Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. *Moments with Heaven* (James Duffy & Sons, Dublin, price 1s. 6d.) is a new prayer book, very devout, probably compiled by a nun for nuns. It will feel most at home in a convent chapel.

8. It is only necessary to announce the publication of the second part of the third volume of *Summula Philosophiae Scholasticae in usum Adolescentium*, by the Rev. J. S. Hickey, O.Cist., of Mount Melleray, Co. Waterford (Dublin: Browne & Nolan, price 2s. 6d. net). The previous volumes have won a high place in the esteem of persons best qualified to judge of their practical utility, as indeed may be seen from the last cover of the present volume, where the extremely favourable criticisms of all the chief ecclesiastical periodicals in the English language are grouped together. In this third volume also there is the same lucidity, the same pure and simple Latin, and in the notes the same copious and striking quotations, chiefly in English, from contemporary writers, giving a living interest to the subjects and bringing them up to date. The excellent paper and printing, clear, large type, etc., will make the use of this handbook of ethics much more agreeable.

9. *The Golden Joy*. By Thomas M'Donagh. Dublin: O'Donoghue & Co. (Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. M'Donagh had previously published two small books of verse, *April and May*, and *Through the Ivory Gate*—the latter very daintily produced by the printers and publishers, Sealy, Bryers and Walker, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin. The genuine poetic inspiration of these poems was fully recognized by the Irish Press; and that inspiration is still more unmistakable in the larger and more mature collection just published by O'Donoghue and Company, of Hume Street, Dublin. The themes and the tone are always poetical and refined, yet we must confess that we are seldom quite satisfied with the thought or the expression of it. It may be because we are too far aloof from the

spirit of the time, but we do not find ourselves thrilled or touched by what the poet intended to be touching or thrilling. Mr. M'Donagh shares this disadvantage, such as it is, with several contemporary poets whom the critics loudly applaud. All this, however, does not prevent us from seeing that they and he have a true vocation and that what they write is poetry.

10. We must group together several new publications issued by those very spirited publishers, Benziger Brothers, of New York. The smallest of these is an extremely neat and pious manual for *The Holy Hour of Adoration*, by Dr. William Stang, Bishop of Fall River, who has just died. The third series, price two shillings, of *Patron Saints for Catholic Youth*, by Mrs. Mary E. Mannix, contains excellent biographies of eight saints, four men and four women—St. Patrick, St. Louis, St. Francis Xavier, and St. Charles, and then St. Catherine, St. Elizabeth, St. Margaret, and St. Clare. *Harmony Flats*, by C. S. Whitmore (price 3s. net) is a New York story about the "Gifts of a tenement-house fairy." It is lively enough, and written in the best spirit, with plenty of incident, not always very probable or convincing. *The Bell Foundry* (price 1s. 6d.), by Otto von Schaching, will be found interesting by many young readers; but, as literature, it was hardly worth transplanting from German soil. We should much prefer to see re-issued in book-form some of the excellent stories given to the periodicals by American writers, chiefly women.

11. *The Book of the Children of Mary*. Compiled and arranged by Father Elder Mullan, S.J. R. & T. Washbourne, London and Glasgow.

A very large store of research, piety, and taste has been expended in the compilation of this Manual, which is dedicated to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin "to be in convent days an aid and a guide to a firm and deep devotion, in the toil and stress of life an ever-welcome witness to their Lady Mother's love, and, when the toil and stress are ending, a consoling token of their unswerving love for her." Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishop of New York, and the Apostolic Delegate to the United States have sent their warm approval to Father Mullan, who, while compiling this work, was Professor of Theology at Woodstock College, Maryland. He begins with a more minute and more authentic history of the Sodality than we have ever seen before; then its nature, its privileges and indulgences, etc.; then in larger types the full Rules of the Sodality. All this is followed in very clear, economical type by an immense mass of admirable instructions about various virtues and pious practices. There is a great deal of solid and interesting instruction about mental

prayer, Mass, examination of conscience, etc. Is the Litany of Humility, at page 125 original? Father Elder Mullan indeed is greatly to be praised for telling the author of the various hymns, translations, and many of the prayers. Why has he not done this for the *Stabat Mater* at page 654, or for the excellent version of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception?—in which, by the way, *unitate perfecta* is translated “in Trinity all perfect.” The devotions for Mass and Holy Communion and Visits to the Blessed Virgin are very fresh and original. Many pious souls will through this twentieth century derive great pleasure and profit from this beautiful and holy book.

12. *The Life of Blessed Julia Billiart, Foundress of the Institute of Sisters of Notre Dame (of Namur). Beatified May 13, 1906.* By a Member of the same Society. R. & T. Washbourne, London and Glasgow. (Price 1s. net.)

A neatly-bound book of 140 pages, with a good portrait in front, is cheap at a shilling. It tells the story of a very interesting and edifying life. Julia Billiart was born in Picardy in 1751, lived through the terrors of the first French Revolution (more brutal but hardly more destructive or wicked than the legalized robbery that is going on at present); and in spite of sickness and suffering and misunderstandings she founded the Sisters of Notre Dame who are doing splendid educational work in very many places, for instance Liverpool. She was beatified last year. Some of our readers will live to pray to her as Saint Julia.

13. *Daily Mass, or the Mystic Treasury of the Holy Sacrifice.* By the Rev. Joseph M'Donnell, S.J. Dublin: Office of the *Irish Messenger*, 5 Great Denmark Street. (Price One Penny.)

These thirty-two pages contain a vast amount of solid and devout instruction about the Holy Mass, and are sure of a wide and continuous circulation among the simple faithful, among whom Father M'Donnell's previous penny publications are very popular—*The First Fridays* (which has reached its 108th thousand), *Our Lady, St. Joseph, The Holy Hour, The Devotion of the Bona Mors*, and *Tales of the Blessed Sacrament*.

14. Burns and Oates, 28 Orchard Street, London, W., have published for half-a-crown an authorized translation of *The Garden of Roses of our Lady; the Excellences of the Rosary and the Best Method of Reciting it*, by Father Maurice Meschler, S.J. They who study and practise these beautiful lessons cannot fail to advance in piety and holiness. Father P. M. Northcote, O.S.M., gives the name of *The Bond of Perfection* to a very practical little treatise on Charity (price 2s. net). The newest of the many books that have been written recently to make children familiar with the example of our Divine Redeemer is *Simple*

Conferences on the Gospel of St. John, by Sister Mary Theresa, O.S.B., of Princethorpe Priory (Burns and Oates, price 2s. 6d. net). Carlo Dolci's famous picture of St. John the Evangelist is the frontispiece of this holy and beautiful work.

15. *The All Hallows Annual for 1907* is an octavo volume of 200 pages, beginning with a clever frontispiece by Mr. Fitzpatrick, and containing an immense mass of interesting personalities about past or present *alumni* of the great missionary College founded in Dublin by Father Hand. Father Furlong's charming paper about Lake Constance, Father Leonard on the Character of Hamlet, and Father Shanahan's ingenious erudition concerning Atoms, excellent as they are, will probably be studied much less carefully than the pages that bristle with proper names which have no interest for intelligent outsiders like us. This Annual must be a great spiritual influence for the students that pray in the beautiful college chapel, and still more for All Hallows of the Dispersion, the priests that it has sent forth to the ends of the earth.

16. *Annals of St. Anthony's Shrine* seems to be published only once a year by the Sisters of Mercy, Worcester, Massachusetts, U.S.A. It is a very beautiful miscellany, not the less valuable because much of its contents has already done service elsewhere. But "M. E. Francis" writes a story expressly for it, and how delightfully she tells her simple little tale! Many beautiful pictures are reproduced very successfully. The *Child of Mary* is published quarterly by the Sisters of Providence, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Vigo County, Indiana, U.S.A. Dainty elegance marks it within and without. The most original is "Love's Victory," by Mr. M. J. Thornymere (a new name in literature). This story ends with its sixth chapter in the present instalment. It is one of a daring class—Mary Magdalen is one of the characters, and Gospel scenes are interwoven with fictitious ones. A running headline of the contents at the top of the page would be an improvement. The June and July numbers of *The Xavier* speak well for the literary taste and training of the *alumni* of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. There is a great deal of truth in the short notice of Grace Kean's *When Love is Strong*.

17. The latest quarterly part of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* (May, 1907) seems to us a model of what an antiquarian journal ought to be, and reflects great credit on its publishers, Davidson and M'Cormack, Belfast, and its conductors, of whom the most devoted is Mr. F. J. Bigger.

18. The last of the college magazines to reach us is the *Mungret Annual*, which will henceforth appear at midsummer,

not at Christmas. The College will celebrate its Silver Jubilee next September ; and a great part of the present issue is devoted to a very interesting history of its foundation and various vicissitudes of fortune. The very creditable careers of many of its sons is duly chronicled. The frontispiece is a picture of Father William Ronan, S.J., the founder of the Apostolic School, whose energetic and persevering labours procured chiefly the means to carry to a perfect and permanent success so difficult and so hazardous an enterprize. Portraits are also given of all the predecessors of the present Rector, Rev. Thomas V. Nolan. Father Cahill has with great research traced back the history of Mungret not merely for a quarter of a century, but to the times of St. Patrick. All the work and varied interests of the living Church also are duly chronicled. Complete sets of publications like this will be of priceless worth hereafter.

19. The Australian Catholic Truth Society has published a great many useful and admirable tracts at a penny each. The latest of the series that we have seen is a very full sketch of the life of Father Theodore Ratisbonne, the convert from Judaism, who founded the Society of Priests of Notre Dame de Sion. Of the latter thirty-eight convents have been founded since 1850. Along with this sketch was published an admirable little treatise on Daily Prayer and especially on the *Our Father*, by Dr. Patrick Delaney, Coadjutor to the Venerable Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania, Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, the oldest Bishop in the Church. God grant that this little instruction may be taken to heart by thousands and thousands for many years to come.

THE PEACE OF SILENCE

THERE is no silence like the silence where the grave is,
 Under the green trees !
 No song of linnet, thristle, or finch, or mavis—
 Nor the best of these—
 Is more sweet than the silence at its ease.

You are there, my father, in your silence,
 With your own folks, and many a friend.
 The linnet is on the thorn, the lark over the highlands :
 More sweet than these, to the end,
 Is your silence, where the green boughs bend.

Alice Furlong.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1907

HESTER'S HISTORY

A NOVEL

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE HESTER

I WOULD begin by telling how it came that little Hester once lived in Fairyland and was banished ; and in order to do so I would open this history in the midst of July sunshine, and all the summer glory of the gardens of Hampton Court. Not on a public holiday, that I may ask a reader to watch with me the city children casting bread to the swans, and stare over the heads of the crowds at the noble cartoons, and Elizabeth's wan face and ruff. But because there are people who have their homes in the heart of this fairyland of history, who eat their daily bread and dream their nightly dreams under the palace roof. And because there are days when the birds make all the sound in the dreamy alleys, the flowers are sweet only for the bees, the swans doze undisturbed among the lilies, and the pictured company upon the walls in the show chambers have neither student nor admirer from sunrise till sunset ; nothing moving amongst them but shadows and sunbeams throughout the long lonely day.

On such a day more than a hundred years ago, a lady was sitting at an open window looking out on the great court-yard, and a little girl was playing all by herself up and down the king's staircase, and in and out those long pictured chambers, where an old woman was going slowly from room to room, on her knees, scrubbing the boards. When tired of chasing the sunbeams up and down the stair, " climbing the golden ladders "

she called her game, this child would come and sit down in the middle of the floor, and, clasping her knees, talk up to the pictures, to Mary and Darnley and the rest, asking them why they looked so grave and staid up there, so silent, on the prim walls; assuring them that they would find the world outside very delightful with flowers and trees, if they would only step forth and try. These painted people were so real and familiar to this child, and those of sad stern faces and stiff bearing touched her pity so much, that she talked quite aloud to them for sympathy. The old charwoman, catching the murmuring treble of the little voice, would come grumbling to the door now and again, and looking uneasily at the yellow head shining solitary in the middle of the great chamber, would listen in amazement to the small eager tongue that discoursed so nimbly and fantastically in the silence.

The lady at the window not far away was Judith, Lady Humphrey, widow of Sir John Humphrey, a distinguished naval officer. She was a middle-aged lady, tall and narrow in figure, with shapely features, and light hair, like braids of buff-coloured satin. She might have been considered handsome but for her mouth, which was ugly; chiefly, perhaps, because sweetness was unknown to it. There was also a drawback to beauty in the cold restless expression of her colourless eyes, whose pale sharp light was unsoftened by even the lightest pencilling of shadow. People who knew her well could have told that her manners would have been attractive but for occasional tones in her voice. And probably it was owing to these three characteristics—the curious light in her eyes, the corners of her mouth, and those odd tones turning up now and again when she was speaking—that no child, not even the little orphan who clung to her perforce, and who made idols of dim faces upon canvas for want of something warmer to love, could ever get its arms around her neck, or have courage to lift up its face to her lips.

This lady was writing to her son, Pierce, at his military college. An open letter, in a careless dashing hand, lay spread on the desk before her, and she turned back a page, and read.

"I am glad," said the writing, "that you got the pearl necklace and the buckles for little Hester. I know how much amusement it gives you to see the little monkey looking pretty and picturesque. I will do without the money if I can"—

The lady here turned from this letter to her own, and began writing with a bold impatient hand.

"You speak," she said on the paper, "as if you had forgotten that your father was a gentleman, and that you

are expected to be the same. You talk about doing without money, as if that were possible, and allude to Hester's necklace as if its purchase must prevent your debts being paid. I only mentioned that item to show you how difficult it is to find money for everything. I have pawned the diamonds which your grandfather gave me before you were born, and though they were never a handsome set, the earrings being too short, and the brooch an awkward pattern, still they are valuable, and I send you the sum you require. As for Hester, the child is getting tiresome, and teases me with her questions. I have heard of a cheap school to which I think of sending her. It is almost a charity school, indeed ; but I cannot afford a better one, and I dare say it will do for the creature very well."

Did the soldier boy smile or sigh when these lines came under his eyes, or had he leisure in the hurry of his own young life to pause and ruminate on the mystery of a pearl necklace and a charity school? One might wonder a little looking over this letter, seeing that Lady Humphrey had a determined appearance, and that one is apt to associate determination of character with strength of mind, or at least with common-sense. But Lady Humphrey was as determined in her indulgence of her smallest personal whims as in the dauntless carrying out of her most audacious plans.

Hester Cashel was utterly friendless, except in so far as Lady Humphrey had stood and meant to stand her friend. Some one had died abroad, and bequeathed an infant to the cold-eyed lady. What motives were at work to make the owner of so hard a voice open her heart and take the child in, has never been clearly ascertained by any one. People said she did open her heart ; but I am disposed to think that she only extended her arms, maybe held out a reluctant hand, a finger. But even a finger is enough for a toddling baby to grasp, and hold on by with its two tiny hands. And so this orphan became the property of Lady Humphrey.

The woman's husband was dead, her son necessarily removed from her, and she herself was not the sort of person to win her way into new hearts and draw them near her own. It followed naturally that the babe Hester, growing a strong and graceful child, should prove an interest and an amusement to her protectress. Her beauty had pleased the lady, and her prattle diverted her for some seven or eight years. She had been decked and flattered, indulged and neglected, trained and drilled, and left to run wild again, according to the humour and circumstances of Lady Humphrey. There had

lately arrived a time, however, when the soul that was in the child had begun to trouble the worldly woman. Hester was growing too thoughtful, too questioning, too fanciful, too "old-fashioned." Even the sight of the pretty figure, tricked out in trinkets and satins, did not compensate for the annoyance of the child's earnestness. So long as the small lisping voice would content itself with trilling sentimental ditties accompanied by chubby fingers thrumming a guitar, to the delight of Lady Humphrey and her visitors, it was all very well, and the clever little mite was charming. But it did not amuse Lady Humphrey to hear the words of wisdom coming out of the lips of a babe, nor did it please her at all to be convicted of ignorance by the truthful troubled gaze of two spiritual eyes, looking out of even so tiny a puzzled head. The child, too, was becoming less gay and lively, and getting a habit which the lady could not endure, a trick of talking to herself and to lifeless things. And it was this simple folly of the little one that sealed her childish fate at the last.

For on the evening of that summer day on which a letter was written mentioning a humble school, Lady Humphrey, after some seeking, found the missing Hester among the pictures alone, and it was almost dark. The child was leaning softly towards a dusky canvas, from which a pale face just glimmered through the shadows. "Come out, Mary Stuart," she was whispering, with her hands extending pleadingly towards the picture, "Come out, Mary Stuart, and hear the nightingales!"

The witness of this scene, the lady on whose mouth there had never been any sweetness, felt forcibly that a whole ocean of mystery lay between the opening nature of this child and her own, which was grown and matured, and never could know change. And she wanted to get the child out of her sight. And next day she drove to a dingy house in Islington to make inquiries. And very soon little Hester was carried away out of her dreams under the shadow of the great palace, from her talks with her dear kings and queens, and her raptures at the singing of the nightingales. And this is how little Hester was banished from Fairyland.

Her anguish and fear were terrible at first; they frightened the children of the school and wearied the mistress. But a week of punishment tamed the little spirit, and Hester settled meekly to her lessons in the schoolroom. With pale cheeks and shadows round her eyes she announced herself "very happy," by and by, over her books. She hemmed some ruffles for Lady Humphrey and wrote her a letter. And the lady did not quite desert her. She missed the little presence about

her more than she expected. Besides, she was at this time much vexed by the failure of speculations, of cherished plans for the enrichment of her son, and sometimes needed a novelty to distract her thoughts. She called often at the dingy house, and brought Hester back to her paradise. It amused her to see the half-laughing half-weeping ecstasy of the child at sight of the country. Not a wreath in the hedge, not a green-breasted duck among the sedges missed her eye, or was too simple a subject for her joy. Lady Humphrey could understand clapping of hands and merriment, and as gradually the little girl grew shrewd enough to keep her wonders and fancies to herself, and to refrain from asking difficult questions, she was found to be exceedingly improved, and a much less tiresome companion than she had been.

Thus she lived, henceforth, a strange two-sided sort of life. At her school she was driven about harshly enough, shrieked at and scolded for the smallest fault : mocked by rude school-fellows for her daintier habits. Her garments became slovenly and her hair unkempt. Her recreation was making cockle-shell grottoes in a gaunt back yard with high walls. Yet here she existed contentedly, feeding her imagination upon history lessons, till wondrously at a moment's notice, there would appear the magic finger beckoning her into the land of enchantment. And the next day, with smooth ringlets, and in the delicate white clothing she liked to wear, little Hester would find her way back into the stately company of her pictured friends, and revelling in the congenial atmosphere of beauty and refinement, would make herself as rapturously happy as it is possible for a lonely child to be. Then were there no tasks to be learned, and no occupation was appointed for her, but only the following of her sweet will from morning till night among the flowers and pictures.

But too soon this brilliant heaven was overcast. At a moment's notice, and Lady Humphrey's word, back again she was dropped into the lower life. The smoky city received her once more, and the door of the dreary house shut her in. Here were waiting for her just as she had left them—the close blank yard and the rude companions, the threadbare frock and the shoes with the holes in them, the angry word and the hasty punishment, the rigid monotony and the utter unloveliness and unyieldingness of every thing and person, that yearning eyes might look upon or helpless hands lay hold upon. There were quarrelsome voices for the singing of 'the nightingales ; a patch of rank weeds, instead of acres of scent and bloom ; boisterous humanity for delicate dream

creations, and slow movements and a cramped will, in exchange for a royal liberty of foot and fancy.

In her earlier days the woe of the little heart found its comfort in tears, and, the passion of the moment over, the child would content itself, child-fashion, with whatever materials for amusement might lie in the way. But when a few years had passed, and an unusual capacity for grief had grown stronger within her, the sudden change in her life became more painful, the conversations of her schoolfellows more irksome; tears were less frequent with her, but a grave trouble grew up in her young life, the trouble of not knowing where her place was to be in the world. For with a true instinct Hester felt early that she had won no place in Lady Humphrey's heart, that her footing on that enchanted hearthstone under the palace roof was dependent on the humour of each moment that passed. And with a sure foreboding, she felt that any day might find her shaken off and forgotten.

CHAPTER II

HESTER, SOMEWHAT LATER

WHEN Hester was twelve years old, she had rather advanced in Lady Humphrey's favour. Her progress in learning had pleased the lady, and she had sent her to a better school. The gratitude of the little girl was unbounded, and her efforts to profit by the boon incessant. To-day she is bending over a book in a schoolroom—flushed, eager; her frock out at elbows, her shoes broken, her stockings overrun with darns. To-morrow she will be at the palace, and there must be a brave list of triumphs for Lady Humphrey. A medal is to be won, and some solemn books, and Lady Humphrey will look pleased. She will not smile much; but she will put on a satisfied look, and say approvingly, "Hester, you will be of use for something yet." And the vague promise of that something in prospect is sweet to Hester as the birds in the boughs.

And a fresh white frock will be handed to Hester, and it will be delicately frilled and crimped; and there will be, if not exactly glass slippers, at least pretty ones of black silk with shining buckles. And there will be Shakespeare on the drawingroom table, the mark in its pages never moved since Hester closed the volume last holiday. And she will nestle in the firelight by the glittering hearthplace with the book. And perhaps she will suddenly start to find that unconsciously her fancy had been clothing Lady Macbeth with the outward

form and features of Lady Humphrey. And she will shudder and veil her eyes, lest her patroness should read the cruel libel in her glance. But the lady does not think of her so often, nor look at her so closely as to notice when a cloud or a shining light is to be seen on her eager face.

Then in the evening the stiff brocade curtains (so different from Miss Hemisphere's dull green damask) will be drawn across the windows, and the wax candles will be lit all through the wide chambers, and the fire will pour its ruddy splendour over the curious andirons, burning grandly and with dignity, as a fire should burn under the roof where kings and queens have made their home. And the few dark pictures on the walls will retire farther than ever into obscurity, and only just peer in ghostly fashion from their frames. On the table in the corner with its cover of Indian embroidery, will be set forth the tiny exquisite service of china and silver in which Lady Humphrey is wont to dispense tea to her guests. And the lady's little page in his fantastic costume will be tripping about, arranging seats in expectation of visitors. Lady Humphrey does not see company on an extended scale however. A few antique beaux and dowagers will drink her coffee and play whist at her card tables. And of these, though Hester has seen them coming and going for years, and knows every nodding powdered head and painted smirk by heart, as she does the pictures in the gallery, yet she recognises the identity of not a single one amongst them. They are all illustrious personages of history, the guests of bygone kings.

The first blush of morning will find her abroad, encountering his dread majesty upon the king's staircase. For the fierce Henry and his great cardinal walking about Hampton Court are as familiar to her as Miss Hemisphere or Lady Humphrey. Elizabeth will hold a pageant at high noon in the greenwood, and later, Lady Jane Grey reveals herself, musing in some quiet haunt, weaving herself and her sorrows into a poem for the reading of ages. And when twilight comes on, and the trees stand shadowless in the cool air, and the crimson begins to grow brown, and the violet black, in the darkening window of the great hall, then Hester, returning homeward by some shrouded alley, where the walls of olive foliage are draped in a purple mist, and unseen birds sing lullabies to all nature, will find a weird ghostly troop coming out to meet her. Anne Boleyn is here in all her splendour, and the hoary trees sigh and shake their heads as she goes past. Wicked Henry, too, strides along, frowning, with the ghost of a murdered wife on either hand. There is a shadow and a whisper of every

heart-broken thing that ever might have stolen from the gilded prison of that palace, to flutter wild about here with its anguish, sobbing to the singing of these nightingales. Thus ghouls and gnomes have grown up within the paradise.

It was at this time of her life that Hester gathered up all her childish strength and made an effort to crave the love of her protectress. It was not much for a child to ask, but it was too much for the woman to bestow. And who shall blame her? That which one has not got, how shall one give it away? Hester arrived one day breathless and panting, her arms full of prizes, a medal in her hand. She could not speak, but emptied the treasures in Lady Humphrey's lap.

"Softly, softly, child!" said Lady Humphrey. "Such sudden movements are very unladylike. Now take these things away. I am quite content. This is nothing but what I have expected."

And this was nothing but what Hester had expected also, yet her heart was crying out for something more. She went swiftly and suddenly down on her knees, and with passionate tears besought that the dear madam would love her, "just a little." And then she knelt trembling and sobbing in terror at her own boldness.

"Hester!" said Lady Humphrey, in her iciest tones, "I beg that you will not make yourself ridiculous. I had hoped that you had given up these childish vagaries. What more would you have than I give you? There is no one in the world from whom you have the right to claim sixpence, and yet I feed you, clothe you, and keep you at school."

"Yes," said Hester, suddenly checking her wild sobs, and becoming quite still.

"You cannot expect these favours to continue all your life. It is better, then, for you to make much of them while they last, than to disturb yourself about nothing, crying like a great baby for more than you can get."

"Yes," said Hester, more steadily.

"And let me warn you," added Lady Humphrey, quite aroused by the successful impression she was making, "that people who go through the world moaning about love, are only pretty sure to get laughed at for their pains. So take these things away, child, and go and wash your face,"

And Hester took up her hard-won prizes and packed them all away into a dark corner. And she came back with a very quiet face, and nothing more was said upon the subject.

But there was a difference in Hester from that hour forth, and after three silent days she spoke again.

"Lady Humphrey," she said, "will you tell me, please, what is to become of me when I am grown up?"

Lady Humphrey paused a few moments before she answered, as if considering the child attentively, her age, her manner, and her possible meaning. Then she said,

"I believe you will have to earn your bread."

"How am I to earn it, please, my lady?" said little Hester, eagerly.

"As a teacher, perhaps," said Lady Humphrey; "if I can afford to keep you long enough at school. Perhaps as a dressmaker."

Hester lowered her head, and retired, without a word, to her seat in the corner. Her eyes wandered round the handsome chamber, and her fingers went feeling to her dainty pearl necklace round her throat. Gradually she unloosed the fastenings as she sat, and the ornament lay glistening in her lap for a silent hour. Then she was again at the lady's elbow with the necklace in her hand.

"I would rather not wear this any more," she said.

"What do you mean, you strange creature?" said Lady Humphrey, rather provoked and much surprised. "But you must wear it," she added. "I intend that you shall wear it at my pleasure. Put it on."

Hester obeyed, but still kept standing, as if all had not been said. Her hands were pressed together, so were her lips. The lady went on writing, as forgetting the child's presence.

"If you please, Lady Humphrey, may I go back to school to-morrow?"

"What now?" said Lady Humphrey, frowning darkly, "Will you tell me what is the meaning of this new idea?"

"If you please, Lady Humphrey, I would rather be a teacher."

"You shall at all times do just as I command you," said her ladyship, in her hardest tones. "Leave the room now, to begin with."

And Hester vanished at the word, and sought refuge among the pictures, weeping bitterly to her dear Mary Stuart.

After this she made rapid progress at her studies, and was left a whole year undisturbed in her schoolroom. At the end of that time Lady Humphrey had need for her, and sent for her to come to Hampton Court. A carriage had arrived at Miss Hemisphere's door, and the coachman had a note for the schoolmistress. Hester was packed into the coach without delay, and went wondering all the way to her destination. Lady

Humphrey met her with more feeling in her manner than Hester had ever seen in it before.

"My son," she explained, "is shut up in a dark room yonder. His eyes have been injured by a hot blast in India and he is not allowed to see. You must read to him, amuse him, help him to pass the time."

Hester promised to do her best, and was taken to the darkened chamber. Poor Pierce was extended upon a sofa, with his head tied up in bandages. Nothing was to be seen of his face, but a very rueful mouth and some black hair. Hester was obliged to make herself and her errand known, for Lady Humphrey was with the doctors in the drawing-room.

"Please, Mr. Humphrey," said Hester, "I am come to amuse you."

The rueful mouth broke into a broad smile. "Are you, indeed?" it said; "I am glad to hear it, I am sure; and I must say you have made a very fair beginning. And who are you, might I ask?"

"My name is Hester," said the girl, "and I come from Miss Hemisphere's school."

"Ah, little Hester! Well, you know I can't see you, but shake hands, little woman. Yes, that's a nice soft little hand, and I don't like the handling I get here, I can tell you. Nobody fit for a nurse to be had in these quarters, and the least jerk gives such confounded pain. You shall tie all my bandages, little Hester."

"Yes," said the little girl, and was as good as her word. And the young gentleman and she became great friends after that. She read him to sleep sometimes, and talked to him when he liked, and was a great little mother to Pierce Humphrey. And the young man, who was a kindly young man, grew very fond of her, though he had never seen her face.

"I think you love me very much, little Hester," he said to her one day.

"Why?" asked Hester, in a wondering voice.

"Why? because you are so good to me," said the soldier.

"Confess, do you not love me very much?"

"I like you as much as ever I can," said Hester, earnestly.

The young man bit his lip and reddened. The answer was not quite what he expected.

"Come!" he said, "what fault do you find with me? Am I not a handsome fellow enough?"

"You are very handsome," said Hester, gravely. "I never saw any one so handsome before."

The young man blushed again, this time with satisfaction.

"And am I not a good-natured chap?" he said, "and very grateful for all you are doing for me?"

"Oh, yes," said Hester, eagerly.

"What is it, then, little puss?"

"I think," said Hester, making a great effort, "that you swear too much at the pain and the doctors, who are doing a great deal for you. And I think you ought not to grumble, as you do, at Lady Humphrey."

"By Jove!" cried young Humphrey, and the mouth under his bandages began to widen, and the locks of black hair to tremble with laughter. "Well, well, little sweetheart!" he said, "I must try and mend my manners. And now, though you can lecture a fellow so well, perhaps you would not mind sharing his troubles?"

"What troubles," asked Hester, anxiously.

"Oh, fearful troubles!" he said, with an air of desperation. "I have a terrible debt, and not a farthing to pay it with."

"What is to be done?" cried Hester, in distress. "Have you asked Lady Humphrey for the money?"

The young man groaned. "She would not give me a penny," he said, very deeply in his chest; "not if I went upon my knees to her. But, perhaps," he added, bent upon trying how far the little girl would go to serve him—"perhaps she would do it if you asked her."

Hester turned pale, but this he could not see. "I don't think she would listen to me at all," she said trembling.

"Oh yes, she might," said Pierce Humphrey. "Will you promise me to try? It is my only hope," he added, tragically.

The next instant he heard Hester's light foot across the floor, and she was gone. Then Pierce Humphrey got a little anxious as to how his joke might end. He did want the money, but not that the child should get into trouble.

"Lady Humphrey," said little Hester, standing close to the lady's elbow; "if you please, Lady Humphrey, Mr. Pierce is in bad need of money."

"Is he indeed?" said her ladyship, sitting upright in her chair.

"Yes," said Hester, shaking with fear. "He wants a large sum of money to pay a debt. And I am sure, Lady Humphrey, that as you love him so much you will give it him, and not let him be unhappy."

"And pray, little madam," asked Lady Humphrey, with her hard mouth tightened, and her chin at a right angle with her throat, "when did you become my son's confidante?"

"He told me just now," said Hester, fading under the angry eyes, but not flinching.

"He did?" said Lady Humphrey; "yet he has not thought proper to mention the subject to his mother. I am to give *you* money for him because *I* love him so much. Pray, why do you presume that I love him so much? Do you love him yourself, little mistress?"

"No," said Hester, guiltily, hanging her head; "I like him very much, but I do not love him. But then," she added, apologetically, "you know I am not his mother, Lady Humphrey. If I were his mother, I am sure I should love him dearly: and I am sure I should give him everything he asked for."

Lady Humphrey took one long look at the pale, shrinking, persistent face, and said no more. She had a stormy scene with her son after that; but the debt (not so great as he had described it) was paid.

Pierce Humphrey's eyes were cured. Almost the first use he made of them was to take a peep of curiosity at his little nurse's face. Hester was sitting, unconscious, on her stool before the fire. It was a slender young figure, in the usual white frock. Her hair hung round her neck, a luminous cloud of curls, which were always getting cut, and always growing long. Her eyes were wide open and serious, fixed on the flaming wood. Her mouth was sweet, but tightened at the moment into an expression almost of pain. Her head leaned to one side in an attitude of attention. Her hands clasped her knee, an old babyish trick, which in a short time after this must be outgrown. It was the attitude of her infantine discourse to the pictures; her reveries of enthusiasm or trouble; her meditations.

She thought her patient was asleep. The fire flared and fell. Burning sparks lay scattered on the hearth. What terrible scene in her days that were to come was Hester for-seeing through the medium of this tumult and débris? Crash went the wood, and the tall flame was felled.

"Mother," said Pierce next morning, "that little puss will be a beautiful woman."

"Will she?" said Lady Humphrey, drily. And the next day Hester was sent back to her school.

Months passed away after that, and at last it did seem as though the time that Hester dreaded had arrived; and she felt herself shaken off and forgotten. The schoolmistress clamoured for the money that was due [to her, and Lady Humphrey listened, considered, remembered. Yes, to be sure, the little

beggar must not starve. She ordered her carriage, and took her way to the school. A wild light of expectation sprang to Hester's eyes, as the well-known horses pulled up at the door, and she was quickly by the side of her benefactress. Ah, how tall and awkward and plain the girl had grown! Anxiety, it was true, had not beautified poor Hester. Her eyes had dark circles round them, and her cheeks were pale and thin. Her poor frocks were outgrown, making her look a grotesque figure.

"What is to be done?" said Lady Humphrey. "This creature must earn her bread."

CHAPTER III

HESTER, A DRESSMAKER'S APPRENTICE

So, after a few more days, Hester was transferred to a new abode, a needle and thread were put into her hand, and she was told that she had become a dressmaker's apprentice.

She sat in a gloomy room and sewed long seams without lifting her eyes. All round her were busy chattering young women, whose conversation informed her that they were well supplied with fathers, brothers, mothers, and sisters. Their gossip was of vulgar beaux and holiday treats, the last visit to the pit of the theatre, the next Sunday's excursion to Ranelagh or Richmond. They criticised Hester, even audibly, when the mistress was out of the room; remarked on her outgrown frocks and broken boots, and tittered at the blushes in her face. By and by, when they began to suspect that pride as well as shyness kept her sitting in her corner aloof, they mercilessly sneered her down. There was Hester, desolate, against a whole laughing, joking, jeering band.

The mistress of the establishment was not an unkind woman, but her windows full of millinery were an ornament to Sloane Street, and she lived amongst her bonnets and feathers. Her shop was gay, and her customers were many, and she had little time to notice Hester Cashel. She did not know that the girl was unhappy. But Hester was learning her business, all the more surely and rapidly, because of her painful isolation in the workroom. Hasty stitches had to do instead of sighs, and anxiety for the pattern of a trimming, or the goring of a skirt, often held off the necessity for tears. But by and by the assistant in the showroom began to whisper to the mistress in the workroom that "that girl 'Ester had uncommon nice taste." And presently the apprentices began

to pause in their persecution and stare when particular work was handed over their heads, and entrusted to the fingers of their victim.

After some time it dawned upon Hester that she was growing quite expert at her business. She could cut out a satin bodice, and plait in a voluminous court train to fit a dainty waist as deftly as any mistress of the art who ever handled a needle. She had also devices of her own in the matter of trimmings which were apt to charm the fancy of fine customers. "Give it to young Cashel," the mistress would say at length whenever there was anything pretty to be done.

She was seventeen by the time this point was gained, and womanhood was beginning to look out of her troubled eyes. She was still shabby Hester, untidy Hester, in spite of all her efforts to be neat; and the envy of others did not fail to make her conscious of her needs. Things that had once been indifferent now pressed on her sorely. Shame oppressed, and bitterness afflicted her. The past, with its intervals of sunshine, was gone, and the fullness of the present was swelling painfully around her.

There came an hour, however, when the sneers and the insults that had harassed her were silenced. Hester spoke out once, and frightened her bugbear away for ever.

One day an unusual supply of nice work fell to her share. An envious spirit had been making merry all the morning over her "embroidery," as she called the poor stains and discolourments of Miss Cashel's frock. Hester suddenly stood up, and spoke as no one had ever heard her speak before.

"Young woman!" she said, "for two years and a half I have borne your ill-usage; but I give you notice that I will bear it no longer. What if I am poor and friendless, and wear shabby clothes? Is it an insult to you? You should rather thank God that you, at least, have got plenty of flaunting gowns, and brass jewellery. If you please, you will annoy me no more."

It happened that the mistress entered the room just as Hester began to speak. The words "for two years and a half I have borne your ill-usage" smote her ears like a reproach; for she had known that there were many who were jealous of Hester. The girl did not attempt to hide her hot cheeks and sparkling eyes, but held herself erect, amidst the amazement of the room, busying her trembling fingers with her work.

The apprentices sat thunderstricken, expecting a scene; but the mistress made no remark. It was in the middle of the night before that she had come upon Hester kneeling by her

baby's crib, hushing the child to sleep, while the nurse snored close by; and this mistress was not an unkind, nor a stupid woman.

That evening, just when it was time for the apprentices to go home, she made her appearance in the workroom with a parcel in her hand.

"'Ester Cashel," she said aloud, "I have brought you some fine gray stuff to make you a gown, a piece of black silk to make you an apron, and a yard of blue ribbon that you may tie up your 'air as the other young women wear it. And as for the cost, I owe you much more than the price of these things for hover work, which you have cheerfully done."

The apprentices put on their bonnets in silence, and went away to digest the shock. Hester was left sitting in the deserted workroom to plan and cut out her new dress. And she did it right skilfully.

"I declare that girl is quite a picture in her new things!" said the kind-hearted milliner to her husband. "And I do wish that that fine lady who sent her here would take a little notice of her sometimes. She's different from the other girls, and they're not kind to her, and she don't seem to take to hany of them. She never takes a 'oliday, and never gets a breath of hair unless I send her to the park with the children. She does her work well, but it's plain she's too good for it."

"Does she grumble about it then?" asked the husband, a matter-of-fact person who kept his wife's accounts. These two worthies were at their tea when this conversation occurred, in their neat little parlour behind the shop.

"Grumble!" said the milliner. "Not a word out of her 'ead. And she'd work her fingers to a bone at a pinch. But it's plain to see she's been born and bred a lady. And I do wish that fine madam would come to see her now and again. I don't like the 'ole charge of such a one upon my shoulders."

It was characteristic of Lady Humphrey that one day about this time she made her appearance in our milliner's shop, being forgetful at the moment of the very existence of Hester. Her thoughts were busy with strange matters at the time; but she wanted a new bonnet all the same.

"Sweetly pretty!" cried the milliner, taking a step backward, and having mounted her most stupendous chapeau on Lady Humphrey's severe buff braids. "How sweetly pretty to be sure! And how exceedingly thoughtful of your ladyship to remember poor 'Ester. For I don't take this favour to myself, your ladyship; you'll excuse me for saying that I know some-

thing of the 'uman 'eart, and I can see through a noble haction as plain as if it was a pane in this glass case."

Lady Humphrey was so amazed at this digression from ribbons and lace, that she was silent for some moments, and sat gazing rather suspiciously at the clever little woman, who, with her head on one side in the most innocent attitude, was busy snipping out an objectionable flower from the trimming of the head gear that had been purchased.

"I can see, too, that your ladyship is annoyed," she added, deprecatingly, "because I have served you myself, instead of sending for 'Ester. But I assure your ladyship that she is hout on particular business of mine. I would not have disappointed your ladyship for the world. Had I known you was coming I should have gone hout myself sooner than sent her from 'ome. But about the dress, your ladyship; plum-coloured satin I think your ladyship said, with a tucker of point round the bosom, and a little flounce of the h'own round the 'em of the skirt. Very 'andsome indeed, it will be; and shall 'Ester go out to fit it on?"

Lady Humphrey could think of no particular reason why Hester should not fit on the dress, and so the milliner had her way.

"Very hanxious she was to see you, my dear," she said to Hester on her return after Lady Humphrey's departure, "and a very nice little houting it will be for you; which you want it, if hever a girl did."

"I'd rather not go, ma'am," said Hester, doubtfully. "I wish you would send one of the other young women."

"Nonsense!" cried the milliner. "After all the arrangements I 'ave made. I sent to Mrs. Patacake's in Knightsbridge for a sally-lun, and you shall have a cup of tea and a shrimp with me hearly, and a new ribbon for your bonnet, so that you may go on your business in the cool of the evening; for sure I am she will keep you all night."

So Hester brightened up, and fell to trimming her bonnet. She thought that Lady Humphrey must have been wonderfully kind, when the milliner spoke so confidently.

That very evening about sunset a young man on horseback came cantering up the high street of Richmond, rode across the bridge, and took his way through Bushy Park towards Hampton Court. He was a very handsome young man, with a dark face, which ought to have looked pleasant, but his brows were knit now, and he looked rather fierce and troubled. Whatever were his uncomfortable reflections, they were speedily disturbed by the shouting of boys' voices, a great clapping

of hands, hissings, and the barking of a dog. A little further on he met a group of ill-looking urchins, cheering in great delight; and a little farther still, in the distance among the trees he espied the cause of their amusement. He saw an ugly dog barking and jumping, and the figure of a young girl drawn up against the tree for protection, her little grey cloak almost torn from her shoulders, her bonnet hanging back upon her neck. One hand grasping a parcel was held high above her head, while with the other she kept beating down the dog, which flew savagely at her arm and her shoulder, sometimes leaping almost as high as the parcel in her hand.

"Fetch it, good dog! fetch it!" cried the boys, with roars of laughter.

"Oh, the satin, the satin!" the girl kept saying, desperately, too busy defending herself to cry out or make a noise. "Oh, the satin, the satin!"

And all the while the dog was leaping higher and higher, the girl's weary arm was relaxing, and the sunshine was coming dancing through the swaying branches, glittering over her bare yellow head and flushed face, as if in sheer merry mockery of her terror.

Then up dashed the rider. A few skilful cuts with his whip sent the enemy, dog and boys together, all howling in chorus, and flying at their utmost speed.

"The little devils! I have a mind to ride after them," said the rider.

"Oh, please, don't punish them any more," said Hester. "They are only children, and they didn't mean to hurt."

By this time Hester had put her cloak straight, and was tying her bonnet strings, and tightening the bindings of her parcel, containing the plum-coloured satin for Lady Humphrey's new dress. And the stranger was observing her earnestly.

"I cannot be mistaken," he said at last; "you are Hester Cashel."

"Yes," said Hester smiling; "and you are Mr. Humphrey."

"And how, in the name of wonder," said he, "do you come to be here alone with that great parcel on your hands? When did you return from your school in France?"

"I never was at school in France," said Hester.

"My mother told me——" he muttered, and stopped suddenly.

Hester turned pale. She had been indulging all the day in I know not what pleasant visions of a kinder and more helpful Lady Humphrey than she had ever yet known, to be met with at the end of this journey. Her old distrust of her

benefactress was roused now at a word ; and she wished herself back again in Sloane Street.

"Why will you not shake hands with me, little Hester?" asked Pierce Humphrey, as the girl persisted in not noticing his outstretched hand.

Hester hesitated a moment, then laid her hand frankly and gravely on his, with an air as if to say, "I will do it for this once."

"What is the drawback?" asked Pierce smiling.

"Why, you see," said Hester, hugging her parcel, and regarding the young officer with a business-like air, "when I knew you before, I was a sort of young lady with your mother up yonder, but now I am a dressmaker's apprentice. I am only the young person from Mrs. Gossamer's, coming to fit on Lady Humphrey's new gown. And dressmaker's apprentices are not expected to shake hands with officers in the king's service."

"Well, upon my word! what a bit of pride to be sure! A dressmaker's apprentice. I must see what is the meaning of this. A dressmaker's apprentice! You no more look the part than I look like the Emperor of China. Why, Hester, your father was a gentleman."

"No matter," said Hester, with an imperious little nod of her head that shook two great tears from her eye-lashes. "I can earn the bread I eat, and that is better than being lady or gentleman. It is late now, Mr. Humphrey, and I must get on to the Palace. I am very much obliged to you for sending that dog away."

"But you are not going to carry that great parcel," said Pierce Humphrey. "Give it me and I will lay it across my saddle. I am going to the palace also."

"You forget how the people would laugh," said Hester, smiling in quite a motherly way at his good nature.

The young soldier reflected a little, and did not urge this point.

"Well, at least, I insist upon your allowing me to escort you," he persisted.

But Hester remembered some holiday adventures related by one Sally Perkins in the workroom, and she steadfastly refused the honour of Mr. Humphrey's protection on her way.

"You will give me pain if you do," she said, earnestly.

"Then I will not give you pain," said Pierce Humphrey, gallantly ; and he rode off at a quick pace towards the Palace.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

OUR LADY'S BIRTHDAY

(SEPTEMBER 8)

CLAD in her garb of wondrous weaving,
Shining with rosiest light,
Over the world the dawn is breaking,
Chasing the shadows of night.

Kissing the hills with lips of ruby,
Peeping through valleys and dells,
Lo ! how the glorious Queen of Morning,
Life to her subjects foretells.

Clear sing the birds their hymns of greeting
Joyously, carelessly, free.
Over their beds the brooks are babbling,
Dancing and sparkling with glee.

Blithely as birds, our hearts are singing,
Gay as the brooklets are they,
For to our eyes a dawn far fairer
Heralds the coming of day.

Bright is Her robe with gems of glory,
Whiter than whitest of snow :
Hail to the Queen of Life and Gladness,
Sent to us toilers below.

Welcome to earth, O maiden spotless !
Welcome, O mother most fair !
Shed o'er our way thy gentle radiance,
Banishing sorrow and care.

Guard for thy Son our hearts, dear Mother,
Shield us from sin and from crime,
Till from our lives the Dawn Eternal
Chases the shadows of time.

F. M. B.

LOUISE MICHEL

THE subject of this sketch, Louise Gimet, was one of the worst among the Paris Communists in 1871 ; her life was compiled by Dr. Boissarie from facts given to him by Sister de la Garde of St. Joseph's Convent, Montpellier, who was instrumental in the marvellous change and conversion in this remarkable penitent who was thirty-three years of age at the time of the Commune.

Tall, strong, energetic, her expression of face was stern, yet now and then softened by gleams of brightness and sweetness ; heart and soul she joined in the Revolution, and, being a friend of Garibaldi, she held a high position among the Freemasons, and developed a strong taste for military tactics which she quickly acquired.

Under the Commune she took the name " Captain Pigerre," and wore the uniform of a captain with a red sash ; usually attending at the head of her company at the deaths of condemned prisoners, thus gratifying her blood-thirsty nature. She presided at the shooting of Monsignor Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, on May 24, 1871. After the third round was fired, he still breathed, she went forward and despatched him with a brutal kick in the head, then savagely trampled on his dead body. Four or five days later, when the Archbishop's remains were brought home, Abbé Schaeffer and other witnesses were surprised at finding the face disfigured and unrecognisable ; the effects of Louise's maltreatment, no ball having struck the head.

On May 26, she again headed her men at the death of Père Olivaint, S.J., reserving to herself the right of firing the first shot. At this moment Père Olivaint, noticing the disguise, said, " Madame, this costume is not becoming." As time went on, if holy Père Olivaint's name were mentioned in her hearing, she trembled, and could not conceal her remorseful expression ; later on, the unhappy woman, among the many crimes and scandals of her past life, confessed to having murdered thirteen priests.

Arrested in arms on the Barricades, Pigerre was tried by court martial, and condemned to death. The Superioress of St. Lazare, anxious to save this sinful soul, begged for a reprieve

which was granted. This delay saved Louise's life ; her name, doubtless being overlooked, was not again called.

She was imprisoned in St. Lazare, which was ultimately the happy cause of her conversion, as the nun who had saved her life now became the guide of this fierce nature. She often said : " I want and I will have your soul."

At the beginning of Louise's conversion in trying moments of mental struggle, her best solace was to pray at Père Olivaint's tomb, whose last words were reprimanding her ; while kneeling there, at 33 Rue de Sevres, the pious penitent was miraculously cured of a painful wound in the knee.

During her imprisonment she had only one book in her cell—a volume of Père Olivaint's sermons, which so touched her heart that she observed to the Superioress : " Strange that a priest whose name I could not formerly utter without fury, is now instrumental in bringing me to God."

At Montpellier the Sisters of St. Joseph conducted an Orphanage as well as a separate community, consisting of a hundred young girls and women who, having more or less erred, wished to redeem the past, and gave solemn promise of lasting reform. Under the name, and wearing the habit, of " Children of Mary," they are truly spiritual, and are partly recruited by liberated prisoners. (But, alas ! can we still speak thus in the present tense ?)

After the defeat of the Commune, two hundred of these women, variously accused, were distributed among the different houses established in France, and at the termination of their sentence some begged to be allowed to remain under the care of the nuns, and proved models of piety and self-denial.

Such was Louise Gimet, who henceforth for the remaining eighteen or twenty years of her life was devoted to prayer and penance ; surely this noble self-abnegation redeemed her former sinful life. The change was complete : no murmur, no uncharitable or critical remark ever passed her lips ; and her greatest happiness was to help the dying. Thus Louise spent her last years. On her dying bed, being asked if she were tormented by fear, she replied : " What can I fear ? I have thrown myself completely on God's mercy."

A former companion, also penitent, in some degree accounted for the grace granted to Louise, who, she said, always preserved devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and besides was most charitable to the poor. During her youthful wanderings, going along a street, at the foot of Fourvières hill, Lyons, she heard a passing youth blaspheme the name of our Blessed Lady ; she turned back and struck him. About this time—1858—she visited the Curé

d'Ars, who prophetically accosted her : " My daughter, unhappily you will do great evil, but in due time our merciful God in His goodness will grant you the grace to repent, in reward for your devotion to His Divine Mother."

The Sisters of St. Joseph at Montpelier being dispersed by the Government, Louise returned to her native place, Marseilles, where she died a peaceful, saintly death in March, 1904.

Thus a depraved profligate, meeting in the path of life two holy souls, the Blessed Curé d'Ars, and Venerable Père Olivaint, found salvation in the consoling mystery of God's mercy : an encouraging lesson to those whose great mission is to instruct the ignorant and to reform sinners.

M. M.

AT A RELIGIOUS RECEPTION

" COME," said the gentle Master,

" If perfect you would be,
Come, leave your home and kindred
And friends, and follow Me.

Come, O My daughter, follow !

Fear not, 'tis I who call."

" I come," the chosen one replied,

" My Lord, my God, my all ! "

Gone is our love and treasure,

So gentle, patient, kind ;

Who ever tried for wounded hearts

Some " oil and wine " to find.

A sunbeam she to glad and cheer

And brighten our old home—

Gone ! Oh, we miss her sadly ;

But 'twas Jesus bade her " come."

She was silent, self-forgotten,

Unobtrusive, quiet, mild ;

In maiden virtue beautiful,

Confiding as a child.

Like Martha, ever busy,
So helpful, so discreet,
In spirit like to Mary,
Ever clasping Jesus' feet.

As for the limpid water brooks
Impatient pants the hart,
So had our loved one thirsted
To embrace the "better part :"
To give to Him who made it
Her soul all pure and bright ;
To take upon her shoulders
"Sweet yoke and burden light."

Now she's a flower of Paradise,
No lily purer grows ;
No violet more humble droops,
No rose more fragrant blows.
The perfume of her virtue mounts
Like incense to *His* throne,
Who placed her in His garden sweet,
To bloom for Him alone.

Then God be praised Who gave and took !
His Name be glorified !
Then joy be ours ! the day is come
For which our Norah sighed.
And oh ! our loved one's bliss to-day
Who but our Lord can tell ?
We leave thee to enjoy His peace.
Dear Sister, fare thee well !

W. R.

TO ST. MATTHEW

(SEPTEMBER 21)

MANY with little to leave
Grudge and grumble and grieve—
You far otherwise, Matthew.
Silver and gold around,
"Follow Me." At the first sound
You followed Him, Saint Matthew !

THE FOOTBALL

THE fields, so near London, are empty, save for ourselves this April day. They are lonelier than country fields, perhaps by reason of their strangeness, for the suburb is just out of sight round the corner. We are sitting on a stile about midway of the fields which are bounded by a railway line of few and empty trains. We are absorbed in our middle-aged affairs. The larks are rising about us in a tangle of song. Celandines are at our feet. Cattle are peacefully grazing about us: our terrier, with misdirected energy is digging out a mole: at any moment we may hear the first cuckoo. In the fields entrapped and overtaken there are yet hemmed the country delights. The country peace falls like dew on the spirit. If only one had not to return through a wilderness of houses!

Down the cinder-path comes a small boy kicking a disproportionately large ball. We hardly glance at him, taking him at first for a slum child from the row of mean houses which are hidden by the railway embankment. Arrived at the stile, he places the ball upon it, presumably with intent to vault across the plank on which we are sitting. But he does no such thing. Instead, after a moment's hesitation he sits down *dos d dos* with us. At first we are inclined to resent the interruption of our privacy, but presently one of us turns about to look at the fearless thing. His eyes smile at us with a frank friendliness. He is a pretty child, not of the slum, the child of gentle folk evidently, though somewhat shabby. He has soft brown eyes and fair skin powdered with freckles, a dear little turn-up nose, and a soft pale mouth. Altogether appealing and innocent.

"Well," one of us says, with a sudden change of mood, "are you going to have a game of football?"

"I have had it," he says, "right down from that gate up there. Didn't you see me?"

"Why do you play by yourself?" we asked.

"Well, you see, I've no one to play with me."

"No brother?"

"Yes, I've a brother: but he's only four months old. He wouldn't be much good at football—at that age." (We agreed that he would not). "Nor my sister," he goes on. "She's a year and three months."

"And how old are *you*?"

"Seven-and-a-half. I've left the kindergarten for a big boy's school. I don't know where it is, but mother knows."

"You don't mind being down here in the fields by yourself?"

He looks at us with a certain misgiving, which makes the one who had spoken self-reproachful. It was as though one had called into being Fear in a thing hitherto innocent.

"Father and mother sent me," he says slowly. "They said I'd be safe."

"Of course you are safe."

He drew up a little. "I should have been here long ago," he says, "if I hadn't had to do the shopping for mother."

"You do shopping!"

"Mother says I shop very well," he says with pride. "I was down the Broadway and even in the High Street. I crossed right in front of the trams."

Somehow these adventures seem less alarming than to leave him in the fields alone. The field path is a short cut to a main road, and one has met villainous tramps there. It is an hour when decent folk are at the mid-day meal. The empty fields seem illimitably lonely. Yet we must go. He takes off his cap prettily, and we say farewell.

But we are loth to leave him: and, as we climb the hill, we look back often at the little figure sitting on the stile. A field or two away we pause to watch him, and see him kicking his football about, a curiously solitary and unmirthful little figure. And at the moment we watch he turns round and begins to follow us. We suspect that all along the solitude had daunted him. He will overtake us, and we shall leave him at his own door. Odd that people should be so without fears for their little ones. As we turn about, we are aware of a large guardian of the peace who is in a quiet nook, indulging in a surreptitious smoke. The loneliness of the field and their brooding dangers have disappeared. Why should not the little lad have his morning among the grass and budding things? As we passed the policeman, the little feet come thudding along the cinder path. He pauses in front of the policeman, and looks up at him, evidently entering into conversation with the trust which had won our hearts. We look for a second or two. The policeman takes the ball and handles it appraisingly, then kicks it. The two run after the ball. There is a shrill shout of laughter. We walk on quickly with a deep breath of relief. Our small friend has found a playmate and a protector.

K. T. H.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S HEIRESS

A STORY

CHAPTER XXV

VERY motionless and still, Elizabeth sat by her uncle's side, her eyes upon his face, her heart full of wonder. A few hours ago Terence O'Neill had been but a name to her—now he was a living and breathing reality, and a reality that promised to bring considerable peace and happiness into her life.

"I'll be as a daughter to him, for I feel that I can love him well. Oh! how different he is to poor Uncle John," she thought. "He would never try to force me to marry just to suit his own purpose. Oh! how glad and proud Aunt Magdalen will be of him. The dear thing! how delightful to see her, to-morrow—and Uncle Mike! But what can their words mean? What——"

The door opened a little, and Austin Gibbons beckoned to Elizabeth to come out and speak to him. The girl hesitated and glanced at her sleeping uncle. But as a nurse glided in, and softly approached his chair, she slipped away on tip-toe, into the passage.

"Uncle Terence is asleep," she said. "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Gibbons?"

"No, dear, thank you. But there is a gentleman, a young, good-looking man," he replied, laying his hand on her's, and smiling down upon her as he spoke, "in my sitting-room, who is particularly anxious to say a few words to you."

Elizabeth flushed, then grew pale again. "Anyone I know?" she asked quickly.

"Yes. You know him well. It is my brother-in-law, dear Charles Arrowsmith."

"Charles!"—Elizabeth's heart gave a great bound, and a crimson wave swept over her sweet face again. "Have you told him about Uncle Terence?"

"Not a word. Till Terence O'Neill reveals himself to his family, as he wishes to do, in person, my lips are sealed. Charles heard of my arrival and yours at this hotel, in a telegram from Rathkieran, and hastened over to see us both. He is furious with John O'Neill, and is longing for a few words with you. He says he has some wonderful news for you."

Elizabeth's silvery laugh rang out through the corridor.

"News?" she cried. "Why, the whole world seems full of wonderful news. This is a strangely exciting day, Mr. Gibbons. But"—with sudden gravity and a pained look in her eyes—"I think I had better not see Charles yet. I have not changed my mind—till my innocence is made clear—till it is proved beyond a doubt, to everyone, that I never touched Mrs. Arrowsmith's cross, meetings between me—and Charles—are"—her voice breaking—"more than useless. They only pain us both. And now, since I dare not mention Uncle Terence—Oh! I feel I——"

As a quick, firm step came along the corridor, Austin Gibbons disappeared as though by magic, and before Elizabeth realized what had happened, Charles Arrowsmith had taken her hand in his, and led her into a cheerful well-furnished sitting-room, a little further down the passage.

"Charles! This—is rather foolish," she said trembling and agitated, the colour coming and going in her cheeks, her eyes turned resolutely away from him, as she sat down upon a big sofa, near the fire. "You promised not to come to me—declared you would not ask to see me again till the horrible mystery of the stolen cross had been cleared up, and my name righted—yet, here—you are—oh! Charles is this fair? Glad—Yes—very glad—as I am to see you"—with a quick sob, and covering her face with her hands—"it is not fair—and unlike you to break——"

He caught her hand, and his face lit up, his eyes gleaming with joy and happiness, cried out:

"Elizabeth, I have kept my promise faithfully."

She started. The colour faded from her face, and white to the very lips, she whispered in a low husky voice:

"How can you say so? Oh! Charles, Charles, things are as hidden and mysterious as ever. And I'd give worlds—remain willingly poor all my life, if only I could find out—all about that cross, and proclaim my innocence—beyond—a doubt—but——"

"And that you can do—that has been done. The whole thing," he cried, breathlessly, as clasping her hand, he drew her gently towards him, "is now as clear as day."

She gazed at him with dilated eyes, speechless in her overwhelming joy.

"That is why I am here. Oh! my darling—I bring you most joyful tidings. Elizabeth, mine own, the cross has been found."

"Found?" She passed her hand across her brow.

Her heart throbbed tumultuously. "Oh! Charles. Thank God."

"My darling! Thank God, indeed. And now I must tell you all I know—for my news is but scanty—for it only came to me by telegram." And sitting down beside her, he told her the story, as far as he understood it from his mother's message.

"Punch," she murmured in a dazed, bewildered way, "A practical joke? Hidden away in the oak-panelled cup-board? Why, it's like a dream—a sort of nightmare, Charles. And yet very simple."

"So it is, dearest. Now that we know all about it. So simple that the wonder is that none of us thought of that young scamp and his tricks before."

"Strange—very strange. Oh! it was stupid of me, Charles, not to think of it; for he often used to talk of hiding things away in that old cupboard, just to see if they would ever be found."

"He ought to be horse-whipped."

"No, no. But, tell me," laying her hand quickly on his arm, "will this clear my name? Shall I be freed from all suspicion now?"

"Absolutely. And so you see, my beloved, I had a right to come—that is," looking at her with a longing and adoring glance, "unless you have ceased to love me—unless I have hoped in vain, and that you cannot return my love, sweetheart, now, as in the days before this trouble came to us."

She raised her beautiful true eyes to his, and her lovely face, suffused with blushes, her lips tremulous, said softly:

"Love you? Oh! Charles, when—or how could I cease to love you?"

"Never, I hope—I trust. Although," smiling, "you were harsh and cruel in keeping me away from you."

"I was right in that—till my name was cleared. But I have loved you always—since the day we first met in that field, when I sprained my ankle, and you became a hero in my eyes, as you carried me home to Rathkieran. Do you remember that day, Charles?"

"Remember!" clasping her hand, and carrying it to his lips, "could I forget it? You were an angel that day, to me—the most beautiful I ever saw—"

Elizabeth laughed gaily.

"Without wings. Ah! Charles, I did not know you were acquainted with many angels."

"I'm not—I never," rapturously, and gazing into her eyes

with love and admiration, "really knew one, but you. I'll never forget your courage and unselfishness that day, mine own, when you saved Punch and Lottie from the bull. The young rascal! 'Tis badly he has repaid you for your kindness."

"He had no desire to hurt me, I feel sure. You must forgive him, as I do—especially now, when we are so happy."

"My darling, it is hard to do so. When I remember all that he has made you suffer, my blood boils with indignation."

"You must forgive him freely as I do, from my heart."

"Since you wish it, I will. And, now, Elizabeth sweetheart, you will make me perfectly happy soon, by saying you will marry me, and by naming the wedding day without delay."

"I will certainly marry you, dearest. To be your wife is the greatest wish of my life," she answered, looking down with a shy and vivid blush. "But I cannot name our wedding day just yet—not till I know——"

"I cannot see why we should wait," in a disappointed tone.

"I am not rich——"

"Thank God, no!" flashed quickly through Elizabeth's brain. "Otherwise dear Uncle Terence should have laboured in vain. Of what use to find gold and make a fortune for a niece, and then come home and find her engaged to a wealthy man? It would be terribly annoying, and the poor dear is so very sensitive. It would be a joy to him to help Charles—a happiness to know that his money is really of use to us."

"I am not rich," continued Charles, little imagining what was passing through the girl's mind, "but I am getting on. I love you, and can give you a happy, if only a humble home. We'll not require much, and by and by things will improve."

"I know, dearest. You can and would give me all I want. But," in some confusion, "I am not my own mistress, just at present."

"Not your own mistress! My dear child," he cried a little impatiently, "why not?"

"I cannot tell you. Don't ask me—yet. But I'm very comfortable and happy here, Charles."

He stared at her in amazement.

"Comfortable and happy? You astonish me, Elizabeth. Turned out by your Uncle John, you sought refuge here, and were kindly received by the manageress or housekeeper, who allowed you to stay till Mr. Tiernan sent you money, or came to fetch you. Isn't that correct?"

"Quite." Elizabeth kept her hands before her eyes that he might not see the amused and radiant smile that lit up her

whole countenance, as she told herself, "He must not know yet, not till Aunt Magdalen and Uncle Mike arrive. Uncle Terence must not be spoken of. Poor, dear, kind fellow, how mystified he looks!"

"I thought Austin Gibbons would not tell me wrong. And yet, in the face of all that," rising from his seat and walking restlessly about, "you tell me you are comfortable and happy here."

"And," without looking at him, "I spoke the truth, dear Charles. I am both comfortable and happy. This is," with a quick, roguish glance in his direction, "a first-rate and most charming hotel."

"No doubt," a little sarcastically. "But your time here cannot be long. And who, pray, is to pay the bill?"

"That is my secret."

"Elizabeth!" He stopped short before her, his face red, his eyes flashing indignantly. "Are there to be secrets between you and me, now? Surely not."

The tone of his voice alarmed the girl, his expression filled her with dismay, and she looked up at him with an appealing glance in her sweet, blue eyes.

"No—at least only for a while. Don't be vexed, dear," she cried. "But this secret is not mine. I'd tell you—long to tell you——"

He drew himself up.

"Don't distress yourself," coldly, "I am not inquisitive. But it seems odd—very strange that you——"

"Oh! yes, I know it must. But I can't help it. Perhaps, you may hear the whole story to-morrow."

"We live," sharply, "in an age of mystery, it would seem."

Elizabeth laughed. "The whole world—our world, I mean—is bristling with them. But I feel sure we'll soon come to the end of them. Aunt Magdalen and Uncle Mike arrive here to-morrow morning."

"And my mother, Flora, and Punch. A marvellous rendezvous, truly. Perhaps you will confide more easily in them than in me."

"Charles!" She sprang up, and clasping her hands tightly round his arm, raised her eyes to his. "You are not jealous? You surely don't think that I would tell anyone the smallest thing that I would hide from you? Oh! my dear one, you must trust me more than that."

He caught her to his breast. "My beloved, I trust you wholly, entirely. Keep your secret—for ever if you please, Elizabeth. I will never seek to find it out."

She laughed softly, and drew his head down, till it almost touched her cheek.

"You shall know the secret for all that," she said in a whisper, "very soon. I would tell it to you now, only that it is not mine to give away. You are no longer vexed, Charles?"

"How could I be vexed with you, sweetheart? and how, looking into your true eyes, could I distrust you?"

"Elizabeth—Elizabeth!" Austin Gibbons called out, pushing open the door, and looking in. "Why are you so long? Your Uncle Terence is awake, and asking for you. My goodness!" breaking off with a little cry, as he saw Charles Arrow-smith, "are you here still?"

"Yes—I'm here still. And why not? and what are you talking about?" He spoke to his brother-in-law, but looked at Elizabeth, an expression of wonder and inquiry in his eyes. "Who is Uncle Terence? Why is he awake—and—waiting, Elizabeth?"

"One question at a time, old chap." He, too, looked in a rather shamefaced way at Elizabeth, his glance saying plainly, "I've put my foot in it. What shall I do?"

Elizabeth turned away, and walked towards the door, in silence, an amused smile upon her lips.

"You might, at least, answer one of my questions," Charles exclaimed, darting an angry look at his brother-in-law. "Who is—Ah!" as with a sudden inspiration, "Can it be? Yes. Now, I understand. This friend you picked up in the Bush—this man who helped you to fortune is——"

"Tell him all now. I must go to Uncle Terence," whispered Elizabeth, and waving her hand to the astonished Charles, she ran out of the room.

"You've guessed the secret," Austin Gibbons said, taking up the poker, and giving the fire a vigorous and vicious poke.

"Guessed?" laughed Charles. "My dear fellow, you told it to me straight out. Oh!" sinking down upon the sofa, "there is something miraculous about this man's return after so many years' absence. Rich, too, I suppose? Well, I'm almost sorry for that."

Gibbons threw down the poker, noisily, and stared hard at his brother-in-law.

"And in the name of all that's wonderful," he asked, in a tone of incredulous astonishment, "why should you be sorry?"

"I have just asked Elizabeth to be my wife, never suspecting that she was an heiress."

"And she accepted?"

"Yes. God bless her."

"I congratulate you. You're one of the luckiest fellows alive. But," clapping him on the back, "don't fret about her being an heiress."

"I love her, Austin, and would rather people knew that I was marrying for herself *alone*. I detest fortune-hunters."

"So do I. But no one will suspect you of being one. Terence O'Neill is one of the noblest and most generous men living. Elizabeth's love for you will be the only passport necessary to his affections. He will take you to his heart, for her sake, at once. In his eyes, money, and he has plenty of it, mind you, is valuable only as far as it enables him to make people happy."

"And you found this prince amongst men in the Bush?" looking admiringly at his brother-in-law. "That was vastly clever of you."

"Vastly fortunate. I went to him miserable, out-at-elbows, down on my luck. He took me in and gave me of his best. That night he found gold. After that our fortunes were soon made. But come and sit down here by the fire, and I'll tell you all about it."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE next morning Elizabeth started out of bed at a very early hour, and, dressing quickly, tripped down the stairs, full of happy excitement and expectancy, to Terence O'Neill's room.

She knocked softly at the door, and on the nurse admitting her, stole on tip-toe to her uncle's bed-side.

"You look fresh and lovely," he said, smiling into her bright face. "Every time I see you, my bonny Elizabeth, you seem more beautiful than the last."

"Fie, fie, Uncle Terence," she cried gaily, "you must not turn my head and make me vain."

"I'm not afraid. Vanity is too mean a thing for a girl like you. But you are happy now, Elizabeth?"

"Indeed, I am. Happy beyond all my dreams. My name is cleared—I'm engaged to Charles, and I've found an uncle whom I love."

He patted her hand, and softly stroked her cheek with his fingers.

"Quite enough to make any reasonable girl happy. But you deserve it all, I feel sure. You are as good as you are beautiful, Elizabeth."

"Uncle Terence," laughing, "you really must not.

Your niece Elizabeth is too young
She cannot stand your flattering tongue.

"Now, what can I do for you? Aunt Magdalen and Uncle Mike will soon be here. Shall I bring them up to you at once?"

"No, no. Tell them about me first," nervously. "Break the news to them gently, and then bring your aunt in to see me. But——" he paused abruptly.

"Well, dear uncle?"

"I'd like John to come—to be here with the others, when I tell them—all. You wouldn't mind his coming, would you? I know he treated you cruelly, shamefully—but he is my brother—the head of the house."

"I understand exactly," Elizabeth laid her cheek against his. "I would like him to come."

"It would be more like the old day, long ago, Betty, when I vowed to make you my heiress. John did not believe in me. It may be a foolish sick man's fancy. But I'd like John to be here this morning."

"And so he shall. His heart is weak. Any sudden news, good or bad, Diana Lamb used to say, would be dangerous. So when our dear travellers are making their toilets, or may be resting after their journey, I'll slip round to the flat, myself, and break the fact of your return to him, as gently as possible."

"You dear, kind, forgiving girl. But take Austin Gibbons with you—John may be troublesome."

Elizabeth laughed. "So he may. Very well. I'll take Mr. Gibbons; and if I can manage it, Uncle John will turn up about eleven, to grasp your hand, and bid you welcome home."

"Thank you, dear child, and now go. It will take me all my time to get dressed and rested in time to receive my visitors. How glad you will be to see your Aunt Magdalen, to hear her news, and tell your own."

"Very, very glad," cried the girl warmly. "And, oh! she will be overjoyed to see you, Uncle Terence." And kissing him affectionately, she tripped out of the room.

Upon the landing she met chambermaids hurrying along, and porters carrying trunks.

"New arrivals," she thought, and went to the top of the stairs and peeped over the bannisters. In another moment she was locked in Aunt Magdalen's arms, laughing and crying in hysterical joy, upon her breast.

"Oh! 'Tis good—very good to see you," she sobbed, "and Uncle Mike," turning and clasping Michael Tiernan's

hand, "I—I feel as though I could not bear so much happiness at once."

"My dear child," Mrs. Tiernan smoothed the girl's hair, and looked with a loving, motherly glance into her sweet face, flushed and wet with tears, "you have suffered. Your Uncle John's conduct is incomprehensible. But he was always a passionate and impulsive man. I daresay he is sorry this moment for his conduct. Does he know where you are?"

"Not he." Elizabeth dried her tears, and looked at her aunt with shining, happy eyes. "But I've forgotten all I suffered—everything, and am more glad than I can say, that Uncle John acted as he did. Because——" She laughed aloud, and then slipping her arm round Mrs. Tiernan's waist, drew her into the bedroom that the chamber-maid said had been made ready for her. "Oh! Aunt Magdalen—there never was such a happy girl as I am this morning."

Mrs. Tiernan threw off her travelling cloak, and sank into a chair.

"You must try and take things calmly, Elizabeth," she said, a little alarmed by the girl's excitement. "For you have still much to go through. Are you not wondering what our great news is?"

Elizabeth's rippling laughter filled the room, and both her aunt and uncle looked at her in surprise.

"I know your news," she cried, clapping her hands. "Charles has been here, and told me all. The cross has been found, and I am no longer suspected of being a thief, my name having been cleared, my innocence established by the confession of poor, dear, naughty Punch, whom I love and forgive, and long to take in my arms again."

"That you may soon do, dear," her aunt replied, beginning to understand the girl's wild and happy excitement, but feeling just a little disappointed that the pleasure of telling her about the finding of the cross, had been taken from her. "Mrs. Arrowsmith and Punch are here. They travelled with us last night."

"That I also know," Elizabeth sang out joyously. "But Punch must wait—I could not leave you and Uncle Mike for one second just yet. I have much—much to say to you, Aunt Magdalen," hiding her blushing face upon her shoulder, "Charles and I—we are going to be married soon—quite soon. Are you pleased?"

"Over-joyed, my darling. This is, indeed, good news."

"And you, Uncle Mike?" slipping her hand into his. "You like Charles, I know."

"Immensely. God bless you. dear. We must have a double wedding at Docwra."

"A double wedding?"

"Yes. You and Cecily."

And then he told of Cecily's engagement to Jim Fitzgerald, and his fears for her future, because of the young man's poverty.

"Oh! Don't fret about that," Elizabeth cried, gaily, remembering her millionaire uncle, a few doors away, and his generous and loving heart. "They'll not be poor—and we'll have the most splendid wedding ever seen. We'll invite the whole country-side, fill Docwra and Rathkieran," spreading out her hands, "with guests. Cecily and I," with a roguish glance, "will make a pair of lovely brides."

"That fact," Mrs. Tiernan answered, with a sad little smile, "I will not dispute. But a wedding such as you talk of would mean money, and," sighing, "that is a scarce thing with us now. Docwra is up for sale, Betty. Before long we shall all have left our home."

"Oh! no. You won't," Elizabeth cried with decision. "Docwra will not be sold and we'll have our grand wedding. I've made up my mind to that, Uncle Mike."

"You talk as though you were an heiress, Betty machree," he said, laughing and pinching her cheek.

"Maybe I am," she retorted, tossing her golden head, "or maybe I will be. I've often been called one before now."

"A foolish joke that I always tried to suppress," he exclaimed. "It only made people laugh derisively, and say slighting things of Terence O'Neill."

"Perhaps they'll change their tune, and talk differently of him, before long," the girl cried, with dancing eyes. "I've heard he's doing well, dear Uncle Terence."

"Elizabeth!" Mrs. Tiernan caught the girl's arm with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf, "who told you about Terence?"

"Austin Gibbons," the girl said, in a loud voice, "Mrs. Arrowsmith's son-in-law—Flora's husband, you know."

"Yes—she has come over to meet him. He has had," breathlessly, "good luck—and saw—met poor Terence? Oh! my God," flinging her hands before her face, "I thank Thee. Blessed be Thy name for ever. My dear brother doing well—after all these years. Elizabeth," clutching her arm, "are you sure? Is there no mistake?"

"None." The girl knelt down and put her arms round her. "That is why I begged you and Uncle Mike so urgently to come over. There are things to be done—to be seen to——"

"So that is your news?" Mrs. Tiernan laughed, and pressed her lips to the girl's white forehead. "And grand news it is. But, you extravagant puss, you could have written it, or told us when you came home. Doing well, does not mean a fortune, Betty, and you must not take on the airs of an heiress too soon. Why, that long telegram——"

"Uncle Terence wished that message to be sent."

"Uncle Terence!" Magdalen Tiernan gasped, and stared at the girl with wide open eyes. "Betty! Oh! why," impatiently, "talk like that? One would think, to hear you, that the dear fellow was here—in the next room, perhaps."

"That's very like what I do mean." The girl bent down and whispered a few words in her aunt's ear.

Mrs. Tiernan grew white and red, her lips quivered, and her heart gave a wild throb of joy.

"Betty—Mike—Oh! This is wonderful. Mike, Terence has come home—rich—Oh! I can hardly believe it. It—it is too—far too much."

"So I thought," Elizabeth cried exultantly. "And oh! he is a dear. But come and see him, Aunt Magdalen. He will be ready for you now, and eating or resting will not be possible, I know, till you have feasted your eyes upon him;" and, raising her gently, she led her away to her uncle's room.

Magdalen Tiernan was pale and trembling with emotion. To speak seemed impossible, and leaning upon Elizabeth's arm, she allowed her to lead her where she would.

"Uncle Terence has been ill," the girl said in a soft voice, as she slowly opened the door, and looked in. "But the sight of you will make him well, I'm sure. No. *You must go in alone. I have something to do, and will come back to you soon." And, at a sign from the nurse, she gave her aunt a loving kiss, pushed her gently round a big screen and ran away.

As she turned the corner of the corridor, her heart light and happy, her feet scarcely touching the carpet as she tripped along, someone spoke her name in low and broken accents, and Punch, white and shamefaced, tears streaming down his pale cheeks, stood before her.

"Elizabeth, forgive me," he gasped. "It was all my fault. I—I hid the cross for fun—and would not have harmed you—for worlds."

"My dear boy, no." She threw her arms round him and covered his little wet face with kisses. "I quite understand. And now say no more. I forgive you, from my heart; and I'm very happy—so you must be happy, too. This—O Punch—my boy—this is a great, a very great day for Ireland."

Overjoyed at having his iniquities so brightly and tenderly forgiven, Punch soon dried his tears, and his little heart, full of gratitude, told himself that he loved Elizabeth more dearly than ever.

The girl's happiness was contagious. No one could look at her radiant face and remain sad or depressed. Certainly, to Punch such a thing was impossible, and before long he was hanging on her arm, in the best of spirits, loudly exultant, at the good news of Terence O'Neill's return.

A few hours later, fully dressed, for the first time since his illness, Terence O'Neill reclined in his big arm-chair near the fire. Beside him sat Magdalen, her hand in his, a look of loving happiness and peace in her eyes, as they rested on his face. At the chimney-piece stood Michael Tiernan smiling contentedly. This sudden home-coming of his brother-in-law, rich and full of generosity, was a boon for which he thanked God, from the depths of his heart.

"Elizabeth is late," Magdalen said, after a while. "She went out some little time ago, with Charles Arrowsmith, Punch, and Austin Gibbons, saying she would not be long away. I wonder what is keeping her. She would not tell me where she was going, but laughed, and said I would know all about it by and by. The whole party looked most mysterious, and as gay as larks."

Terence laughed, and pressed his sister's hand.

"Don't worry, dear. Elizabeth will be back presently. I wished John to take part in our solemn first meeting to-day, Magdalen, and like the angel she is, she went off to invite him to come."

"After his outrageous treatment of the child, it would be better that he should stay away," she answered indignantly. "I'm sure he'll never have the face to come."

"Elizabeth has a coaxing way with her," Michael Tiernan remarked. "And now that she's bubbling over with happiness no man could resist her. John will come."

"We'll see," Magdalen replied. "But I doubt it."

The sound of hurrying feet, the hum of many voices in the corridor made her smile, and looking at her brother, she exclaimed:

"Here they are."

The door opened, and Elizabeth followed by Charles, Austin, and Punch entered the room. Elizabeth went straight across to her uncle, and bending, kissed him gently on the cheek.

"I am afraid you will be disappointed, dear, but——"

"He would not come?" he answered, flushing with vexation. "How unkind."

"He could not come, Uncle Terence," the girl said, her eyes twinkling, the corners of her mouth twitching. "He was not there."

"Not there? Elizabeth! Then, where is he?"

"I don't know. But," her lips parting in a bright amused smile, "he was married early this morning to Diana Lamb, and has departed to the Continent for his honeymoon. May peace and prosperity attend them both."

"Amen to that," cried the assembled company, and then they all laughed, and the meeting that had promised to be a very solemn affair, became suddenly merry and uproarious.

* * * * *

Three months later, when the woods were full of primroses and violets, the orchards and gardens gay with blossoms and flowers, Elizabeth, as lovely a bride as ever the sun shone on, was married to Charles Arrowsmith in the pretty church at Docwra. Sybil Bindon, soon to be married herself to Percy Loftus White, was one of her bridesmaids, Lottie the other, as her two cousins, Kathleen and Maura, were acting in that capacity for their sister Cecily, on the same day. For, after all, Elizabeth had had her way, and both Rathkieran and Docwra were filled to over-flowing with guests from far and near, to take part in the festivities given in the two old houses, in honour of her uncle's return, her own happy marriage, and that of her cousin Cecily.

"Yes, it is a grand occasion," Michael Tiernan told a friend, with beaming eyes, on the morning of the double wedding, "made possible by the generosity of my wife's brother. He is a fine fellow, and has acted most nobly towards us all, young and old. But in everything with him, Elizabeth comes first. She, without a doubt, is really what we used to call her long ago in joke, Terence O'Neill's Heiress."

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

THE END.

BENEATH A PICTURE

COME here (step lightly o'er the polished floor)
Dost see, my child, that picture on the wall?
Just there, where morning sunbeams brightest fall
Above the quaintly-carven oaken door.

The subtle cunning of a master-hand
This smiling, gracious trio hath pourtrayed;
The stately lady, wondrous fine arrayed,
And eke the dark-eyed boys that near her stand.

See first the mother's youthful, placid face,
All wreathed about with curling, powdered hair;
A dream methinks of all we now hold fair
More charming in its lofty bygone grace.

Her right hand's taper fingers fondly rest
Upon the 'brodered collar of the heir,
The younger's cheeks a brighter rose-tint wear
Thus nestling 'mid the flowers at her breast.

What! thou wouldst know their story? 'Tis a tale
Methinks too gloomy for thy childish ears:
A tale of ruined hopes, and sickening fears,
And anguish that no comfort could avail.

Well, first, the elder boy, ere shade of guile
Had time to overcast his young heart's snow,
Was laid, amid his sleeping fathers, low,
And with him died for aye his mother's smile.

The other lived to break her heart, they say,
To shame her gentle spirit with his crimes,
As wicked counted, e'en in wicked times,
His name notorious even to this day.

Full often, standing, where we also stand,
Beneath the painted bliss of long ago,
That beauteous dame would weep in hopeless woe,
No sadder heart, I ween, in all the land.

What is it thou wouldst ask me—why she wept ?
Nay, whether of the twain she grieved the more
For him, so guilty then, so pure of yore,
Or him who peaceful in the churchyard slept ?

Who knows ? Perchance at times she mourned the one,
Beholding him, as once, so fresh and fair,
And longing for the smile he used to wear
Before his peace and innocence were gone.

And then again her faithful heart would thrill
With yearning for the other, long at rest ;
Vain sighing for the form so oft caressed,
His erring brother's vacant place to fill.

But most of all, methinks, she must have mourned
Her own high hopes that used of old to shed
A brighter glory round each golden head.
Poor hopes, soon blighted ! Tender dreams, long scorned !

Ah, well ! it is a sorry tale, I know ;
A sorry tale—but all things have an end :
One day the mother hastened to attend
The bed whereon the dying son lay low.

She, all her anguish stilling, clasped him round,
And raised his guilty head upon her breast ;
And there, in love renewed, in trustful rest,
At length his wayward spirit comfort found.

Well, thus he died, nor troubled, nor afraid.
So, ere he passed away, he whispered low :
" My hope is firm, for Mercy's Self I know
Must be the God Who hath my mother made."

And she, the mother, lived for many a year,
At peace, but sadder, graver, day by day,
And still she often used to stand, they say,
Full mournful, gazing on the picture here.

The old folks whisper that, of summer eves,
(Though she be dead a hundred years or more)
They hear her footsteps falling on the floor,
And catch faint echoes of the sighs she heaves.

Then closer clings the maiden to my knee,
And bright with wonder shine her eyes of blue.
"But," looking fearful round her, "is it true?
And dost thou think that such a thing could be?"

Nay, sweet ! methinks the lady is at rest ;
Aye, peaceful now, I ween, the broken heart,
For safe in Heav'n above, no more to part,
She clasps again her loved ones to her breast.

M. E. FRANCIS

TO TERESITA

O LITTLE child ! O soul all-pure,
That lookest out through eyes so blue !
To heavenly thoughts thou dost allure,
Thine innocence would mine renew.

I gaze on thee—I cannot tell
What longings in my heart arise.
A tender mystery doth dwell
Within your depths, O wistful eyes !

Thou art so sweet, so fair, so frail,
With all thy dainty childhood's ways,
Thou drawest strangely at my heart,
Thou bringest back dear bygone days.

God keep thee innocent as now,
So lovely in thy robe of grace—
Its halo round thy pure white brow
Our earthly eyes can almost trace.

O happy child ! no taint of sin
Has marred the bloom of life for thee—
Not we but angels are the kin
Of thy transparent purity.

Sweet baby life, to earth thou'rt given,
To bud and blossom here below :
From out the glory of His heaven
What dearer gift could God bestow ?

S. M. T. D.

THE SHADE OF DARELL

A FEW miles west of the town of Crediton, in Devonshire, there is a picturesque and unpretentious house standing in a cluster of oak-trees that bear the evidence of extreme age. The spot has been for centuries the home of the Darells. The only portion of the ancient family mansion now remaining lies about fifty yards from the present dwelling, and with a modern adjunct forms the stabling. There is a weird incongruity in the aspect of the place. The piece of grey ruin and the ancient oaks rise towering above their surroundings, the stubborn survivors of a past age, the memories of which overshadow the present with an influence that dominates the minds of all living within a radius of many miles of the homestead. No Darell during the last two centuries has permitted an oak to be felled, or a stone of the ruin to be dislodged, for there clings to these relics of his house a ghostly tradition which is cherished by the family with as sedulous a care as they guard the rust-eaten sword and suit of armour that once belonged to the founder of their race.

In the year 1549, when ten thousand of the people of Devon marched on Exeter, bearing crosses before them, in execution of their resolve to "keep the old and ancient religion as their forefathers before them had done," Reginald Darell rode with them by the side of Humphry Arundel, the Governor of St. Michael's Mount. When the rising had been suppressed, and his kinsman, the vicar of St. Thomas, had been hanged on the tower of his own church in his vestments, with his beads at his girdle, Darell lay in hiding from the State messengers. He had more than an average share of the quality that had given their name to his race, "Dare-all," and though a price was on his head, he refused to quit the country, vowing that neither Protector, nor Prince nor pursuivant would prevent him from hearing Mass in the home of his ancestors on the following Christmas Day. He kept his vow, but was surprised at night in his home through the treachery of one of his retainers. Weakened by his wounds in the fierce struggle with his intending captors, he placed one hand, wet with his own blood, against the wall of the room for support, and, gripping with the other the hair of his traitorous servant, he sank in death on the floor. When the body was moved, it was found that the servant, who had fallen with his master, was lifeless, too, with a red stain of Darell's

blood in the centre of his forehead. One of the pursuivants before departing had hewn in rough characters on the stone of the wall, the following lines :

The laws defied :
Here Darall dyed.

And beneath were five red marks made by the finger-tips of Darell's hand. The scroll and the marks have survived the wasting effect of time, and are still faintly discernible on the wall of the chamber. Tradition tells that it was the first time a liegeman of the house had been false to the Darell motto of "True to you," and that during the centuries that succeeded, no Darell had ever maintained an unfaithful dependent. Any act of dishonesty committed by one of them had been sure to rouse the troubled spirit of Reginald Darell, and some ghostly portent had revealed the deed, and driven the unworthy servitor from the house.

* * * * *

"He's restless to-night," said old Mr. Darell, as a weird note, sounding like a distant cry of rage that ended in a wail, startled the ears of those assembled at the dinner-table. "He's very restless to-night."

"What on earth is it ?" said one of the guests.

"Mr. Reginald, sir," solemnly responded the grey-haired butler, who was at the moment presenting a dish to him.

The inquirer looked at his host for an explanation.

"The spirit of my ancestor, Reginald Darell," he replied.

"Oh, that's it," said the guest, with a laugh ; and the old servant bestowed on him a look of undisguised contempt.

"Yes," continued Mr. Darell gravely, "at this season he always reminds us of his presence. But that's only natural, if one may say so of the supernatural. You know his history. He never fails to keep his Christmas with us."

"Really," said another gentleman—he was a member of the Psychical Research Society—"that's most interesting. It would be very gratifying now if you would tell us something of the phenomena of the case, and the character of the evidence on which it is based."

"Ah," replied Mr. Darell, "I'm sorry I can't satisfy you. What you just ask indicates the mistake you make. You modern investigators approach the matter from an utterly wrong standpoint. A little of the experiences that men with my privileges possess would teach your society that no spirit in ghostdom with any pretensions to respectability would submit

himself to your methods. Your modern 'spooks'—the very name you give them is an insult to their order—may allow themselves to be examined and cross-examined like an arranging debtor in a bankruptcy case, but no spectre with claims to a lineage or a history would subject himself to the gross indignity to satisfy some prying sceptic's curiosity. No, a reverent spirit is an essential condition of mind in the mortal who hopes to bridge the gulf that lies between the material world and the higher order of spirits ; but he who has once succeeded can never afterwards harbour a doubt as to the reality of the manifestation. But those thus favoured are the few—the chosen few. And yet," continued Mr. Darell, with a reminiscent smile, "I have seen the shade of a Darell myself, in the haunted room, and I am not likely to forget it."

And then, at the general request, he consented to relate his experience.

"Down to the days of my own early youth," he began, "the tradition of the Darell ghost still held such sway over the neighbouring country as to be occasionally a source of some slight embarrassment to our family. Servants left our employment, sometimes on the shortest notice, from no other reason than that, being of a timid or imaginative disposition, they refused to submit themselves and their acts to the vigilant care with which the spirit of Reginald Darell was supposed to guard the interests of our house, and it was often a matter of difficulty to fill their places. My father, though true to the traditions of his race, had imbibed something of the spirit of cultured scepticism that gave its tone to the thought of the latter half of the eighteenth century ; and, partly from this tendency, and partly from a desire to avoid the inconveniences that sprang from an exaggerated belief in the spectre's powers, he did his best to allay the feeling. But in vain did he argue that the wailings of Darell were nothing more than the north winds of winter sighing through the secret recesses of the old ruin, and that most ghostly experiences had their origin in atmospheric or gastro-nomic disturbances : the memory of his ancestor was too strong for him. I myself, who had been bred on the traditions of our house from my infancy, remained quite unaffected by his reasoning. In the year 1848 our old coachman died, and we had to look for someone to succeed him. This was a matter of unusual difficulty, as the coachman's dwelling was in the stable-building adjoining the haunted room, and we were at length compelled to accept the services of a man named Crump, who had not much in the matter of references to recommend him. The family records told that each hundredth anniversary of Darell's

death had been marked by ghostly manifestations of the most awe-inspiring kind, and, as this period was approaching, it was generally believed that Crump's frequent visits to the neighbouring inns were made with a view to fortifying himself against the dread of disembodied spirits by spirits of another kind. He was a morose, disagreeable man, and, before many months' service, he had proved himself thoroughly unsatisfactory.

"The year 1849 came, and with it the supernatural terrors that had been anticipated. The coachman reported nightly disturbances in the haunted room. Each morning, with terrified looks, he told of unearthly sound and mysterious occurrences—the displacement of furniture, and the disappearance of oats from the bins—that threw the household into a state of keen nervous agitation. Among the servants there was a young Irishman, Denis O'Connor, whose vivid Celtic imagination nurtured on tales of the fairies, or 'good people' of his own land, yielded a respect to the tradition of the Darell ghost that bordered on veneration. Yet, strange to say, he was now the one member of the household who showed an inclination to be sceptical. He was no friend of Crump's, and having formed a bad opinion of his character, was sorely puzzled at the man's hardihood in facing the alleged terrors of the situation.

"'Ye see, sir,' said he to me in one of his confidences, 'there was never a man with a bad conscience that could face anny spirit, let alone Mr. Reginald, the terror of bad servants. It's júst lies the man's tellin', so it is, to keep a holt on the place he's not fit to be in. At the whisper of a real ghost, he'd be off in the shake of a duck's tail.'

"Now, here was a matter touching the honour of the family. The possibility of our faith in my ancestor's ghost being thus exploited by one of our own dependents for a dishonest purpose, and turned in a manner against ourselves, was an idea I could not brook. I was a youngster of eighteen at the time, and O'Connor's words suggested to me a boy's method of testing the truth of his suspicion. I determined to play the ghost myself, to see the effect it would have upon Crump, and I arranged my plans with O'Connor.

"One night, when all was quiet, and the usual hour for Crump's return from the nearest inn was approaching, I stole from the house in my ghostly habiliments.

"When I had gone a few steps I paused. The black stillness of the night seemed to close in upon me, and I was seized with a sense of lonely isolation from everything human that filled me with a sudden awe. What if the coachman's reports were true? Would the spirit of Darell permit the spot hallowed by his death

to be desecrated by an irreverent fraud? A vision of the haunted room, garnished as in the past, rose before me, and I saw the old tragedy re-enacted. Then a horrible revulsion of feeling took possession of me. I felt myself powerless to advance. An invisible influence seemed forcing me back to the house. But there was nothing in life I so dreaded as the thought of yielding to fear; I could not belie my name, and I vowed that, come what might, I would carry out my resolve. Mastering my repugnance by a strong effort, I drew near to the stables. The hideous whiteness of my attire heightened my nervous foreboding by a strange, fanciful dread. It seemed to me the garb of a doomed man—the livery of death, in which he is clothed to be led to his fate. The silence was unbroken by the rustling of a leaf, and I would have welcomed any sound, even the moaning of Darell, to relieve the acute tension of my nerves. I reached the door of the building, and pushed back the bolt, and, without a pause, though the grating of the rusty iron made my pulses throb, I entered the stable. As I passed a stall that was used for one of the horses, I stretched out my hand and felt for him in the darkness—I sought for a scrap of comfort in the thought that anything that breathed was near me. The horse started violently at my touch, and stood trembling under my hand; then I passed into the haunted room. Placing myself as nearly as I could judge in the centre, I stood with my back to the dreaded wall, while in front, to the right and left, were two doors through which Crump should pass on his way to his bedchamber. Had the place not been in utter darkness, I could not, I think, have supported the strain of my overwrought feelings. It was a kind of relief to me that I could see nothing. But even as it was, as I stood breathlessly awaiting the moment for the performance of my part, the terror of my surroundings gradually overmastered me, and I could scarcely resist an impulse to fly from the building. Then a slight sound from within told me of Crump's approach. As he entered the stable, and the walls of the chamber became dimly visible from the rays of his lantern, I raised my arms and held them outstretched. He appeared at the door to the right and came in rapidly on his way to the other. When he was half across the room, he saw me and stopped. Raising his lantern by an apparently half-conscious effort, he peered at me through the gloom, the picture of mortal fear. With a face of stony horror, he kept his gaze on me for some moments. Then his eyes dilated, and he seemed to look through me and beyond me, as his whole frame shook.

" 'My God,' he breathed at last, in an awestruck whisper, 'two of them, two of them!'

"At his words I was seized with a thrill of terror. I became conscious of some awful presence that caused my pulses to throb and my limbs to shake at the same moment with a mingling of heat and cold. By an involuntary movement I turned my head, and the blood rushed back to my heart. A tall, black figure stood behind me, bending slightly over me with open arms as if about to seize me in its grasp, with something in its indefinite, wavering outline that told me it was nothing human. I felt myself powerless to move, and stood as if I had been turned into stone. A low, unearthly laugh sounded through the chamber. Then Crump's voice rose in a shriek :

" 'Two of you,' he cried again—in the frenzy of his terror he seemed beside himself—'two of you! But, devils or Darells, I don't fear you!'

"Then I felt an overpowering shock ; how or whence it came, I knew not. Sick and dizzy, I felt myself reeling under it, and my senses left me.

* * * * *

"When I became conscious again, I was lying on the floor of the chamber, which was faintly lighted by the morning twilight. Crump's lantern was near me, with the glass shattered. It was some time before I had strength to rise from the ground ; then I dragged my faltering feet to the house, and stole up to my bedroom. A ghastly image faced me as I stood before the looking-glass. My white clothing was spattered with blood, and my face looked haggard and colourless, save for a red stain in the centre of my forehead.

"And that," concluded Mr. Darell, "was the manner in which the spirit of my ancestor punished the impiety of his descendant. You may see a slight mark on my forehead where the wound healed.

"What became of Crump ? Oh, he disappeared, and was never heard of again. It was said that the following morning a man answering his description was seen more than ten miles from the house speeding across the country like a hunted animal. But he never reappeared, and Denis O'Connor, became our coachman, and is our coachman still.

"You think it was courageous of him to take the post," he continued, in response to a nervous lady, who seemed much impressed by the recital. "Well, so everyone thought at the time, except my father, who had nothing but scoffs for my ghostly experience. He said that, through some dark hints

thrown out by O'Connor, Crump had anticipated the trick that I was going to play ; that his awe at sight of the ghost was feigned, and, seeing in the situation an opportunity for displaying his resolution in the face of supernatural terrors, and at the same time of taking a safe revenge on me, he had attacked me with his lantern, and that, my face being half averted at the moment, I had been stunned by the assault, without knowing whence it came ; and that then, in dismay at the belief that he had killed me, Crump had fled."

"But the real ghost?" inquired the lady.

"Ah," replied Mr. Darell, "my father had his theory about that, too. He said it was only my own shadow thrown on the wall behind me, which my heated imagination had transformed into the black figure of Reginald Darell. But then," he added with a whimsical smile, "even if he was right, it *was* the shade of a Darell still."

CHARLES T. WATERS.

MY ONLY ONE

I do not love the sonnet, for to me
 It seems a tangled, straggling sort of thing ;
 It never laughs, it does not dance, or sing,
 But drones along, low-buzzing like a bee.
 For solemn thoughts it may, in some degree,
 Be fitting medium ; but it lacks the swing
 Of heroic lines, the heart-enchancing ring
 Of lyric measures, tuneful, light, and free.

These words, I fear, may shock the sonneteers :
 Yet will I add, that though in bygone years
 Whole hanks of verses—good or bad—I spun,
 And sent out ranns that still are "on the run,"
 No sonnet in my tale of work appears—
 But stay ! I say ! Have I just fashioned one ?

T. D. S

HINTS AND HELPS TOWARDS HAPPINESS

ONE cannot, I think, begin too early to cultivate in children the happy disposition which will cause them to look instinctively, as it were, upon the bright side of things. If a rainy day comes, instead of allowing them to bewail the outdoor pleasures which are spoilt, put before them their good fortune in having a day so suitable for tidying their doll's house, giving a tea-party, or beginning that new story-book.

Youth and age, riches and poverty, have each their attendant joys and sorrows, and without contentment no happiness can be found in any of these states.

After all, "the world is very much like a looking-glass: laugh at it, and it laughs back; frown at it, and it frowns back." and, doubtless, it is "the noblest mind the best contentment has."

Of all the joys that we can bring into our own lives there is none so joyous as that which comes to us as the result of caring for others and brightening sad lives; for it is mercifully ordained that—

"They who joy would win must share it.

Happiness was born a twin."

And what more blessed text can be chosen for the summing-up of a life's work than "Thou hast given gladness" (Ps. iv.)? —E. B.

True happiness is heaven. The highest happiness is to possess God. That is the supreme felicity of the elect. Here on earth happiness is to expect heaven or the possession of God; it is anticipated felicity. "Happy the souls whose converse is with Heaven! For the sake of even our present happiness, let us busy ourselves only about the happiness to come."—BOURDALOUE.

Humility is a great help towards happiness. How much unhappiness springs from wounded pride! It is to the meek and humble of heart that our Blessed Lord has promised rest of soul—

"A heart at rest within my breast
And sunshine on the land."*

With good reason does Father Rudolph Meyer, S.J., denounce

* Gerald Griffin.

as groundless "the assertion sometimes heard that humility makes us gloomy because it holds up to our gaze but the dark and dismal picture of our utter worthlessness. Just the reverse is true. The humble have within them the secret of happiness, aye the very fountain of happiness. Even their own nothingness becomes dear to them when they think of Him who drew them out of it and who keeps them from falling back into it."*
—M. R.

What does that word cheerfulness imply? It means a contented spirit; it means a pure heart; it means a kind loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self.—THACKERAY.

There is no happy life; there are only happy days.—THEURIET.

The impulse towards happiness is the same in all men. The tendency of the will in this regard is analogous to that intellectual process which leads all men to agree upon first principles. But while there is a universal impulse towards happiness, the most divergent theories exist in practice in regard of the object in which happiness exists. The humblest child of the Catholic Church is possessed on this great question of a theory which, for simplicity and elevation, surpasses all the speculations of the sages of antiquity, and to which the researches of philosophy can make no addition. In this life to love God, in the next to know and to enjoy Him, is the happiness of man. This principle is of so sublime a character that the application of it to the study and examination of our own lives furnishes us with abundant opportunities for the practice of Christian humility. Hence the importance of frequently renewing the memory of it, and making it the basis of all our efforts in the direction of culture of the will. It is a maxim which embodies, in the sphere of conduct, "the best that is known and thought in the world."—REV. WILLIAM HAYDEN, S.J.

Somebody has said that the man who has just a little more to do than he has time for—note the qualifying *little*—is a happy man. It is certain that to be always fully occupied makes for happiness, and experience teaches us that the most miserable mortals on earth are people of large leisure and no resources. One wonders sometimes whose fault it is that they cannot occupy themselves usefully and pleasantly. Often

* *First Lessons in the Science of the Saints*, p. 141.

enough the fault is their own, but more frequently that of their early training.—REV. DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

Every man should remember that his life will be the happier for making habits to be his allies, smoothing his pathway, instead of enemies that heap up barriers in the way. Whatever we do regularly, we soon do easily, and at last pleurably. The full joy of one's work never comes until the working becomes habitual, until the action is automatic, and almost unconscious. This principle is illustrated in the persons of those pianists who have achieved supreme excellence and gained world-wide fame. They all tell us that in the beginning of their career their path was irksome, that with difficulty they found the keys, that they followed the musical score slavishly, and that for a long time some invisible demon seemed to make their fingers always strike a discord. With practice, however, came ease, and the fingers began to think for themselves. Education is not confined to the brain. Wherever there is a nerve, there lies hidden the susceptibility of education. And so, through incessant practice, the nerves gained power, habits became allies, and at length they needed no light to shine on the page; they needed no page to watch; but they sat with closed eyes in the dim twilight and the fingers unconsciously missed all the discords, hit all the melodies, and, at their call, up came all the spirits that dwell in the realm of sweet sound.

When work has reached the stage that by the long practice it is habitual and automatic, the hours of work become the hours of one's greatest happiness. Every author understands the principle. At the beginning he urged himself to the task; he worked fitfully, feared that he must wait for the spirit to move; but at last, through his attention to habit, the time came when, at the stroke of nine, his intellect began to work, his imagination kindled into a glow, creative work became a delight, and happiness was diffused throughout his entire being.—ANON.

One secures happiness for oneself only by endeavouring to secure it for others.—BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

Happiness . . . in its full extent is the utmost pleasure we are capable of.—LOCKE.

The secret of happiness lies in this: our regarding those who are more unfortunate than ourselves.—G. PICOT.

[Happiness consists in the possession of a lot in harmony with our faculties.—MADAME DE STAËL.

The elements of happiness are : a good conscience, honesty of purpose, and uprightness of conduct.—SENECA.

True happiness, so far as we are concerned, is something negative ; it consists above all in the absence of evil.—MADAME DU DEFFANT.

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.—COWPER.

Happiness ! 'Tis that smiling cottage, its thatched roof all covered with moss and blooms. It must be viewed from without ; once you enter, you behold it no longer.—ALPHONSE KARR.

How many we would make happy if we persuaded them that they are happy.—FREMY.

To happiness nothing contributes so little as wealth, or so much as health.—SCHOPENHAUER.

Happiness is a ball that we run after while 'tis rolling and start again when it stops.—MADAME DE PUYSIEUX.

Our happiness is only our misery more or less comforted.—DENIS.

True happiness contains as much of abnegation as of pleasure.—MAXIME DU CAMP.

Men's happiness and misery depend not less on their humour than on Fortune.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

The happiness of comforting the afflicted is the greatest we can taste in this life.—MADAME DE GENLIS.

In strictness, any condition may be denominated happy in which the amount or aggregate of pleasure exceeds that of pain ; and the degree of happiness depends upon the quantity of this excess.—PALEY.

Men disagree exceedingly in their opinions as to that which constitutes happiness : nay, the same man sometimes places it in one thing, sometimes in another—in health or in riches, according as he happens to be sick or poor.—GROTE.

O happiness, our being's end and aim !
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name ;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh
For which we bear to live or dare to die.—POPE.

A well-known doctor of Minneapolis, who has made a speciality of nervous diseases, has found a new remedy for the "blues."

"If you keep the corners of your mouth turned up, you can't feel blue." The directions for taking are:

"Smile, keep on smiling, don't stop smiling." It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? Well, just try turning up the corners of your mouth, regardless of your mood, and see how it makes you feel.

The doctor treats his nervous patients to medicine when necessary, but when the case is one of pure melancholy, without bodily ill, he simply recommends the smile cure. He makes the patient remain in his office and smile. If it isn't the genuine article, it must at least be an upward curvature of the corners of the mouth, and the better feelings follow inevitably.—ANON.

It is certainly very curious how rarely we stop to reflect upon the duty of being conscious of our happiness, of being pleasant, in fact, for the sake of other people's happiness. And it is so simple a duty, too, always at our hand! . . . Perhaps just pleasantness has not a very heroic sound; but the human heart that, knowing its own bitterness, can yet carry itself cheerfully, is not without heroism. Indeed, if that human heart does no more than hold its tongue about its own aches and pains, it has a certain moral value that the world cannot afford to lose. "Pleasantness" does not sound as well as self-sacrifice or wisdom or spirituality, but it may include all these great words.—MARGARET DELAND.

A LESSON FROM A PROOF-SHEET

A PRINTER's proof this thought may well suggest:

That, though at first unblemished it appears,
Subjected to the keen-eyed Reader's test,
It soon a very different aspect wears.
With all its errors marked, the unskilled eye
Beholds with trouble the chaotic sight;
But note the change! When printed by and by,
Defects have disappeared, and all is right

Even so some lives, if we but lightly scan,
Seem pure and good, but at a closer view
How many unseen faults confront our eyes!
'Tis but the uncorrected "proof" of Man,
Which patient mending will present anew,
Till all be perfect in the last revise.

R. M. SILLARD.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Tales of Fairy Folks, Queens and Heroes.* By Alice Furlong. Dublin, Belfast and Cork: Browne & Nolan. Ltd. Price 2s.

This book catches our interest at once, not so much by its frontispiece as by its dedication. "To Douglas Hyde, whose wand of magic has opened again to us the gates of glass in loughs and seas and the fairy portals of green, green hills in Eirinn; to George Sigerson, who has sung for us the music of the raths; and to Eleanor Hull, chanting her tale of long-forgotten kings and queens and heroes, to the measure in which winds blow and waters run; to these three of one heart, as to an Irish Shamrock, this little book is dedicated." It is worthy of such dedication, for it is Irish genius in a very Irish form. Wonderful ingenuity and liveliness of imagination have been shown in devising and weaving together the rapid succession of incidents that make up each of the eleven stories; and the incidental little touches of description, often limited to a phrase or an epithet, could only have been given by a poet such as the author of *Roses and Rue* had already proved herself to be. Her exquisite prose is rendered still more fresh and original by the skilful adoption of that Gaelic idiom which was in great measure the secret of the spell exercised by the late "Fiona Macleod." To one prosaic critic who demurred to this innovation this answer was given. "First, that idiom itself appeals strongly to me. It seems to me vigorous and fresh after effete and hackneyed modes of English speech which have been written and spoken *ad nauseam*. Secondly, I wanted to keep all personal note out of the book, to make the tales sound as they might sound from the mouth of an old Connaught story-teller sitting in the twilight over a turf fire. And lastly—though it does not really rank last with me—I use this fine, strenuous Anglo-Irish idiom, because it is a help to all who aspire towards making Irish a living tongue again. Irish construction, difficult in itself, becomes easy if we are familiar with Anglo-Irish idiom—which is, mainly, Irish literally translated or English following some law of Irish speech." We are curious to see the reception given by the critics and the public to this remarkable little work, which is much more than a story-book for children.

2. *Sodality of Our Lady. Hints and Helps for those in*

Charge. By Father Elder Mullan, S.J. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons. London: R. & T. Washbourne. 1907. Pp. xv. + 242. Price 4s.

There are few organizations in the Church of greater importance than the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In schools and colleges such as that in which it began originally, and still more in town and country parishes, what an efficient instrument it is for the sanctification of souls!—how many sins it prevents, what virtuous lives it renders possible! How many millions of souls are affected by the blessed influence of those daughters of Eve who become the Children of Mary! Happy, indeed, is Father Elder Mullan in having secured in this glorious work such a share as he has gained by the present book and by the new Sodality Manual previously published, *The Book of the Children of Mary*. The latter is intended for public and private use among the Sodalities, but these *Hints and Helps* are addressed not to the members of the Sodality, but to those who are in charge of it. For Father Directors and Directresses of Sodalities it will be exceedingly useful and interesting. No doubt the local circumstances will in many cases be different from those that Father Mullan has in view; but his suggestions are sure to be stimulating and instructive even for those directors who will find it necessary to modify considerably in practice the arrangements suggested. This book is the first of its kind. It fulfils its aim admirably.

3. *The Story of Our Lord for Children.* By Katharine Tynan. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

This beautifully printed, well illustrated, and neatly bound little book tells simply and fully the events of the earthly life of our Divine Redeemer, and gives many of His wonderful lessons and parables. Mrs. Hinkson uses the exact words of Scripture as far as she can, abridging the narrative with great skill. Any child who has fairly mastered these 170 small pages will already have acquired a substantial knowledge of the divinest of books, the New Testament, and laid a good foundation for solid religious instruction.

4. *Home for Good.* By Mother Mary Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York. London: Burns & Oates. Price 3s. 6d.

This is the newest of the many admirable books that of late years have issued from the old historical convent of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin at York—an Order that is represented in Ireland by Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, and its numerous off-shoots from Killarney in the south to Letterkenny in the north. Like its predecessors, *Home for Good* has the great advantage of being edited by Father Herbert

Thurston, S.J., who introduces it in one of his interesting and valuable prefaces; and here, as in previous instances, he "points the moral" of the book very effectively, emphasizing the importance of that period in the lives of boys and girls when their school-days are over and they are "home for good." Mother Loyola's twenty-nine chapters discuss a large number of questions about the duties and dangers of that particular time of life. The topics are so practical and treated in so lively and sensible a manner that we should not be surprised if this proves to be the most popular book of the whole Bar library. Among other gifts Mother Loyola has the knack of quoting most aptly and often from out-of-the-way quarters. But we hold strongly that persons quoted ought to be named—Father Faber, for instance, at page 258. The five lines at page 134 are far more effective when attributed to Browning's *Paracelsus*, which used to be considered incomprehensible. But why are we not told at page 164 that that beautiful poem-prayer to our Lady of Good Counsel is by Denis Florence MacCarthy's gifted daughter, Sister Mary Stanislaus, whose amiable memory is cherished by many outside the Dominican Convent of Sion Hill, Blackrock, Dublin?

5. Messrs. Novello and Company, the great London Music Publishers, have sent forth a new supply for young musicians, one of the most taking being Mr. Walford Davies' "Humpty Dumpty," a cantata for children, price 1s. 6d. It must be delightful when fitly performed, the mere libretto being most amusing. Book 184 of *Novello's School Songs* contains eight Kindergarten Game Songs, price 6d.; but even pleasanter seems Book 182, "The Children's Summer Day, a Song Cycle for Young Children," compiled and composed by Myles B. Foster. Then we have "Thirteen Classical Songs," and "Eight Unison Songs," and in Book 187, "Christmas Songs and Carols," and many others, ending with No. 3 of *Novello's Elementary Music Manuals*, which is the first part of "An Elementary Sight-singing Course" by George Lane, price 6d.

6. An exceedingly neat little quarto, price 1s. 6d., contains *The School of Death*, outlines of meditations translated by the Rev. George Cormack, of the Institute of Charity, from the Italian of the Right Rev. Luigi Langoni, Provost-General of the Order. It is published by Burns and Oates. Some of the little meditations are by the founder of the Order, Antonio Rosmini. Indeed they can hardly be called meditations, but a very brief summary of the heads of meditation. Blessed are they who are well read in the school of this master.

7. *In Thy Courts*. Translated from the French of Louis

Vignat, S.J. By Matthew Fortier, S.J. London: Longmans, Green & Co. (Price 1s.)

The author of this excellent little treatise on the Vocation to a Religious Life is Rector of the French Theologate, which is now established at Hastings, in England. The translator is a Jesuit, probably of French birth, but working now in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, as Cardinal Gibbons mentions in his cordial words of approbation prefixed to the book. Father Fortier has taken great pains to make a worthy version of this excellent work.

8. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin) has issued a new half-dozen of its admirable penny series. The most interesting of these is *Grania Uaile*, by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. This vivid sketch of the famous Queen of Clew Bay is particularly well illustrated with pictures of the chief scenes and castles mentioned in the narrative. We expect there will be a run upon *The Boy from over the Hill, a Story of Kerry Life*, by T. B. Cronin. A very pretty story, showing, we think, a loving, familiar knowledge of Irish idiom and Irish nature. We are rather sorry to see that the author has already published several tales. Are they separate volumes? They have never come under our eyes, but we hope that *The Boy from over the Hill* will be followed by many Irish tales written in as good a spirit and with as skilful a pen. A still more skilful pen is wielded by Miss Molly Malone, whose name also is new to us, and who has no list of works after it. Her *Paudeen's Book* tells very charming stories about the Moss Rose, the Peablossom, Poplar Switch, and Apples in a Basket. Two other excellent pennyworths are *The Choice of Books*, by the Rev. Andrew Murphy, of Limerick, and the third part of *Lough Erne and its Shrines*, by the Rev. J. E. MacKenna, M.R.I.A.

The 47th of the penny booklets published by the Catholic Truth Society of Australia is a true story, *A Maid of Many Sorrows*, by a Sister of Mercy, and the 48th is *George Leicester, Priest*, by Miss Emily Hickey, which is, we think, only a reprint, like No. 43 of the series, *Old Times in the Barony*, by the Rev. J. S. Connree, S.J.

9. The fourth quarterly issue of *Roman Documents and Decrees*, edited by the Rev. David Dunford, completes the first volume, for which an index is furnished. A useful and interesting book for any priest. R. & T. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London, are the publishers. An experienced publisher suggests that Father Dunford would do a more useful and most acceptable work by publishing his selected documents in English, the Latin originals being procurable already in several ecclesiastical periodicals.

10. This is a prosaic age, and the newspapers take up quite too much of the time given to reading. Yet there are still some readers left who are able to appreciate thoughtful and cultivated poetry like the volume which came to us lately from Cape Town—*Thoughts and Fancies*, by the Rev. Frederick C. Kolbe, D.D. Did our notice of the volume send many half-crowns southward to Messrs. Juta and Company to pay its passage from South Africa? Our readers will be interested and edified by the poet's review of himself in his own *South African Catholic Magazine*.

"The readers of this Magazine will not expect me to review this book. But perhaps sometimes a writer may say why he publishes such and such a volume. In this case it is, to speak honestly, because he hopes his work will be recognised as a contribution to South African literature. He knows he has put true workmanship into it; the rhythms are obedient to rule, the rhymes are (except in one case) correct, allowance being made for a few imperfect assonances conventionally used by all English poets as rhymes, and all poetical forms have been carefully observed. Moreover the thoughts, and even the fancies are at least worthy of a poetic garb. The question is whether the book is more than this. No writer can say for himself whether he has so transmitted the spark of life that his verse may be called real poetry. For knowledge of this he cannot even trust his little circle of friends: he must await the cool judgment of the indifferent. In the present case the writer may hope for some measure of success, even stranger critics having been kind. That Father Russell of the IRISH MONTHLY should be warm in praise, might be put down to favour; but the *London Times* has also pronounced a kindly verdict. 'There is about all the poems,' it says, 'a sincerity of thought, and a kind of chaste serenity of expression which is often extremely pleasing.' As these were the very qualities aimed at, no criticism could have been more welcome. I hope I shall not get into disgrace for 'booming' my own work, but I know very well that there is 'no money in poetry,' and I do not want my publishers to suffer for my literary vanity. After all, I am only saying to those of my friends who purchase the book, that there is at least one critic who vouches for it that it is not rubbish they are buying."

11. Though we have already noticed it, we were not emphatic enough in praising the solid learning of the little threepenny book, *Alleged Difficulties of Holy Scripture*, by M. N. (Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.) The *Tablet*, August 19, says that "Lady Gilbert's name is, of course, a household word, and her *Prince and Saviour* (M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin)—a simple story of our Lord's life—is sure to be well

received by those who know and love her writings." In this corner let us hide the shameful confession that, in our June Number, at page 334 of the present volume, in the second stanza of S. M. W.'s poem the printer has turned "sunshine and gladness" into nonsense and "sublime and fondness." How did this blunder escape many skilful and careful eyes?

A SONG OF FOUR!

NORTH, south, east, west !
And the Four I love best
Lie under the burying-sod,
By the House of the People of God.

North, south, west, east !
The world sits down to feast.
How shall I feast alone,
My dead being under the stone ?

East, west, south, north !
One by one they went forth,
In night black and blind,
Never looking behind.

East, west, north, south !
O, the moan is in my mouth !
Heavy my foot on the way,
For the Dead under the clay.

ALICE FURLONG.

GOOD THINGS WELL SAID

1. Only the most superficial soul can fail to be deeply stirred by even the most passing glance at the solemn mystery of life—the past with its memories, the present with its duties, the future with its hopes.—*M. R.*

2. To a man who shall create literature, language must not indeed be an end in itself ; it must be a means but a noble and very dear means. The true artist must love the material in which he works. If he be a writer, it will not be enough for him to have so expressed his meaning that nobody can miss it or forget it ; his meaning must have been so expressed as to waken in himself a pious joy in those harmonies of words and cadences which can be found if they are sought for.—*Max Beerbohm.*

3. Constancy in the path of duty partakes of the heroic.—*Father Luis Martin, S.J.*

4. How the angels must wonder that we can love any one but God !—*Thomas William Allies.*

5. How can one and the same man kill nature and make the most of it ? I have not solved the question, but I am convinced that human ambition may be made the handmaid of grace to produce great things for the glory of God.—*Mary H. Allies.*

6. Rank poisons make good medicines : error and misfortune may be turned into wisdom and improvement.—*Sydney Smith.*

7. If, instead of being learned and fervent, I am ignorant and tepid, grant at least that I may be humble, O Lord !—*Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.*

8. Unreasonable grumbling is not a lost art.—*M. R.*

9. Though *complevit labores illius* is one of the blessings promised to the just man in the tenth chapter of the Book of Wisdom, there are completions of many kinds, and, please God, we shall be rewarded by Him eternally for many things which seem to men to be left incomplete.—*M. R.*

10. The Father has a place and a work and a joy for the smallest thing that His hands have made.—*Arthur Christopher Benson.*

11. Sleep is to a man what winding-up is to a clock.—*Schopenhauer.*

12. The grandest thing in having rights is that, being *your* rights, you can give them up.—*George Macdonald.*

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HESTER'S HISTORY

A NOVEL

CHAPTER IV

LADY HUMPHREY'S DREAM

By the time Hester arrived, Lady Humphrey was busy entertaining her son. As they sat together, she looking at him constantly, her face was softened and altered. He was her pearl of price, her single possession. It was the one great provocation that kept all her life angry, the fact that this son was poor. She could not thank Providence for anything that befell her, because this glorious creature had not been born a millionaire.

She had never shown him much tenderness of manner, had chafed with him always when there was a question of money, had expected from him much homage and obedience; but she had worked for him all his life. And she had worked without success. By the assistance of a cunning man of business she had thrown herself desperately into one speculation after another, and had uniformly failed in all. She was poorer at this moment than ever she had been before she had begun to plan and scheme. Pierce was deeply in debt, had a talent for getting into debt, which was sure to reach a rare state of future development, in the fostering atmosphere of society, and with the constant culture of expensive habits and a generous disposition. At this present moment Lady Humphrey was bankrupt in pocket, and embittered at heart. There was just one bright streak on her horizon, and she was speedily to see it overcast.

She had been sitting at her writing desk, where she was often to be found, and had been casting up figures in a dreary looking book. She was so anxious to gain money, this woman, so terribly, hopelessly determined to find possessions for her son. He had interrupted her at her task, and she sat opposite to him now, erect and grim, eager to question, to find fault, to direct. She did not kiss him, nor hold his hand, nor sit close to him, as many a fond lonely mother would have done. She only opened her grey eyes very widely, and gloated over him. He did not think she was very pleased to see him, this son. He never had felt she was at any time very glad of his society. Yet Lady Humphrey was a woman of strong passions, and love of her handsome Pierce was the strongest passion within her, except one.

As the two sat together there was a strange likeness and unlikeness between them. The likeness was in the shape and setting of the eye, the unlikeness in its glance and colour. The likeness was in the massive cast of the nose and chin, the unlikeness in the workings of the mouth. The woman's face was all intellect and frozen passion. In the man's no marks were to be traced but those of gaiety and softness of heart, though a petulant trouble overcast it at this moment.

"Well, Pierce, what news?" asked Lady Humphrey, anxiously, seeing that cloud upon her son's face.

"Oh, there is news of all kinds," said Pierce, carelessly. "Our colonel's wife gave a ball last night, and a rebellion in Ireland is more likely than ever."

"You do not look so dismal merely for a night's raking," said the mother, impatiently. "Neither are you greatly concerned in the affairs of Ireland. Let the savages cut their throats if they like it. It is no affair of yours, nor of mine. At this moment I want to hear about Janet Golden."

"Yet, news from Ireland and news of Janet might mean the same thing at this moment," said Pierce, in a caustic tone, most unusual with him, "Miss Golden being in Ireland."

"Miss Golden being in Ireland," Lady Humphrey repeated, as if assuring herself that the words had been said.

"In Ireland with Lady Helen Munro. And it's all over between us. We had a quarrel, and I was sulky, and behaved like an idiot. Lady Helen Munro arrived in town at a crisis, and Janet returned with her to her glens."

A heavy frown gathered on Lady Humphrey's brows at the first mention of the name Lady Helen Munro, and grew dark at every word that followed it.

"And you allowed this thing to happen?" she said, turning almost fiercely on her son.

"Allowed?" echoed the young man, bitterly. "My permission was not asked in the matter. My opinion was not consulted. We had a quarrel, as I have said. I sulked and stayed away from the place for a fortnight. When I returned at last, I learned that Lady Helen Munro had been there, and was gone; and in place of Janet I found a small parcel containing the ring I had given her. No letter, no message. And more than this, when I saw her aunt, the old lady coolly reminded me of that story of a silly childish betrothal between Janet and Sir Archie Munro. She thought it very probable the old arrangement would be carried out now, according to the wishes of both families, that the marriage might take place this summer."

"Archie Munro!—Archie Munro!" murmured Lady Humphrey, almost in a whisper, and with an unwholesome light in her eyes. "I am very poor, Pierce, very poor, but I would risk ending my days in an almshouse to prevent such a marriage."

"Yes, mother, it was you who led me into this trouble," said Pierce, sadly. "I might never have met Janet had you not driven me to seek her for her money. I am punished now, for I love the girl, and I have lost her."

"All through your own foolish temper, as you confess," said his mother. "You have lost her for the moment, it is true, but you will find her again. She has gone off in a fit of pique, and is breaking her heart by this time. You must write to her at once, or follow her."

"I will do neither," said Pierce. "If I were not a poor man, and she a wealthy woman, I might think of it; but, as it is, let Sir Archie win her if he can. She must hold up a finger and beckon me before I go near her. I don't expect that she will do it, for she's prouder and stiffer than I am, if that be possible. So Sir Archie will get her, I suppose."

"Softly, Pierce; you run on too fast. I will own to you now, that I know more of the progress of affairs in that wild country than I have led you to suppose. And, trust me, the coming year will be no time for marrying and giving in marriage in Ireland."

"Tush, mother! How women exaggerate all dangers. Some parts of the country are disturbed; but the glens will be quiet enough. Sir Archie's people are too happy in their lot to turn malcontents, and Sir Archie himself is as free to pursue the ways of peace in his castle at Glenluce, as you or I. Only," he added, with a short laugh, "he has got a trifle better means of doing it."

"He may not be long in that condition," persisted Lady Humphrey, again in that soft voice. "Wiser men have not been

able to keep free of suspicion in times of disturbance. Sir Archie has rebel blood in his veins."

"I wish him no evil," growled Pierce.

"Wishing will not alter fate," said Lady Humphrey. "I have more thoughts about these Irish people than you could imagine—more than you could imagine, you simple boy, if you sat here till midnight thinking about it. The danger of their position at this moment haunts me."

"I did not know you sympathised with them so very much," said Pierce, "but of course they are old friends."

"Old friends," repeated Lady Humphrey, with a pitying, an almost tender glance at her son's troubled face.

"Older than I am," said Pierce, "therefore you naturally dwell more on their concerns than mine." And he rose and walked about in a pet; like a cross schoolboy.

"It seems that your concerns have become strangely identified with theirs," said his mother. "Sit down, till I tell you a dream that I have had about you, and about them, a dream that has returned to me night after night, till I can think of nothing else."

Pierce made an impatient gesture, as if he would say that he was not in a humour for listening to the recital of dreams. But Lady Humphrey went on without heeding him.

"In this dream," she said, "I saw Sir Archie Munro discovered to be a rebel and a traitor, and banished from his country. And I saw his forfeited lands, his castle of Glenluce, and all his various possessions of many kinds bestowed by the King upon Pierce Humphrey."

"After the approved but irregular fashion of dreams," said Pierce.

"Nay," said Lady Humphrey, "but such a proceeding would not be in the least irregular. For I thought," she said, laying her hand on her son's arm, and looking narrowly in his face—"I thought that the gift was made to Pierce Humphrey as a reward for loyal vigilance in a time of danger and treachery."

Honest Pierce returned her strange look with eyes full of uneasy wonder. "Mother," he said, putting her hand from him, "I do not understand your conversation to-day. You cannot wish that such a dream might come true. Your words would bear a construction which I will not dare to put upon them."

A look of contempt passed over Lady Humphrey's face. "You are a fool, Pierce," she said. "If you were a thousand times my son, you are a fool."

"Let me be a fool, then," said Pierce. "And you, mother?"

It is because you are my mother that I will not consent to understand you. I will try to forget what you have said, and we will talk of something else."

He walked once up and down the room, while his mother sat silent, with her face turned away from him, frowning out upon the glory of the sunset, burnished water gleaming through the hazy trees; flower-beds flaming out of the gilded turf, like spots of coloured fire. Her eyes took in neither colour nor light, but fixed themselves on a little black cloud in the distance, steadfastly, greedily, as upon something that she desired to possess.

"The young person is here from the dressmaker's, my lady," said a servant at the door.

"Take her to my dressing-room," said Lady Humphrey, "and tell her to wait till I am at leisure."

"The young person from the dressmaker's!" said Pierce when the servant had gone. "So this is to be the end of poor little Hester."

"How do you know that this is poor little Hester?" said Lady Humphrey.

"I met her coming out, that is all," he answered. "She would hardly shake hands with me, poor girl, she was so proud, and so humble. And she has the beauty and the bearing of a princess. 'Tis a sin not to let her be a lady."

"I have no objection to let her be a lady," said Lady Humphrey. "I only profess that I am not able to make her one. She must earn her own bread."

"'Twould be no great bounty to give bread to such a creature out of kindness," said Pierce.

"I gave it to her when I could," said Lady Humphrey. "Now I can do no more than find my own. I have done well in giving her the means of supporting herself, and I desire that you will not interfere."

"Something must be done to place her among people in her own class of life," said Pierce, hotly. "You must think of it, mother, or you and I shall quarrel."

"It seems that there are a great many points at issue between us," said Lady Humphrey, growing colder as he grew warm. "We must leave it to time to decide upon our differences."

"If you will do nothing, then, I will see about it myself," said Pierce, angrily, taking up his hat. "I must ask you for Hester Cashel's address."

"Which I decidedly refuse to give," said Lady Humphrey.

"In that case I must find it for myself," said Pierce. And then he wished his mother a good evening, and was gone.

After he had gone Lady Humphrey's eyes went back to her little black cloud, which had spread and increased as the sunset faded. Lady Humphrey's eyes now carried and added to it that last little fume of her son about Hester. So in that moment Hester's future was overcast with and wrapped up in the shadow of that cloud, which was one day to burst on Lady Humphrey's enemies.

"But I will win fortune for you yet, you wrong-headed simpleton!" she said, addressing her absent son, "and I will lay it at your feet when you are least expecting it. And you shall walk over those who scorned your mother before you were born." And then Lady Humphrey remembered who was waiting up-stairs; and she thought about her plum-coloured satin.

"Well, Hester!" said Lady Humphrey, and gave the girl the tips of her fingers to touch. And this was all her greeting after the lapse of three years.

"I hope you have made the most of your time at Mrs. Gossamer's," she went on, while Hester was busy producing her scissors and her pins, and choking down a lump in her throat. The girl did not know what it was she had hoped for, hardly knew that she had hoped for anything at all; only now she felt the aching at heart of a disappointment.

"I expect you will take pains with this dress," said Lady Humphrey. "It costs more money than I can afford to pay for it. I think it was not very considerate of Mrs. Gossamer to trust the fitting on to an apprentice."

Hester knew her place by this time.

"If you will please to step this way to the mirror," she said, "you can watch what I do, and make your own suggestions. But I believe I know my business pretty well."

Lady Humphrey in her mirror watched the face that fitted over her shoulder, behind her back, beneath her arm, as Hester pinned, and snipped, and ripped, and stitched again; and she saw and recognized that it was a rare face, in which all the changes of expression followed one another in as perfect a harmony as do full chords of music when they are following out the method of a tune; with great sweetness and delicacy about the mouth and chin, great breadth and earnestness about the eyes and forehead, and much childlike grace in the little waving locks of warm golden hair that lay within the shelter of her bonnet. Passion and poetry, courage and simplicity, all were in that face, and Lady Humphrey knew it. And as the serious eyes criticised the fall of the satin on her shoulder, and the steady fingers plied here and there about her waist with pin and needle.

the woman felt the same antagonistic spirit rise within her against the girl that had risen once before against the child, when it had whispered, "Come out, Mary Stuart, and hear the nightingales."

Hester, having finished her work, was not asked to take off her bonnet, nor invited to any refreshment. That it was cruel treatment, Lady Humphrey knew, for the girl looked fatigued, and decidedly not robust; but Lady Humphrey's mood was to be cruel on that evening. Her son had made her angry and disappointed. She had hinted to him of things that lay next her heart, and he had turned from her in disgust. She could no longer dare to think of him as an ally. He had left her at last in anger on account of this Hester. And now here was this Hester, at her mercy. She could give her meat and wine, and lay her to rest upon her softest bed? No; she would send her out alone, in the rain that was beginning to fall, and let her find her way back, unprotected, to London. A girl whose pure, spiritual face, shining unconscious over her shoulders in a looking-glass, could make her feel gross, and cunning, and wicked, deserved no better treatment at her hands.

"How do you purpose returning to town?" asked Lady Humphrey, as the large summer rain-drops came sliding down the pane. Hester was tying up her parcel, and the room was growing dark. Lady Humphrey expected terror, tears, and a prayer to be allowed to remain in shelter till morning. After all, perhaps she hoped for such a scene. It gratified her at the moment to be harsh, but it would have suited her plans to be obliged to relent.

But Hester, nothing daunted, explained. She had been turning this matter over in her mind while she worked, and had hit upon a means of getting home.

"Mrs. Gossamer's laundress lives in Richmond," she said; "and to-morrow will be her morning for starting at daybreak for London. She will take me in her cart, I daresay."

"But where will you pass the night in the meantime?" said Lady Humphrey, unwillingly.

"Oh, she will let me sleep in the crib with Baby Johnny. Baby Johnny and I are great friends."

And so Hester went upon her way. "Oh dear! oh dear!" she wept as she went along; "I will never come back to Hampton Court again!"

And yet it would have suited Lady Humphrey to have taken her by the hand, kept her by her side, affected an interest in her, kissed and made friends. Within the last few hours, even, while her son Pierce had been talking to her, while she

had mused alone after his departure, and again while Hester's head had gleamed over her shoulder in the looking-glass, a light had shone upon her difficulties which had shown her the necessity of withdrawing this girl from her wholesome distance and independence, to fill a gap in the plan that was daily taking shape within her brain. She had wrapped her up in that cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which had risen in the western sky. She had found a place for her in the economy of the scheme that lay at her heart. She had work marked out for her to do, with her innocence, her truthfulness, her beauty, and that well-remembered fervour of her nature, which had made her hostile, but might make her useful. She had had this arranged, and yet she had lost an opportunity, increasing the difficulties of the task that lay before her; and all for the gratification of an impulse of ill-will.

"I have been silly!" said Lady Humphrey; "but it is not yet too late." And she sent off a messenger to Richmond.

Hester was supping on bread and milk, with Baby Johnny in her arms. The cottage door was open, and the summer rain was falling, falling, pattering over the broad freckled faces of the laurel leaves, beating the fragrant breath out of the musk, filling the pink cups of the sweet-brier roses upon the gable, till their golden hearts were drowning in refreshment. The laundress was packing up her snowy linens and muslins in their baskets, and Baby Johnny was falling asleep with his face buried in Hester's yellow hair, when Lady Humphrey's page arrived, and looked in at the open door.

The boy brought a note. Lady Humphrey desired earnestly that Hester should return and stay the night. The morning would be wet, and a drive in the cart not pleasant. And a nice soft shawl had been sent for muffling, and an umbrella to protect her. Hester could not choose but go. She looked round the homely cottage with regret, kissed Baby Johnny, and set out.

The night was not dark, and the gardens of the palace were delicious with the genial rain. Falling, falling, it quenched the fire at the earth's heart. So had melted that little cloud in the evening sky, that had spread and increased, and saddened the fierce glory of the sunset. Farmers in simple homesteads looked out from under the thirsty eaves, and blessed Heaven for the relief of the parched fields. Was there no one to pray that that other cloud which was growing and darkening within Lady Humphrey's secret ken, might also come to earth in timely tears of repentance and benediction?

But Hester, tripping along the wet lawns, through those

whispering showers, and all the fragrant breathing of the newly awakened perfumes, felt only that some echo of her childish raptures had come back to her for the hour.

CHAPTER V

HOW SHALL IT BE DONE ?

AFTER Lady Humphrey had sent away her messenger, she found it very warm in her solitary drawingroom. The air seemed thick and feverish with the atmosphere of her own thoughts. She put aside the curtains from her window with both hands, threw open the sash, and looked out upon the grey twilight, creeping mistily over the dripping, silent, satisfied world. And then she began to walk slowly up and down the room, getting so dark that she could just see the path that she marked out for herself, up to a grimly beautiful little statue of Nemesis, on its pedestal in the farthest corner, and back again ; there and back again. The cool rain was blowing in, and there was not a sound to disturb, but the dabbling of the drops among the little pools upon the window sill. So Lady Humphrey, having taken her first step towards a cherished end, delivered herself up to an hour's reflection. It was not so much that she was taken possession of by thoughts, at the first, as that she set herself determinedly to think some matters out.

Her face, as she moved through the shadows, with its grey hue, its knitted brows, and hard-set mouth, might have matched some of those other faces of bygone plotters and spoilers of the peace of the innocent, which were hanging up on high walls, only the breadth of a few chambers removed from her, fixed for ever under the gaze of all time, with the story of their secret misdeeds written in the open daylight on their brows. But there was no observant dreamer present—no Hester, with straight open eyes, to take notes, and draw comparisons ; the statue of Nemesis looked on to its own goal, and knew nothing about the matter ; and the rain was busy gossiping to the window-sill ; and Lady Humphrey's thoughts were as far from the subject of the musty legends and faded pictures of foolish people who were found out, as any lover of fresh air and fair dealing could desire.

Lady Humphrey's thoughts surrounded her with brilliant scenes, as sweet and peaceful, as fresh and wholesome, as ever memory undertook to furnish. Mountains lying in an atmosphere of summer light, serene and magnificent ; crags covered with heather ; mighty ravines with the clouds dipping into them,

and the slight ash lifting its tasselled head to meet the sky, shaking its scarlet berries against the blue. A stream, perpetually descending, swift and flashing, like a sword dividing two hills, falling into the valley with foam and thunder, slackening, flowing, smooth, silvery, musical, taking all sweet things with it to the sea ; children's voices, lilies, sedges, echoes of the blessings that arise from and return upon the valley homesteads, like the pigeons that soar from and alight upon the thatches.

For there is also a bay of the sea in Lady Humphrey's picture, with a village sitting at its feet, and the brown sails of fishing craft floating to and fro in its harbour ; and there is a castle, away up hillwards, half mossed over, and ivied up to its chimneys with nestling there for so many centuries in its hollow among the mountains. In this castle there are venerable chambers, and ancient household gods. And there is plenty of life about, faces coming and going, in the light and in the shade ; and there is a great peace and dignity about the place.

It is many a day since Lady Humphrey has seen this castle, and the date of her intimate acquaintance with it is thirty years back. So it is not to be expected that the faces which her memory beholds set in its atmosphere should bear the same features, or at least wear the same look, as those which at this actual moment inhabit it. The old may be expected to have passed away, and the young to have grown old. No one can know this better than Lady Humphrey, with those thirty years of life lying behind her ; and yet they are the faces of thirty years ago that she sees with her mental vision.

One is the face of an elderly woman, proud, keen, benevolent. Though a good face, and long since vanished from the earth, it is hateful and lifelike to Lady Humphrey at this moment. Then there are the faces of two girls ; one, with pale satin-like braided hair and severely handsome features, is surely the very image of Lady Humphrey in her youth. She looks with envy and jealousy towards the other, who, with dreamy eyes, sensitive mouth, and aristocratic mien, stands slightly aloof, fearing a little, and pitying, and wondering, and sheltering herself by the elder woman's side. And there is a man's face, too, sometimes of the group, and sometimes not of it, a genial, laughing, manly face ; and this also has left the earth long ago ; but its memory is not hateful to Lady Humphrey.

These are not the people whom she has to deal with at this day, and with a stern shake of the head she dismisses them to the past to which they belong. They disappear, and others spring up and take their place. Lady Humphrey's eyes

now rest upon a happy family group. There is a stately looking mother, with surely the same eyes and mouth as that dreamy-faced girl who has vanished; the same brow, but for wrinkles; the same hair, but for silver threads; a son, with a great deal of the delicate nobility of that mother in his countenance, mixed with much of the sunny geniality of the father who has passed away, and a girl with bright eyes and a merry tongue, standing beside and between them. All pleasant things are round them in their castle among the hills. And if into the midst of this happy group and into the heart of this peaceful home, Lady Humphrey should be planning to introduce her lonely friendless Hester, who could venture to call her cruel or unkind?

How are you going to do it, Lady Humphrey? It is long since you had any intercourse with the Munros. They have no happy memories of you, nor you of them. How, then, will you establish a stranger at their fireside, to listen at the key-holes of their locked closet doors, and report to you the secrets of their lives? Lady Humphrey does not see as yet how it shall be, but she knows that she will find a way to do it. And in the meantime the drops outside patter on, and Hester has not yet arrived, is still tripping gladly through the rain and the flowers, hastening to put her foot in Lady Humphrey's trap, to enlist herself unconsciously as a spy in Lady Humphrey's service. Ireland is but a name to her, and the troubles which she has heard spoken of as thickening in the island are no more to her than colourless dreams. Yet even at this moment she is running through the darkness towards Ireland; her arms are extended to it, her heart is opening to take it in, the glare of terrible scenes is reflected in her face. It has been already decreed by an unscrupulous will that she is to crush, despoil, suffer, and perhaps die there, before another year of her young life shall be spent.

How shall Lady Humphrey work her will? Is there not one in all that sunny hill-country where her youth was passed to whom she can appeal, out of the fullness of a benevolent heart, for assistance in her scheme of rescuing an innocent and industrious orphan girl from the dangers of a friendless life in London? Can she not write to Lady Helen Munro, who has reason to remember her well? Ah, no; that were too dangerous a venture. Well, then, there is a brave, bright face looking out from among trees somewhere, a face that Lady Humphrey can never have forgotten, in which all the world of the simple-hearted and the straight-minded put involuntary trust. Why not enlist the sympathy of Mrs. Hazledean, the doctor's wife?

That were still more impossible. Those good bright eyes are of the few things ever feared by Judith Humphrey in her youthful days.

Why, then, there is the little convent on the hill. Bethink you, my lady, in your solitary chamber, after all the years of forgetfulness that have gone by, of the silver bell dropping down its homely hints about prayer to the simple people of the village, about forgiveness before the going down of the sun. There are gentle souls within those whitewashed walls, too busy with the ailments of their poor to be not easily deceived by a pretty tale of mercy. Why not write them such a letter as you can write, and have them singing praises to heaven that so noble a heart as yours has remained unspoiled in the wicked world? Ay, if the mother abbess, who was a friend to the pale-haired Judith in her girlhood, were dead, this might be done. 'Tis true she is an aged woman now, but she has not yet descended to take possession of her appointed corner in the little graveyard beside the sea. Are there not yet many others in this neighbourhood whose assistance might be sought in so creditable an enterprise? Yes; but from the questions Lady Humphrey has been putting to herself this hour past, and the answers she has been finding at the bottom of her heart, it would seem as if every door, even the lowliest in the village, must have a bar placed across it at the approach of the shadow of Judith Blake. Lady Humphrey must leave this difficulty to Time, or the future inspirations of her own ingenuity, for here is Hester's step upon the stair.

And Hester must be welcomed now, wooed, won over to have confidence and faith in her benefactress. Accordingly there is a pretty pleasant chamber prepared, gaily lighted, with the rain shut out, where chocolate, and cakes, and fruit are set forth to propitiate this child of eighteen years. And, in truth, it seems to Hester that some good fairy must have suddenly taken her destiny in hand, when she sees Lady Humphrey coming forth to meet her, her hand extended, and a smile upon her seldom-smiling face.

"I think it will be too rainy to go to London in the morning," said Lady Humphrey, and she took off Hester's dripping bonnet, and tapped her on her wet rosy cheeks, and dared to look playfully in her wondering eyes.

"Yes, Lady Humphrey," said Hester; "at least, if you wish me to stay."

"And I do wish you to stay, you little sceptic!" said Lady Humphrey. "Why else should I have sent for you all the way to Richmond? It was only to try you that I sent you out in the rain, all alone."

"To try me?" repeated Hester.

"To try what you were made of," said Lady Humphrey, provoked at the girl's quiet amazement. She had counted upon more effusion, more gratitude and delight, from the fervent little Hester of other days. She forgot how the fervour had been crushed by her own will, that the other days were gone, and that important years had passed over Hester's head, of the experiences of which she knew nothing.

"Only to try what you were made of," said Lady Humphrey. "To find out whether you had a spirit of your own, were proud and independent as I should wish to see you. Your behaviour has been perfect, and I am now quite content."

Hester's wet garments were clinging to her, but her thoughts did not reproach Lady Humphrey for having put her to an uncomfortable test. She only said mechanically, still lost in her wonder:

"I am glad you are content, Lady Humphrey."

"And I am glad that you are glad," said the lady. "You and I must become better friends. I intend that you shall be my visitor here for some time. You shall do as you please, and we will send away all this satin to Mrs. Gossamer to be finished by other hands. I will take you to the theatre, and we will buy some pretty frocks. And now," finished Lady Humphrey, not being able to think of any other tempting bait which she could hold out upon the moment—"now I think you had better eat your supper, and go to bed. And we will talk of a great many other things in the morning."

Hester did as she was bidden, not, however, without some rueful regrets about Baby Johnny and a drive to London. The memory of her chill reception still clung round her, as pertinaciously as the wet cloak round her shoulders. She was too much taken by surprise to be ready to make an effort to forget it. She would forget it in time, if permitted to do so, but this kindness of Lady Humphrey was so new and curious, and Lady Humphrey's appearance agreed with it so badly, that Hester's poor wits were astray with trying to comprehend the sudden change.

"I wonder what she wants with me," was Hester's first thought, after the shock of the surprise was over. It never struck her that such a reflection was ungracious. That Lady Humphrey after all these lonely years of neglect, had drawn her to her side again from an impulse of compassion or tenderness, was a belief that must be slow to enter Hester's mind. She had been well grounded by the lady herself in the conviction that she was a creature to be put away out of sight, or drawn forth and

made use of, according to the emergency of the moment. Picked up and put down, called out and sent back again, it was thus that Lady Humphrey's will had been wrought on her; and surely Lady Humphrey was Lady Humphrey still.

So Hester sat on the corner of her pretty bed, and had her wonders all to herself. Once more, suddenly, she found herself surrounded with the bright dainty things she had loved so long ago. Here were the same silken hangings; the pictures; the chair with the little low seat, and the tall carved back. She went round the room on tiptoe, touching her old friends, and making sure she was awake. "But how long will it last?" said Hester, sighing; "how long will it last? And I had rather," she soliloquised further, shaking her fair head at the flame of the candle, "I had rather go back at once with that satin to the workroom than sit waiting here for her anger or her coldness to return. And I will never be her dependent, so long as my fingers can hold a needle."

These were Hester's first impulses of feeling about this change; dread and distrust. Further on, towards morning, however, when the rain had ceased, and Lady Humphrey was asleep, other thoughts grew out of the night and took their place. Rest and comfort did their work, and brought gratitude and peace. And Hester fell asleep thanking God that Lady Humphrey was Lady Humphrey no longer.

Every day after this was a surprise to Hester; a pleasure, a trouble, a confusion. Most strange it was to see how Lady Humphrey's good humour lasted; most strange to feel the effort it cost her to be kind; almost fearful the determination with which the difficulty was conquered. The frown would loom out, but the smile was always ready to shine it down. The voice, involuntarily harsh, would smooth itself. The hand was ever generously open. But the bounty crushed Hester, and the caresses made her fear.

Yet what was there she could fear from Lady Humphrey? Nothing worse than to be sent back to Mrs. Gossamer and the workroom. A needle in her fingers gave her courage. And in the mean-while it was pleasant to play the lady for a time, with the long day all leisure, and the gardens and the pictures close at hand.

So Lady Humphrey was pleased with her own success

CHAPTER VI

HOW HESTER WAS TAKEN TO A BALL

It seemed as if Fate took that puzzle of Lady Humphrey's in hand ; with a few simple shakes and touches made the pieces fit together, and dropped it in all simplicity into the lady's lap.

When Pierce Humphrey came out, and found Hester at Hampton Court, he was pleased, astonished, confounded, at the recollection of his own ill temper. And it pleased his mother now, that he, Pierce, should be attentive to and gentle with little Hester ; that he should present her with a rose, write her a valentine, play chess with her the length of an evening (his heart being safe all the time with his Janet at Glenluce). But it would be no harm at all if simple Hester should remember him at parting with kindness. Any link that could help to bind the girl to herself, however indirectly, must be forged at any cost, without delay.

It would be nothing to Lady Humphrey if Hester should go to Ireland with a pain at her heart. And Pierce was (as his mother knew well) a young man who could take a fancy to any good thing that came across his way, and pass on with a little look backward and a sigh of sentiment, and love the next sweet thing just as freely as the first. And the next after that again had quite as good a chance as the rest, and it must hang upon little things, as trifling as the accidental (or artful) holding out of a hand, the chance passing by a door, whether the first or the last should know the permanent enjoyment of the tender hospitality of that softest amongst the hearts of mankind. So Pierce, with a fiancée in Ireland, whose sudden desertion had cost him throes of unexampled anguish, devoted himself most easily and naturally to Hester, his little nurse of other days—the seamstress and dressmaker—the young lady on a visit with his mother at Hampton Court.

And Hester ? Well, even as a child, she had found herself disappointed in him, and in the truth of her nature had not refrained from avowing it. Neither did she approve of him now. But she was driven to him often for companionship and sympathy, and this last she found plentiful at least, of its kind. She liked him, admired him, in as far as there was anything to admire ; her heart warmed to him as the only one who had ever as yet come near bringing her love. She would have soothed him in a trouble as she would have soothed Baby

Johnny, got a habit of relying on his good nature and affection as the only present thing she had to trust. That it was a weak thing to cling to she felt. But that feeling was a trouble in itself.

He would take her out and row her among the lilies up the river ; Lady Humphrey having commanded her to go. He would tease her with the swans, read her a tender sonnet, stick water-lilies in her hair, tell her that a fellow could not choose but worship such a face as hers. And he would take her wise rebuke with meekness, sighing over it till she was obliged to be kind again for pity. And Hester had no other friend, and was afraid of Lady Humphrey. And that lady looked on in silence at the delicacy and reserve, the simple dignity of the girl's untutored conduct, and congratulated herself, that in the stealthy work of harm that was before her, she had found so fine a weapon at her hand.

Thus a brilliant uneasy phase of Hester's life went past ; busy with pleasure, but straitened by doubts ; very brightly coloured but with colours somewhat gaudy and coarse, and utterly unwarranted to wear. There were poetry books and pictures, and visits to the theatre. There were smart bonnets and fair gowns, and excursions to Vauxhall. There were occasional frowns, and even taunts, when Lady Humphrey's temper was not proof against the anxiety of her mind. But then there was always soft-hearted, easy-going Pierce, with his refuge of good nature and his shield of protection.

One day a little old snuffy-looking gentleman arrived and was shown up to Lady Humphrey's drawing-room. It was early in the day, but Mr. Campion was never denied by Lady Humphrey, no matter at what hour he might appear. The lady was yawning over her morning papers, nothing of special interest having caught her eye. Hester, at a window, was busy with some sewing, turning a half-worn gown for Lady Humphrey's morning wear. For even in these fleeting days of her young ladyhood, it was found useful that Hester's needle should get exercise. Mr. Campion was announced, and the gentleman appeared. He advanced with a dancing-master's gliding step, and wore a full dress of black, with some snuff upon the collar of his coat. His face gleamed as yellow as a guinea from under the whiteness of his powdered wig. His lively deep-set eyes took a few turns round the room, and fixed themselves on the floor, a few rapid turns round the room again, and fixed themselves on the wall ; but seldom did they so favour the person who might be addressing him. His face was all dragged into wrinkles, more, it would seem, from his habit of twisting it about into a hundred changing expressions, than from age

Hester looked up from her sewing and remembered something dimly. Had she seen this little smirking man before? Probably she had, over the card-tables so long ago, when the winter nights were long, and the visits to Hampton Court were so many fresh chapters of an unfinished fairy tale. For Mr. Campion was Lady Humphrey's man of business, and it was many years since he had first enjoyed the dearly earned boon of her social condescension. This visit was one of business, and Hester was dismissed from the room.

"Well?" said Lady Humphrey, simply, when the door was closed and they were alone.

"Your ladyship is before me with the news of the day, I perceive," said the little man, in a tone and with a look half bantering and half cringeing, while all the time he was stroking and fingering two folded newspapers which he held caressingly on his knee, as if they had rather been some kind of living things which had behaved so very well that they deserved to get a petting.

"I am waiting your pleasure to inform me," said Lady Humphrey, hiding her impatience under a cold reserve, sinking backward in her chair, an image of indifference.

"Pardon my little jest," said Mr. Campion, humble in manner, yet with a hidden triumph in his creaking voice. "I but dallied with the time till retreating footsteps should have lesiure to descend your ladyship's staircase."

"I see no jest," said Lady Humphrey, curtly; "and we have no eavesdroppers here. Pray be good enough to proceed."

"Pardon again," said the little man. "I delay no longer. It is true there is a matter which I am come to speak of. Our young friend is in London at this moment."

"In London!" echoed the lady. "And what of that? Why is he in London?"

"For an excellent purpose, your ladyship. Neither you nor I could have a motive more innocent or more laudable. Sir Archie Munro comes to London—to meet a friend."

Lady Humphrey made an impatient gesture. "And the friend?" she questioned.

"Comes from Paris. And is not so much a friend of Sir Archie as of Ireland. A banished patriot, a sufferer in the great cause, who ventured to England in disguise, to carry information to his fellow-rebels, and to seek it."

"And Sir Archie meets him to receive such information, and to give it?" said Lady Humphrey, fully aroused now. "This is more than we had reason to hope for."

"We suppose it to be so, Lady Humphrey—we suppose it

to be so," said the little man, growing mysterious and abstracted as her ladyship's interest got enkindled.

"It is all that we require, is it not?" said Lady Humphrey, her voice beginning to quaver with the passion of her eagerness.

"If things turn out well, why—yes," said Mr. Campion. "But 'there's many a slip,' you know, my lady. If this information of mine be worth anything, we must witness the interview."

"Will that be possible?" asked Lady Humphrey. "Have you people who can manage such a difficulty?"

"We will look to it ourselves, Lady Humphrey. We will do our own work, and it will be done all the better."

"Go on," said the lady.

"Lady Humphrey has doubtless intended to grace with her presence the fancy ball at Almack's, which is to be held on the twentieth of this month."

"This is the fourteenth," said Lady Humphrey. "Go on."

"Sir Archie Munro will wear a blue domino," said Mr. Campion, with his eyes upon the ceiling; "and the friend from over the water will wear a black one, with a mask. I am not yet sure who the latter may be. Two or three names have been mentioned. It may prove to be the arch conspirator himself, Wolfe Tone. It will be enough for Sir Archie Munro to be taken in his company. An acquaintance of mine, whom it will not be necessary for me to introduce to your ladyship, must attach himself to our party. And neither of our gallant compatriots need return to his own lodging that night."

"A strange place to be chosen for their conference," said Lady Humphrey.

"A good place, and cleverly thought of," said the little man, beginning to twinkle his eyes about and to chuckle. "There is not a lonely garret in all London so safe for telling secrets as the centre of such a mad conceited crowd. But we will dog their steps, my Lady Humphrey, and we will trip them up. Not a vain belle nor silly coxcomb in the place shall be led such a dance as we will lead them. Aha! we will trip them up!"

Lady Humphrey sat silent and reflecting. "In that case," she said, "if this thing goes well, we shall not require any one in Ireland on the spot." And she thought within herself that Hester might go back to Mrs. Gossamer's at any time.

"If this thing goes well," said Mr. Campion, "all that we can do will be necessarily finished off at once. We shall be rewarded for our services to the value of our services at present. But your ladyship must remember that the goodly consequences of our loyal endeavours must be much less important

now than they are sure to be some six months hence. The evil in Ireland is growing apace. Next spring, next summer, will see the active operations of a civil war. Nothing easier than a transfer of property, then, Lady Humphrey. Not a few paltry thousands for your trouble, but a wholesale transfer—money, lands goods, and chattels. Nothing to be done but make a bonfire of the escutcheon of the Munros."

"'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'—Mr. Campion is fond of proverbs, I observe," said Lady Humphrey, after a grim pause.

"True, true!" said Mr. Campion, rubbing his hands with glee. "And if we can settle Sir Archie's affairs for him now, how silly to run the risk of delay! Excuse me, my lady, but, had circumstances permitted it, what a splendid man of business your ladyship would have been!"

"Pshaw!" said Lady Humphrey, with abrupt displeasure. And she sat silent and reflecting again, thinking within herself that Hester had better not go back to Mrs. Gossamer's as yet.

"And those papers in your hand?" said Lady Humphrey, by-and-by.

"Irish publications," said Mr. Campion, "containing little noteworthy tit-bits of gossip and news. Your ladyship will be amused and encouraged. The wretched old hulk of a country is going to pieces, as we have seen, without fail. And we, my Lady Humphrey, you and I, and mayhap other sensible people, are like the wreckers from the coasts, who dare the breakers to help to put the monster out of pain. Our boat has pushed off about the first, ha! ha! and the spoils promise well; but just now and then we get a hint to refrain from laying hands upon the share we have worked for, till we know that some desperate holes have actually been battered in the ship's sides. Ha! ha!"

The little man laughed at his own wit, with a strange hiding and peeping out again of his twinkling eyes, and a great dragging and knotting up of his wrinkled visage. And he wrung his hands together tightly, and polished them with each other till all the joints grew bright and shone again. And Lady Humphrey fixed her silent gaze, with a ferocious contempt, on the contortions of his delight, and her hands twitched the folded papers he had put into them. Perhaps if those papers had been bullets, she might have taken a fancy to send them spinning through the shaking head. But that would have been a pity, for Mr. Campion was a most useful little man.

"I do not relish jests on this subject," she said, after a few

moments' wrestling with perverse inclinations. "What is there in these sheets worth looking at?"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, I am sure," said Mr. Campion, with a bow of mock courtesy and a grimace. "We will begin with a curious little record in the *News Letter* of Belfast. It is short: it will not weary your ladyship with words:

"Mr. William Orr, of near Antrim (now in Carrickfergus Jail), has had his entire harvest cut down by near six hundred of his neighbours in a few hours."

"And here in the *Northern Star* is a corresponding announcement:

"About one thousand five hundred people assembled, and in seven minutes dug a field of potatoes belonging to Mr. Samuel Nelson of Belfast, now in Kilmainham Jail."

"What do these morsels signify?" asked Lady Humphrey. "What do they tell you?"

"Tell me!" cried Mr. Campion, in triumph. "They tell me that the jails are gaping for men who are beloved by the people. They tell me that if we choose to be expeditious we may have some thousands of fools cutting down Sir Archie Munro's goodly harvest in some ten or fifteen minutes, if we but choose to hold up our finger. But they warn me also that these Irishmen are furious in their passion for their chiefs, that jails are slippery strongholds, with doors through which people can come out as well as go in, and that their keys have a trick of changing hands in time of civil war. They also hint to me," continued the little man, "that by-and-by our dealings with our dear sister island will be more prompt and less ceremonious than they have been, that the formality of jails will be dispensed with, that other harvests will be reaped in those same fields where the grain is now falling so quickly; that those very ready reapers who are over busy with their sickles will be apt to be mown down in their turn, laid low among their furrows, by as speedy an application of his majesty's bullets as such nimble-handed bumpkins could desire."

"I see nothing in all this that I did not know before," said Lady Humphrey, folding up the paper and dismissing the subject. "I have thought it all out long ago. I know how the fools will behave and what they will come to. We had better spend our time in making arrangements for this fancy ball, I conceive."

And some further consultation having been held upon this subject, Mr. Campion at last made his farewell grimace, and slid out of the room as he had slid into it.

So Hester was informed that she was to be taken to a fancy

ball. It was to find her a novelty, to show her a pretty picture, that Lady Humphrey had planned such a treat. She was as pleasantly excited about the matter as even Lady Humphrey could desire her to be. And "I think I can undertake them," she answered, with animation, when called upon to exert her ingenuity on the contriving and making up of two costumes for the occasion. Whereupon Lady Humphrey wrote off some little notes to a very select few of her most intimate and frivolous friends; and she got some other little notes in return. And a party was made up for the ball. Five individuals, including Lady Humphrey and Mr. Campion, were to make their appearance in the assembly as—a hand of cards. Hester was to be Red Ridinghood, and Lady Humphrey the Queen of Spades.

Some black velvet, some satin, some white muslin, some red cloth, were all furnished to Hester without delay; and the costumes were in readiness when the evening arrived. Lady Humphrey's sweeping train of black velvet, ornamented with white satin spades, was pronounced a marvel of elegance and conceit by the party. Her fellow cards of the hand all dined at the palace with Lady Humphrey. There was also a Spanish cavaliero who made his appearance at the dinner-table, and who praised the English cooking very much, but who proved to be Mr. Pierce, on minute investigation. Hester had also an honoured place at the board, and with her gold hair all showered over her shoulders under her little red hood, made a picture such as seldom can be seen. Mr. Campion surveyed her with attention, and rubbed his knuckles up to the highest degree of polish that it is possible for skin and bone to assume.

"Our fair instrument?" whispered he to Lady Humphrey, with his eyebrows going up into his wig. "Then——"

"Little Red Ridinghood!" sighed Mr. Campion, sentimentally sweeping Hester's face with his eyes, and then fixing them on the moulding of the ceiling. "How this carries one back to the days of one's childhood! A very charming impersonation indeed! But there ought to be a wolf in attendance, ought there not?" he added, suddenly addressing the company. "The wolf who put on the grandmother's nightcap, you remember, Lady Humphrey."

But Mr. Campion's little witticisms were always lost on Lady Humphrey. Yet in spite of her discouragement, the little man kept up a high flow of spirits; and the company went laughing and jesting into London.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

ANCHORED

WITH heart overweighted with sadness,
 I awoke in the desolate dawn,
 And said, " I will leave this lone city,
 To the land of my youth I'll return,
 The country of peace and of gladness,
 Of fresh, flowering valley and lawn,
 Where friendship and love and kind pity
 Will no longer permit me to mourn."

With hopes rising high then I started
 And came to this fair, pleasant place ;
 The hills and the fields smiled to greet me,
 As they did in the years long ago ;
 But my friends were all dead or departed,
 All cold and all strange was each face—
 No warm outstretched hand came to meet me
 Of the many I once used to know.

My home is the home of a stranger ;
 The children that played at my feet
 Are grown into tired men and mothers,
 The maidens and young men so brave,
 Who knew not what fear was or danger,
 In vain do I ask as I meet
 The passionless faces of others—
 Each house that I pass marks a grave.

Yet, though lonely and saddened I ponder
 This dear land I wish not to leave,
 With its smiling and bountiful bosom,
 Its grave that is every man's goal.
 No more may my weary feet wander,
 Afar from my country to grieve,
 This country of beauty and blossom,
 Whose peace sinks deep into my soul.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

O'HAGAN'S "SONG OF ROLAND" AND ITS PRIVATE CRITICS

AT page 465 of the fifteenth volume of this Magazine will be found an article bearing the title "*The Song of Roland and its Critics*." It gave extracts from the notices, very numerous and very favourable, of Judge O'Hagan's admirable translation of the old French epic which had appeared in all the literary organs from the *Edinburgh Review* to the *Spectator*. Exactly twenty years later I take up a large envelope which has been many years in my possession, containing sundry appreciations of the same work in letters received by the translator from his friends. I will venture to put some of these private criticisms into print. They will remind or inform a younger generation of readers that Judge O'Hagan's version of the *Chanson de Roland* is one of the finest pieces of literature produced in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The former article just referred to quoted high praise from a private letter of Longfellow's, and also (without giving his name) from the learned and accomplished Redemptorist, Father Bridgett. A better judge of such a performance than either the American poet or the English priest was the Irish lawyer, Sir Samuel Ferguson—if, indeed, we can call the author of *Congal* a lawyer.

July 1, 1880.

MY DEAR O'HAGAN,

You have, I think, produced a work of real merit. The Lay itself halts and drags uneasily in its first part. The nature, too, and operation of Ganelon's treason are clumsily brought out. But when it comes to the development of the fidelity, constancy, good comradeship, piety, and generous manliness of Roland and his peers, it rises to a clear and delightful pathetic power. Your part of the work will, I imagine, do you and us all credit. Your introduction seems to me a highly attractive, as well as a solid and valuable piece of criticism. What I chiefly commend in your version is the manly simplicity and purity of the language and its freedom from the tricky affectations of a medievalised vocabulary. It is my opinion that we have among us here the elements of a better school of literature than they have in the over-refined centres of intelligence in England. I only wish that we could act more together and assist ourselves locally.

Yours, my dear O'Hagan,
Sincerely and truly,

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Just a week later the author of "Who Fears to Speak of

'98?" gave his fellow townsman (both were born at Newry) his opinion of his recently published volume:—

2, WELLINGTON ROAD,
July 8, 1880.

MY DEAR O'HAGAN,

I thank you very heartily for the kind gift of your *Song of Roland*. It gave me peculiar pleasure to read the inscription of the copy to your "old friend." I think your translation extremely well done, and the task, I can see, must have been anything but easy. I confess, the words relating to the original poem, with which your excellent Introduction closes, appear to me to be above the mark. But the Chanson is a genuine piece of singing, and an interesting product and picture of its time; it was right to clothe it in English verse; and I am glad that you have had the doing of this, and have done it so successfully.

Believe me,

My dear O'Hagan,

Always truly yours,

JOHN K. INGRAM.

The writer of the following letter professes not to be a competent critic; but he indulges very judiciously in what Swinburne calls "the noble pleasure of praising."

FORTWILLIAM PARK, BELFAST,
August 4, 1880.

DEAR MR. O'HAGAN,

I have delayed acknowledging and thanking you for the charming poem you have been so kind as to send me, till I could say that I have read it carefully. This I have now done. Many parts indeed I have read over and over again. I am not a poet, nor am I qualified to be a critic of poetry; but a more stirring narrative or more fascinating work I have rarely perused than your translation of the "Song of Roland." The difficulties you had to encounter must have been very great; but you have surmounted them all. No apology was required for the metre, which in your hands has been quite successful. As passages which appear to me to be of rare excellence, I would refer to the dreams of Karl, the arming of Roland, and the long and vivid description of the deaths of Olivier, Turpin and Roland.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary exaggerations in which the original indulges, the whole reads as one exciting romance which has lost nothing, if it has not gained, in the translation. The Introduction is very interesting and throws a vivid light upon the whole poem. My family are, I need hardly add, greatly pleased.

Mrs. Andrews and my daughters unite in very kind regards to Mrs. O'Hagan and yourself, and in congratulations on the success of this literary effort.

Believe me to be

Your sincere friend,

THOMAS ANDREWS.

The writer of the next letter was once known as "Jonathan Freke Slingsby" in the *Dublin University Magazine* when that periodical held a much higher rank in the literary world than it did in later years, when it was gradually dying out. Of the literary friends that he mentions as still surviving, Aubrey de Vere, Ingram, and Webb have since joined the majority.

The letter is dated in print from the Junior Athenæum Club, Piccadilly, and in manuscript from 4 Montpelier Square, Rutland Gate, London, W., November 6 :—

MY DEAR O'HAGAN,

I prefer to address you by the name which recalls to my mind the accomplished poet and the man of letters—the friend of many years—rather than by the judicial title of the learned judge and able legist—My dear O'Hagan. This morning's post brought me the most welcome gift of your translation of "The Song of Roland." How highly I think of it as a literary composition, so far as a partial reading of it enabled me to judge, I told you on the occasion when you so kindly promised to give me a copy of it. You could have enhanced its value had you written your name on it, but I shall supply that want by placing your autograph on the page before the title. The reading of your most kind letter has awakened many memories "sweet and bitter"—memories of pleasant days past with dear and genial friends, saddened by the recollection how few of them now remain—*Singula de nobis anni prasantur cuncte*—the sorrow that old age brings to us all. Besides yourself, I can reckon up of the literary men whom I knew but a few—William Alexander (Derry), Dowden, Aubrey de Vere, Ingram, Webb. There may be others whom I cannot this moment call to mind. But what a number have passed away—Ferguson the last—who made the *Dublin University Magazine*, as you say, "in point of learning and talent ahead of its English and Scotch contemporaries." It may be that the successors of these are as able, but I do not so feel, for, like most old men, I am, I suppose, *Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti*!

I have now attained my 79th year, and can appreciate the truth of what Horace says—*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda*. Failing powers, physical and intellectual, failing memory, but oh! not failing love—love for the dear ones living and dead, for all of whom I pray. But enough of this querulous egotism. I have nothing to send you in return for your gift except a few trifles (for I still occasionally write), grains of inferior metal in exchange for your ingot of gold. Accept them kindly and judge of them tenderly. Say, as Dogberry said of Verges, "A good old man, sir, he will be talking; as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out." The lines "In Memoriam" were written on the death of a dear daughter, lovely in features as in mind,—with a fine intellect and an affectionate heart—written not without tears, and not without tears re-read to-day. The fount of tears is very near the eyes in the old.

God bless you, my dear O'Hagan, and spare you long to your friends and your country.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

Mr. Justice O'Hagan,
22, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin.

With these letters, received after the publication of *The Song of Roland*, Judge O'Hagan preserved one that was written two years before by the friend to whom the book was eventually dedicated—Dr. C. W. Russell, President of Maynooth.

The dedication says :—

"But for the great interest you took in it, your generous encouragement, your acute, scholarly criticism, I am sure I should never have ventured to publish it. Your kindness to me in this

regard has been but the sequel of a lifetime of kindness. It is truly a great happiness and privilege to be enabled to subscribe myself your affectionate friend."

But Dr. Russell never read those lines, which are followed in the same page by these :—

"When the above dedication was written and in print, I little thought that Dr. Russell would not live to see the publication of a work, with every page and almost every line of which he is associated in my memory. In love, sorrow, and reverence I dedicate it to him anew."

One of the proofs that Dr. Russell had given of the interest that he took in the work was this letter to Mr. O'Hagan, returning from a vacation trip to Italy :—

DUNDALK, October 10, 1878.

MY DEAR JOHN,

Your letters have been a great enjoyment to me, and I am most grateful to you and my dear F. for them. They are a foretaste of what I hope from our meeting and our fireside talk over your travels. I am delighted to hear that you have finished "*Roland*." I have no fear as to the excellence of the execution, but I shall not say a word against any amount of "polish" you may desire to bestow on it.

It was a happy thought to examine the Venice MS., and you are doing still better in looking at the Bodleian. I send you a letter for Mr. Cox, and, if he should not chance to be in, you need but ask for any other of the heads, say Mr. Nutt, and tell him of your letter for Mr. C. They are kind beyond measure.

I look forward most anxiously to our meeting, which will be very soon. Farewell for a few days longer, and believe me, with best love to my dear F., your ever affectionate friend,

C. W. RUSSELL.

When I first introduced O'Hagan's *Song of Roland* to my readers, in August, 1880 (*IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. viii., page 421), I predicted that it would long survive the "poor score of years" that then remained of the proud nineteenth century. The proud nineteenth century is dead and gone as completely as the eighth in which Roland lived and fought; but his "*Chanson*" has survived it and has received a new lease of life in John O'Hagan's noble translation.*

M. R.

* At the very last moment, after correcting the proof-sheet of this article, I discover accidentally that I had used nearly all these letters already seven years ago. Is this forgetfulness an illustration of the *incommoda* which Horace refers to in Dr. Waller's letter?

A HAPPY HEART

God be praised for a happy heart !
 Grateful and glad I cry alway.
 Though Sorrow come with her searching dart—
 Blessed be God !—she doth not stay.
 Though drear desolation sweep o'er its realm,
 In Hope at the prow, and in Faith at the helm
 With Love, I've a crew naught can e'er overwhelm
 Though friends and fortune like timbers part ;
 Though tossed on the turbulent sea of Care,
 Engulfed in the trough of a dire Despair,
 'Twill Heavenward rise, like an earnest prayer—
 God be praised for a happy heart !

Faults and failings a thousand fold
 In life's panorama of mine appear,
 Much the angelic scribe hath scrolled
 I fain would blot with the heart-wrung tear.
 But, Heaven me help, while my race I run,
 That men may say when the strife is done
 In faith, or friendship he failed not one,
 Nor bade the needy uncared depart.
 Little I lack, if lowly my aim,
 Far better than wealth and uncertain fame,
 Is a conscience clear and an honest name,
 And—God be praised for a happy heart !

God be praised for a peaceful mind !
 Without, around, may be seething strife,
 Gnawing Envy and Passion blind,
 Nightmares dread in this dream called Life.
 Gods three worship the parting crowd :
 Gold the greedy and Power the proud,
 And Lustful Pleasure whose sin-girt shroud
 Wraps her votaries in Sorrow's smart ;
 Worshipping blindly, seek they in vain
 Of Wealth, Power, Pleasure, bliss in their train.
 Lowly am I—yet, thank God for these twain,
 A peaceful mind and a happy heart !

DUGALD MACFADYEN.

LITTLE ESSAYS ON LIFE AND CHARACTER

V.—A NOTABLE OLD BOOK

I EXPERIENCE a feeling of gentle surprise when I see how subscribers to a lending library rush after a new book. Like the little boy who is pictured in an advertisement as stretching with longing for a square of soap (by the way, do boys now-a-days like soap so much?—when I was a boy I detested it), those good folk, seeking a recently published novel, “won’t be happy till they get it.” The book, so eagerly hunted for, is hastily read and is soon cast aside for a volume still newer. As soon as I have proved the worth of a book, I “grapple it to my soul with hooks of steel;” but why should I admit into companionship with it every newcomer? Who has not beheld the advent of a publication that glared into view as “the comet of a season,” and then was quenched in darkness for ever? We all remember how some years ago *Trilby* was the rage. I came across the book on board a steamer, and, on examining it, marvelled that people should talk of it at such a rate. Who talks of *Trilby* now?

I like to meet a man who is not ashamed to confess that he has read a book half a dozen times, and if the book is one of my favourites, I conceive for that man an undying esteem. He and I are on common ground, and we feel ourselves united by sympathy and respect.

In this brief essay I wish to indulge in the pleasure of talking of one of those favourites of mine—the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis. Do not be afraid, reader, that I am about to set before you a heavy bill of fare. I shall shun controversial and antiquarian topics, and entertain you with a few facts regarding those who have spoken of the help amidst life’s trials, with which the little volume is wont to bless its readers.

“A good book,” says Milton, “is the precious life-blood of a master spirit.” Of no book is this more true than the *Imitation*. Its writer is a world-author, and his work has gone through innumerable editions in all civilized languages. Save the Holy Scriptures themselves, no work has been more widely spread, or has been to so many souls the source of light, consolation, courage, and sanctity.

In *The Mill on the Floss*, George Eliot represents Maggie Tulliver as learning from it the great lesson of self-renunciation and of happiness, and adds: “I suppose that is the reason why

the same old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a bookstall, works miracles to this day, turning bitterness into sweetness ; while expensive sermons and treatises newly issued leave all things as they were before."

General Gordon read the *Imitation* every day, and at Khartoum, shortly before his death, gave his own copy as a present to the young Irishman, Frank Power, the correspondent of the *Times*, who died with him.

The late Emperor Frederick, of Germany, was not, of course, a Catholic, yet, like Gordon, he found in this Catholic work the resignation, and fortitude which he needed in preparing for death. A letter has been published which he wrote to his private chaplain, when, while yet Crown Prince, he felt the first attacks of the disease that eventually killed him. In this letter he said : " You are right in speaking of suffering and resignation. For, unless one abandons oneself thus to the Divine decrees, it would not be easy to bear such a manner of life as is at present laid upon me. . . . Then I often look into that strange book, Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*, which contains passages that appear to have been written for my own case, and whose influence is wonderfully encouraging and consoling."

Many other non-Catholics have been equally hearty in their praise—Leibnitz, Samuel Johnson, John Wesley, Milman, De Quincy, and Farrar.

Matthew Arnold, in his essay on " Marcus Aurelius," mentions Mill's assertion that Christian morality is negative and passive, rather than positive and active, and that it falls far below the best morality of the ancients. This assertion the essayist denies, and he points to the fixed principles of action, the clear rules of conduct, with which Christianity provides men. He adds : " The most exquisite document after those of the New Testament, of all the documents the Christian spirit has ever inspired,—the *Imitation*—by no means contains the whole of Christian morality. . . . But even the *Imitation* is full of passages like these : *A life without a purpose is a languid, drifting thing ; every day we ought to renew our purpose, saying to ourselves : This day let us make a sound beginning, for what we have hitherto done is nought. Our improvement is in proportion to our purpose. We hardly ever manage to get completely rid of even one fault, and do not set our hearts on daily improvement. Always place a definite purpose before thee. Get the habit of mastering thine inclination.*"

With all due respect for Matthew Arnold's opinion, I think that a very complete system of Christian morality can be found

in the four short books of the *Imitation*. Not only does the *Imitation* point out the means of purifying the soul and removing the errors that darken spiritual vision, but it rouses the heart to action by inspiring hope, energy, and fortitude through the example of Christ's life and death, and it leads man to find in perfect conformity to the Divine will an intimate union of love with the spirit of God.

That the Saints have always looked upon the *Imitation* as teaching effectively the science of holiness, is well known, and, to cite Joubert's *Pensées*, "One should be fearful of being wrong in religion when one thinks differently from the Saints." It is needless to quote the opinions of such lovers of the book as St. Francis Xavier, St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis de Sales, Blessed Thomas More, Baronius, Bellarmine, Bossuet, Fénelon, and many other enlightened men. St. Ignatius of Loyola wished his spiritual children to have the *Imitation* often in their hands. When he fell in with it at the beginning of his conversion, its pages filled him with such delight that he resolved never to part with them. This pearl of books, as he called it, became his consoler and guide, and twice every day he found in it light and strength. We are told in his *Life* that, when he went to the Monastery of Monte Cassino to direct the ambassador of the Emperor Charles V. in the *Spiritual Exercises*, he took with him as many copies as there were monks in the Monastery, and left one for each,—a present, it has been well remarked, that was as worthy of the giver as of those to whom it was given.

Everyone who attentively considers modern life must be struck by the wide-spread influence of worry and despondency, an influence which, it seems to me, the *Imitation* has the secret of enabling us to withstand and overcome. Anxiety and depression, leading as they often do to disease, and even to suicide, claim many victims wherever religion—dogmatic and sincere religion—has decayed. It is an admitted fact that suicide, so prevalent in Protestant countries, is comparatively infrequent where the teachings of the Catholic Church have full sway. The fruit of dejection and dread of present and of future evil is darkness and distress of spirit; and for such distress and gloom the Catholic has powerful remedies in the Sacraments, especially Confession, and in the supernatural life of prayer and resignation, which spiritual books, and pre-eminently the *Imitation*, teach and nourish.

From youth to old age the charm of the *Imitation* is ever fresh and new; and for over five hundred years man and woman, harassed with life's fitful fever, have won courage and comfort

from its brief and piercing sentences, sentences that nerved them like battle-cries to renew the struggle against evil and assured them of victory. Its sayings have become maxims to the sinner and the saint ; and many a man dated his decision to enter on a fairer and worthier path from the moment when he became acquainted with the keen point of its arrow-like phrases.

"I have sought repose everywhere," says St. Francis de Sales, quoting the words of Thomas à Kempis, "and have only found it in a little corner with a little book." Somewhat of the same spiritual solace and refreshment may be enjoyed in even the following words, which readers will thank me for copying from the *Imitation*.

"He who loves God with his whole heart, fears neither death nor punishment, nor judgment, nor hell.

"If thou continue faithful and fervent in working, God will doubtless be faithful and abundant in rewarding.

"Keep a good conscience, and thou shalt always have gladness. Sweetly wilt thou rest, if thy heart blame thee not. The gladness of the just is from God, in God, and their joy is in the truth. God alone is eternal, infinite in greatness, filling all things : the solace of the soul and the true gladness of the heart. Take this short and perfect word : Forsake all and thou shalt find all ; leave thy desires and thou shalt find rest. Whosoever keepeth himself is subjection, so that his self-love is submissive to reason, and his reason is in all things obedient to God, is truly a conqueror of himself and lord of the world."

"The Kingdom of God is within you, saith the Lord. Learn to despise exterior things, and give thyself to interior, and thou shalt see the Kingdom of God come into thee. For the Kingdom of God is peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, which is not given to the wicked. Christ will come to thee, discovering to thee His consolation, if thou wilt prepare Him a fit dwelling within thee. O faithful soul, prepare thy heart for this thy Spouse, that He may vouchsafe to come to thee. When thou hast Christ, thou art rich, and He is sufficient for thee ; He will provide for thee and will be thy faithful Procurator in all things, so that thou needest not trust to men."

Hast thou, reader, never seen or read this golden book ? If that is the case, let me entreat thee to obtain it at once. Take it to thy heart and hold it often in thy hands. In it thou wilt gain a friend, whose conversation hath no bitterness or tediousness, but is rather a never-failing source of delight ; a

friend who will teach thee that the soul escapes injury and pain only by despising the gratification of passion, of mere earthly desires, and by seeking to breathe her native air on the higher plane of the spiritual life ; a friend, who will flood thy heart with a tide of faith and courage, and hope and strength, and will train thee to live in tranquillity and happiness, and to meet death without weakness in humble submission to the Divine decrees.

M. W

"A.D."

My penmanship grows cramped and lame ;
It is not what it used to be :
For this, I feel, I've got to blame
The Lady Ann O'Domini.

My hair is white—what's left of it—
My eyes are dimm'd, in some degree ;
My hearing dull'd, a little bit ;
The cause is—Ann O'Domini.

Of old she did not treat me so ;
But, altered though her ways may be,
My heart retains a grateful glow
For Lady Ann O'Domini.

Her latest visit was (I own)
The eightieth she has paid to me—
Such old acquaintances we've grown,
Myself and Ann O'Domini.

When next she takes her annual round,
(If haply I be here to see),
With greetings warm, and thanks profound,
I'll welcome Ann O'Domini.

T. D. S.

THE OLD GREY HOUSE

I.

"LIFE is tiresome."

Yet the speaker, who, indeed, spoke more to herself than to the tired maid, did not seem placed in very trying circumstances. She lay back now in a luxurious arm-chair, which had been drawn towards the open window ; for the night, or, rather, morning was oppressively hot. And everything around the room betokened the wealth that had smoothed the passage of the nineteen years of Betty's life.

"You need not put that dress aside, Kate, you may go to bed."

The maid hurried off, not requiring to be told a second time, for it was four o'clock before her mistress had returned from the ball.

Betty was an only child. Her father, who had been a widower for many years, had since the death of his wife devoted himself to his daughter with a fondness which, however, overlooked the fact that the girl was no longer a child. His love showed itself in continual petting and indulgence that sometimes amused, but oftener irritated her. A constant round of amusement was prepared for her, so much so that she now felt that she loathed society, and would gladly welcome any change.

As the morning passed, she still looked from her open window, and saw the girls hastening to their work in a distant factory. These toilers she had often noticed before, when returning at some later hour than usual from a dance ; and she used to pity them when she thought of the long day before them in the close work-rooms—for Betty had a feeling heart—but now she wonders could their lives be more monotonous than her own.

Just then this train of thought was interrupted by voices, so loud that they reached up to her window. Looking down, she saw an old woman, bent with years, speaking to a man, evidently not much her junior.

"An' do you tell me, ma'am, you're at this work now ?"

"Isn't it well for me to have it, sir ? I've lost my hearing so much, I'd be hard set to do anything else. An' sure I must work since I buried himself. But doesn't the years bring changes along with them to us all ?"

"Aye, aye, 'tis true for you, ma'am, true for you. Life brings changes to everyone : more's the pity."

The voices died away as the speakers passed on, but the knowledge, that age greatly dreads that for which youth so much longs, came as a surprise to Betty. Yet still she repeated to herself: "Life will not bring changes to *me*; of that I am sure. It will be the same things night and day, day and night. In the end I suppose I must marry Dick, as father wishes it, and then every day will be the same all over again."

II.

The house stands to the left as you walk up the hill which forms the village street. As you look at it, your mind instinctively flies back to bygone days. Its grey-stoned, many-windowed front shows out in contrast with the inartistic red brick of modern days by which it is surrounded. The shrubs grow thickly in the space outside; but, here and there, where they part, glimpses of a large old garden are seen through its double-windowed room.

This morning of the early autumn Miss Desmond lingered over her flowers, giving orders on this subject and that to the unwilling ears of her gardener. "Pat, did you plant the anemones yesterday?" she asked, as she stopped before the bed of now drooping wall-flowers.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, now trim the hedges. I think this will be a sunny day, so you had better begin to save the seeds."

The gardener muttered answers to these orders; for the garden justified Pat's pride in his workmanship, and many a time he had complained bitterly to Mary that "The old lady would teach the Pope how to rule the Church."

It was as "the old lady" she was known to all the village, through the keen and practical interest she showed in it, and in each of its inhabitants, belied the usual attribute of age.

"Are you coming at all, Miss Jane? Sure, ma'am, your breakfast will be cold, it's on the table this ten minutes."

"I'm coming, Mary." Then, giving some final orders, she went up the steps of the green-house which opened into the breakfast parlour.

As she looked around her room, she experienced a feeling of pleasure in her undisturbed comfort; for the sense of loneliness was unknown to Miss Desmond, and only regarded by her as a weakness of the uneducated mind. A small round table was laid for the morning meal; on it the silver shone as only Mary's polishing could make it shine. But was it not a labour of love for her? The day was not forgotten when, as a young girl, she

was first entrusted with such important work. That was in the days of "the old mistress," when there were many more in the grey house, and Miss Jane was, as Mary loved to tell, "the belle of many a ball."

"I'm thinking there's strange news this morning," Mary said anxiously, as she pointed to the American stamp on one of the letters which were lying on the table. "Can it be we're going to hear at last from Mr. George?"

Miss Desmond took the letter with trembling hand, though she had said many a time that George was nothing to her since he had cut himself off from his own family; still she now hesitated to open the letter which must bring news of some moment. Else why should one come at all after these long years?

The letter was a formal one from a lawyer stating that Mr. George Desmond had died in the previous month; and though in his lifetime he had enjoyed the reputation of considerable wealth, it was found that in reality he had left only a very moderate provision for his only child, Elizabeth Desmond. In his last will he had expressed a great desire that his sister should be communicated with, and asked to share the old family home with his daughter. The letter went on to say that the young lady was so anxious to leave America that she had crossed in the same boat as this communication, and would wait in Queens-town, at enclosed address, until she heard from Miss Desmond.

"Mary, she is here now!"

"Who, ma'am, what?"

"Listen," and Miss Desmond, who quite overlooked the announcement of her brother's death in her excitement at the arrival of an unknown niece, read the letter aloud.

"Oh, Miss Jane, to think of poor Mr. George being dead!" And Mary's thoughts went back to the handsome young man who, for love's sake, had defied both father and mother, and had left that very house forty years ago, swearing that though now penniless, sooner or later, he would return and marry the girl he had chosen.

"Nonsense, Mary. Didn't we think him dead long ago? But about the child—what are we to do with her?"

"She can't be a child, now. Isn't it more than twenty years since we heard he had come back and married the young lady? She was true to him, but why shouldn't she? But to think of him being here, so near us, and the old mistress living and all, and to say he was that proud he wouldn't come to see her. For all that you mark how his mind went back to his own in the end. It was the year after she died, so that the child must be coming on to twenty. Won't you have her, Miss

Jane ? Sure you won't turn away from your own flesh and blood ? ”

Miss Desmond denied indignantly that she had any intention of refusing hospitality to any stranger, not to speak of her own niece.

The breakfast was left untouched upon the table, while the two old women talked on, but having first despatched the gardener to telegraph a welcome to the unsought for guest.

III. '3'

Betty had been more than a week in her new home before she shook off the almost stupor which had fallen on her after her father's unexpected death, and its consequent sudden breaking off with all her old associations.

One morning as she stood looking down into the garden beneath her window, her mind went back to that other morning in the early summer when she thus looked from the window of her old home and longed for some break in her tiresome life. She had then chafed against her proposed marriage, yet now she smiled when she recalled how, with the change in her fortune, Dick had so easily remembered her first objections to the arrangements. How she had longed for some variety ! Without any doubt a swift answer had come to her wish ; but it was an answer which seemed to have changed her from life to death.

Still she had never seen anyone who seemed so happy as her aunt, she thought, as she looked down again and saw the handsome old lady, her face aglow with interest, discussing some new plant with her gardener. And when she turned to get into the house Betty knew it was time to join her at breakfast.

“ Well, dear, why don't you come out and take a run in the garden in the morning to put some roses in those white cheeks ? ” the old lady said as she patted the girl's face caressingly ; for she had begun to feel that, even for a woman of resources as she was wont to describe herself, it was not altogether unpleasant to have some one young and pretty of her own family to keep her company.

“ Aunt, are you ever dull ? ” Betty asked after a pause during which her aunt was engaged with her letters.

“ Dull, child ? What nonsense ! How could I have time to be dull ? ”

“ But what can you have to do all the year round ? ”

“ Well, you know each season brings its different work in the garden, and though Pat is a most respectable man, and a good gardener, as men go, still there must be always an ex-

perienced head to direct. Then there are the poor in the village to be visited, the children to be seen after, to make sure they attend school. All these things take time."

"But haven't they got Inspectors here?"

"They have, certainly, but it is a new system, and though the Inspectors are worthy people and, I am sure, do their duty, still they cannot have the same influence as a person of position. And then the books to be read! So many that I can scarcely hope to read them all. Ah, child, it is only the very young have time to feel dull. But I must amuse you some way. Do you care about reading?"

"I love reading; but we never had many books. Father did not care for novels; he said they made young girls foolish."

"It might have been better for your poor father if he had read novels, and stuffed his brain with imaginary love affairs; then he might not have been so ready to fall in love himself. It all comes from an empty head. But don't look vexed, dear; there is no use raking up old annoyances. You are a Desmond, except for your eyes; *they* are your mother's. Come, child, I will show you the library."

The manner of this invitation denoted that now Betty was to be shown the most prized part of the house.

"Is it the room over the drawing-room, aunt, which is always locked?" Betty asked as they went up stairs.

"Yes; I always keep it locked; but of course I shall show you where the key is kept. Mary knows, but none of the younger maids."

The room was long, with a large rounded window at the end, not the "bay-window" of the present day, but the graceful curve which is seen alone in the older houses made "when builders wrought with greater care."

"Oh, what a lovely room!" exclaimed the girl.

The old lady's face flushed with pleasure.

"That shows me you are a real Desmond," she said. "They always had a keen perception of the beautiful in architecture. When they built, they built to live in, not merely for the passing man, but for the family. This room was designed by your great-great-grandfather; and may it be that your great-great-grandchildren will read in it."

Why did Betty feel so pleased at this forecast? Was it possible her restlessness was being lulled by the charm of this drowsy old village?

The room was wainscotted with carved dark oak; above the panels book-shelves of the same kind projected. An open book was carved on the woodwork over the fire place; it was sur-

mounted by the saying of Bacon : " Reading maketh a full man," and on the scroll beneath was cut the mystic message borne to St. Augustine : " Take and read." All the volumes were bound alike in green calf, and all stamped with the Desmond arms. A deep seat ran along the curved window. At a little distance, facing the light, stood an old bureau inlaid with brass.

Miss Desmond went over to this desk, and took out one of a row of small manuscript books from a drawer.

" I write in these from time to time," she said to Betty, " and the last item in this book is of great importance."

" Is it a novel you are writing ? " the girl asked.

" No, child, certainly not. How could I make time for nonsense ? These are the annals of our family. The first of these little books is dated 1705, the year this house was built. Since then the owner, for the time being, made an entry of all events of interest connected with us. Of late indeed," added the old lady, " I had not much heart in it, for I thought, as a matter of course, this house and these books must go to Esmond Desmond, a very, very far-away cousin."

" Where does he live ? " Betty asked with interest.

" Live ? " said Miss Desmond. " He doesn't live anywhere, he wanders about."

" Tell me more about him, aunt. Is he young ? Do you like him ? "

" He is young, both in years and in sense. For some things I like him. He is a reader, and a great botanist. Whenever he is staying in the city he spends much of his time in the Gardens here."

" Does he ever come to see you ? "

" Of course he always comes when he is in the neighbourhood."

" Where is he now ? "

" How can I tell you, child ? I never know where he goes, or when he comes until I see him. But now I must go through the village ; my poor people will think I have quite forgotten them. Stay here and read, or better still take a book—but be careful to cover it in paper—and bring it down to the Gardens and read there."

The old lady hurried off to her self-imposed tasks, and Betty was left alone to drift back to her saddening thoughts of her altered life, and the friends and scenes from which she was so far parted.

" To-morrow I will go to the Gardens," she said, " not to-day, for one day is the same as another now," and taking a book at random from the shelf she sat down in the window seat.

Many to-morrows passed before Betty carried out her intention of bringing her book down to the Gardens ; for day by day the fascination of the old library grew upon her. She read the annals of her family with strange feelings, coming as she did from a new city where the past was nothing and the present everything. It was only after repeated warning from her aunt of the evils of moping that she made up her mind to look around and see if, even here in this city of the dead as she called it, she still might not find something of living interest.

IV.

The next afternoon, when she went into the library, she found Miss Desmond at her desk writing.

"Now, aunt, I am at last going to inspect the Gardens. Isn't it a lovely day to see them?"

"Don't stay too long in the glass houses, dear ; it is so very sultry. My favourite place is up by the river, where there are seats and shady nooks to sit in."

When Betty reached the Gardens, she followed her aunt's advice and did not stay long over the exotics in the enervating air of the hot-houses, but quickly went up the river walk. Here a refreshing sense of greenness pervaded on every side ; for even those trees which are the first to turn to autumnal hue, as yet had only attained the darker green which foreruns their final change to gold or brown.

When the girl reached the large elm which stands opposite the wooden bridge across the stream, she saw that this was indeed a good resting place. As she sat down, she looked across to the other side of the river where a nurse was clutching the jackets of two small boys who were struggling on the bank. The combat continued, and, as each little warrior strove for victory, Betty was attracted by the sound of the pleasant laughter quite close to her. Turning round she saw that a young man was standing under the tree next her, watching the children.

Was it the large ivy-like leaves of the familiar American tulip-tree that at once brought her old home days so vividly before her ? Again she looked and the face of her father's friend, "the Professor," came back to her, for the man standing there was his image. But this was a young and well-kept professor. The rugged beard of her old friend was here replaced by one pointed and well clipped ; but the honest brown eyes were the same.

Betty opened her book ; but her reading was disturbed for

that day by thoughts of her home, her father, and his friend whose likeness she had come across so unexpectedly.

At dinner that evening Miss Desmond said: "I was sorry you were out to-day, Betty, when Esmond called. I should have liked you to meet your kinsman. However, he said he would come again to-morrow."

"Oh, I am so sorry, I should have been so glad to see him."

"Well, he saw you; for when I told him of you, he said it must have been you he was near in the Gardens. He described you, and strange to say, as he added, at once when he did see you he felt a presentiment that you were in some way to influence his fate. He is full of fancies and romantic nonsense. But to do him justice, I am sure when I did tell him who you were, no thought of being ousted from his inheritance ever crossed his mind; for, indeed, Esmond has not the sense to think of money."

"What an unusual young man!" the girl replied, smiling.

Miss Desmond laughed, but said: "You are too young Betty, to speak in that way. Do not let any childish experience, which I sometimes think you have had, make you bitter. All Desmonds have a great deal of sentiment whether they like it or not. Deep feeling goes with race; you cannot expect to find it in a new people."

"But all Americans are not, what you call, new people, aunt. I did notice Esmond in the Gardens to-day, though I did not know by instinct we were kindred. I remarked him because of his likeness to the best and dearest old man I ever knew. Esmond is the image of him, so that I must like him. Will he stay here long?"

"I asked him that question, as I hoped he would be company for you. But he only said that it depended on circumstances."

V.

It was October, and though late in that month yet something of the early Autumn warmth was felt that day when Esmond and Betty strolled into the Gardens together.

"Is it not strange, Esmond," she said, "to think that three months ago we had never met, and that now we are such friends?"

"Friendship is not a thing that can be counted by days and weeks, Betty."

"How I counted the days and weeks when I came here first! Everything seemed so dead, I thought I could never become used to it."

"And are you used to it now?"

"But everything seems different now, it is all so changed. Though the trees were all in leaf the first time I came in here, and now the leaves are fallen, yet to me the place seems more lovely than ever."

"To me it does, also. Come, Betty, we will go up the river walk, and sit under the elm, it will remind us of the day we first met, when you say I looked like a poet. If I were one, I should tell you now that the fall of the leaf was the symbol of wrecked hopes; but to me it only signifies the indestructibility of the beautiful. For we know that soon the winter snows will give those trees a new beauty, and that the vivid green will come again as surely as the spring."

"Oh, Esmond, you are romantic."

"I am not romantic, Betty. I am only speaking of a truth that is plain to anyone who looks for it."

"Well, you are not like any other men I ever met."

"I can't help other men, dear; I must be myself. What things did the other men like? Did they like you, Betty, for, if so, I am like them all."

Betty answered, laughing: "No. I don't think they cared much for me. They liked money, and all that money can give, and still the happiest people I ever knew had very little of what you would call substantial things. What do you think, Esmond, makes one happy?"

"I am very happy now," the young man answered, "and it is strange, Betty, that it was in this very spot that question first arose in my mind. And it was here, a great many years ago, I read of how happiness was to be found in the pursuit of learning. Do you know that in that very bank opposite to us, there was a hermit's cell and scholars' huts around it; and it was here St. Mobhi taught his followers——"

"But that," the girl said, interrupting him, "is a very long time ago; things are different now."

"No, Betty, you are wrong; in that respect there is no change. Those men of past ages cared little for money, and much more for substantial things. For what we call substance is in reality a shadow: the ideal alone stays with us."

"But, Esmond," Betty asked, in some alarm, "you are not thinking of becoming a monk?"

Esmond laughed and answered: "No, I must say that form of happiness is not in my mind just now. Dearest, it is not alone in monasteries an ideal is found; though I found mine, too, on this very spot. That day we first met, a love came to me,

Betty, that I know can never change or die ; won't you trust your happiness to it ? ”

And as answer, Betty put her hand in his.

VI.

The guests were all gone. Again the two old women were talking earnestly beside a breakfast table ; this morning not in the familiar little room, but in the long dining-room only used on state occasions. The decorations and array of silver were such as Miss Desmond considered fitting for the marriage of two of her own name. Now the old lady held a cream jug in her hand, and was gazing intently at the hall-mark.

“ Mary,” she said, “ of course I made them understand that wherever they wandered they must always look upon the old grey house as their home. And I pointed out to her how the silver should be cared ; but I believe that child does not know the difference between the harp without the crown, or with it.”

“ And where would they go, if they didn't come to us, Miss Jane ? For it isn't young we'll be getting and sure even the silver must go through other hands. But, ma'am, didn't Miss Betty look lovely ? And Mr. Esmond, too : God bless them ! It's the fine young gentleman he is,”

“ Mr. Esmond is a softy,” said the old lady, smiling ; “ but he is a Desmond, and we can't have everything.”

SUSAN O'REILLY.

TO EVOLUTIONARY ETHNOLOGISTS *

ASSERT, deny, surmise, and postulate ;

Make cave-men argue as your fancies move 'em ;

Exound your views as theirs—but please do state

What you yourselves best know : *that none can prove 'em.*

JOHN HANNON.

* See Father Fullerton's article in the August issue of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

AMEN CORNER

XI.—THE "MEMORARE" IN VARIOUS FORMS

I REMEMBER with pleasure that I heard a somewhat Bohemian Irishman call the *Memorare* the finest outburst of prayer that he was acquainted with. I hope he has repeated it occasionally since then, for his surroundings have not been of the safest. God help some poor young men who think themselves greatly to be envied.

I have looked in vain for some discussion of the authorship of this prayer. As the *Anima Christi* is often called the Prayer of St. Ignatius, though it was in use hundreds of years before St. Ignatius was born, so it is certain that "the *Memorare* of St. Bernard" is a misnomer. But St. Ignatius in his *Exercitia Spiritualia* makes us repeat constantly the *Anima Christi* and so was the propagator, though not the author, of this prayer : what connexion has St. Bernard with the *Memorare* ?

In the latest edition of the *Raccolta* it is called simply *Orazione*, and it is given thus :—

"*Memorare, O piissima Virgo Maria, non esse auditum saeculo quenquam ad tua currentem praesidia, tua implorantem auxilia, tua petentem suffragia, esse derelictum. Ego, tali animatus confidentia, ad Te, Virgo Virginum, Mater, curro ; ad Te venio ; coram Te gemens peccator assisto. Noli, Mater Verbi, verba mea despicere, sed audi propitia et exaudi. Amen.*"

Pope Pius the Ninth, by a rescript of the Holy Congregation of Indulgences, dated December 11, 1846, granted an indulgence of three hundred days every time we say this prayer, and a plenary indulgence to those who say it every day for a month, to be gained on any day they choose, on the usual conditions of Confession, Communion, visiting a church and praying there according to the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

But it is curious that exactly the same indulgences had been granted less than three months before (September 23, 1846) for the recitation of the same prayer with sundry omissions and additions. In the English translation of the *Raccolta*, however, published in 1857, by Cardinal Newman's specially loved and trusted friend, Father Ambrose St. John, we find that the common *Memorare* was in reality first in the field, being indulgenced at the request of Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop

of Lyons, July 25, 1846; but this was at first for all the faithful in the kingdom of France only, and not extended to the whole Catholic world for ever till the following December 11, 1846, "at the prayer of several ecclesiastics and persons of consideration in Rome." What is the history of this rival of the *Memorare*, which Father St. John calls "the prayer *Ave Augustissima*," from its opening words?

Ave, Augustissima, Regina pacis, sanctissima Mater Dei, per sacratissimum Cor Jesu Filii tui principis pacis, fac ut quiescat ira ipsius et regnet super nos in pace. Memorare, O piissima Virgo Maria, non esse auditum a saeculo quonquam tua petentem suffragia esse derelictum. Ego tali animatus confidentia ad te venio. Noli, Mater Verbi, verba mea despiciere, sed audi propitia et exaudi. O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

Why does Father St. John translate *Augustissima* by "Empress"? Here is his English version:—

"Hail, Empress, Queen of Peace, holiest Mother of God, by the Sacred Heart of Jesus thy Son, the Prince of Peace, cause His anger to cease from us, that so He may reign over us in holy peace. Be mindful, Mary, tenderest Virgin, that from of old never hath it been heard that he who asks thy prayers was forsaken of God. In this lively trust I come to thee. Cast not my words behind thee, Mother of the Word; but in thy lovingkindness hear and do, gentle, tender, sweet Virgin Mary."

That last *O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria* is translated earlier in the book, "O merciful, O tender, O sweet Virgin Mary." "Clement" and "pious" do not give the proper meaning here. Father St. John in the next page translated differently the words that are common to the foregoing prayer and to the following *Memorare*:—

"Remember, Mary, tenderest-hearted Virgin, how from of old the ear hath never heard that he who ran to thee for refuge, implored thy help, and sought thy prayers, was forsaken of God. Virgin of virgins, Mother, emboldened by this confidence, I fly to thee, to thee I come, and in thy presence I, a weeping sinner, stand. Mother of the Word Incarnate, O cast not away my prayer, but in thy pity hear and answer. Amen."

It is a pity that there is not one authorized version to be learned off by heart by all devout clients of Mary. The *Raccolta* also omits the words which are very commonly added after *eoram te gemens peccator assisto*, namely this very desirable

addition, *obsecrans ut me in filium perpetuum adoptes et aeternae meae salutis curam in te suscipias*. Is Father St. John right in translating *derelictum* by "forsaken of God"? Why should *currere* be turned into "fly" rather than "run"? The following appears to be a fair working version :—

"Remember, O most tender-hearted Virgin Mary, that never was it heard of in any age that any one who ran to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was ever abandoned. Inspired with this confidence, I run to thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother! To thee I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful, beseeching thee to adopt me as thy child for ever, and to take upon thee the care of my eternal salvation. Do not, O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise my petition, but graciously hear and grant it."

Many have tried to turn the *Memorare* into verse; but it is more poetical as it stands. For instance, here is my own paraphrase :—

Remember, holy Mary,
 'Twas never heard or known
 That any one who sought thee
 And made to thee his moan—
 That any one who hastened
 For shelter to thy care
 Was ever yet abandoned
 And left to his despair.
 No, never, Blessed Virgin,
 Most merciful, most kind.
 No sinner cries for pity
 Who does not pity find.
 None, none, O Holy Mary!

And so to thee, my Mother,
 With filial faith I call,
 For Jesus dying gave thee
 As Mother to us all.
 To thee, O Queen of Virgins,
 O Mother meek, to thee
 I run with trustful fondness
 Like child to mother's knee.
 See at thy feet a sinner,
 Groaning and weeping sore—
 Ah! throw thy mantle o'er me,
 And let me stray no more.
 No more! O Holy Mary!

Thy Son has died to save me,
 And from His throne on high
 His heart this moment yearneth
 For even such as I.
 All, all His love remember,
 And oh! remember too
 How prompt I am to purpose,
 How slow and frail to do.

Yet scorn not my petitions,
 But patiently give ear,
 And help me, O my Mother !
 Most loving and most dear,
 Help, help, O holy Mary !

Miss Katherine Conway, who has done much admirable literary work, apart from her brilliant editing of the *Boston Pilot*, echoes the holy prayer thus :—

Remember, Mother, throned in Heaven's splendour,
 That never on this earth has it been said
 That any heart which sought thy pity tender
 Was left un comforted.

So, wearied of world-friendship's changing fashion,
 And bankrupt of world-treasures utterly,
 And trusting in thy mercy and compassion,
 I come at last to thee.

Why name to thee my needs in my entreating ?—
 Thou, taught in human hearts by the Divine,
 Long time ago, when soft His heart was beating,
 Fond Mother, close to thine !

O plead with Him who on thy breast was cherished,
 Sweet sharer in the world's Redemption-pain !
 O let it not be said that I have perished,
 Where none came yet in vain !

John Bernard Delaney, one of those Bishops of Manchester in New Hampshire, who have followed one another in too quick succession, keeps closer to the original :—

Remember, Blessed Mother,
 That never was it known
 Who sought thy intercession
 Was left to plead alone.
 Confiding in thy goodness,
 I hasten unto thee :
 Let not thy gracious promise
 Be broken first for me.
 Though most unworthy ever,
 Yet hearken to my cry,
 And stretch a hand through darkness
 To lead me to the sky.

This version is too brief to be faithful. The Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, S.C.S., in the *Ave Maria*, takes a larger canvas for his copy :—

Remember, Mary, Virgin tender-hearted !
 How from of old the ear hath never heard
 That he who to thine arms for refuge darted,
 Thy help implored with reverent, earnest word.
 Thy prayers besought, and on thine interceding
 With loving confidence and trust relied,
 Did ever futile find his fervent pleading
 Or see thy grace and favour e'er denied.

O Virgin Mother, 'mongst all mothers tender,
 With equal confidence to thee I fly—
 To thee I come as to a sure defender ;
 A weeping sinner unto thee I cry.
 Sweet Mother of the Word Incarnate, hear me !
 May e'en my halting words efficient prove !
 Cast not away my prayer but deign to cheer me
 And let my sore distress thy pity move.

The same poet in the same pious Magazine—congenial home
 for such *carmina Mariana*—wrote these lines about the
Memorare :—

Not for his age alone was Bernard speaking,
 O Virgin Mother, amongst all women blest ;
 When, Thy assistance in his sore need seeking,
 The "Memorare" voiced his soul's request.

He echoed but a prayer that long resounded
 In fainting hearts o'er all the woeful earth ;
 The cry for help from those whom sin hath wounded,
 In every age since Christ the Saviour's birth.

The echoes of an echo, we repeat it,
 With all of Bernard's confidence and love.
 And now as ever dost thou kindly greet it,
 And grant it, Mother, in thy home above.

It was in the *Ave Maria* also, that Brian O'Higgins first
 published his version of the *Memorare* :—

Remember, remember, O Virgin Mary !
 That never in vain did the wanderer seek
 Thy strength and comfort and holy guidance
 When tempest-worn and spent and weak ;
 That never ascended the wail of anguish,
 Commingled with sorrow's despairing moan,
 From the noisome earth, through the clouds of darkness,
 Without finding balm at thy radiant throne.

Remember, remember, O Virgin Mary !
 And list to a voice that is weak and faint :
 I have strayed far out on the sinful ocean
 With its waves of passion beyond restraint ;
 And now, with a heart that is robed in anguish,
 O Mother of Pity, to thee I come !
 My eyes are dim with their ceaseless weeping,
 My feet are weary, my hands are numb.

Remember, remember, O Virgin Mary !
 Through the deepening shadows I send my plea :
 Guide of the Wanderer, Hope of the Mourner,
 Pray to the Child of thy heart for me,
 That His tender grace may calm the waters
 And pierce the gloom of the gathering night,
 And lead me back to that Port of Beauty
 Where His mercy shines with a fadeless light.

A little blank space at the foot of the column which contains

these stanzas is well filled up with these two questions from one of Cardinal Newman's sermons: "What shall bring you forward in the narrow way, if you live in the world, but the thought and patronage of Mary? What shall seal your senses, what shall tranquillize your heart, when sights and sounds of danger are around you, but Mary?"

In a French magazine, *Les Annales du très Saint Sacrement*, some one who called himself *Un Malade guéri*, made a sonnet out of the glorious prayer that I have named so often:—

Souvenez-vous, Marie, o Vierge très pieuse,
Que nul n'a jamais dit ni jamais entendu
Qu'un secours ait été vainement attendu
De votre royauté miséricordieuse.

Emu de cet espoir, o Reine glorieuse,
Tout pécheur que je suis, gémissant, éperdu,
Je me jette à vos pieds, et mon âme anxieuse
Attend de vous la paix et son bonheur perdu.

Ah ! ne méprisez pas la très humble prière
De mon cœur suppliant ! Le front dans la poussière,
J'implore la faveur d'un regard de vos yeux.

Regardez ! et prenant en pitié ma misère,
Intercedez pour moi, puissante et bonne Mère,
Auprès de votre Fils qui règne dans les cieux !

The longest of all the poems founded on the *Memorare* appeared in the *Irish Rosary* for last June—five stanzas of eight lines each, by a Dominican Father, who disguises himself (alas ! too sufficiently for many of us) by giving his name in Irish, D. B. an Crataig. The letters, *c*, *t*, and *g* in this name are "mortified," and so are we at our invincible ignorance of the grand old tongue which reverences the Blessed Virgin Mary so much as to pronounce her very name differently from other Marys.

M. R.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

QUOTABLE things have a knack of turning up at the wrong time. When this pen was writing lately a slight memorial of the late Richard Paul Carton (*antea* page 417), it would have been very well to apply to himself the last part of what he says about Judge O'Hagan in his essay on "Catholicity in Modern Poetry" (IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. xxi., page 235). "A gifted Irishman who has lately passed away, the writer of such famous lyrics as 'Dear Land' and 'Ourselves Alone,' and the brilliant translator of the old French epic, 'The Song of Roland'—an achievement which alone would rank among the Catholic poets of the age the cultured prose writer, the ripe scholar, the accomplished lawyer, the upright judge, the devoted Vincentian, and the truly Christian gentleman whom Ireland, and especially Dublin, knew and respected as John O'Hagan."

* * * *

When you see a fragment of the moon in the sky, how can you determine whether it is a new moon or on the wane? By this mnemonic which has made the moon be called *luna mendax*: "C is D, and D is C." These are the initials of *Crescens* and *Decrescens*. When the visible arc of the moon is turned like C, it is in its last quarter, *decrescens*, waning; but when turned somewhat like D, it is *crescens*, waxing, growing in size through its first quarter, just after being "New Moon."

* * * *

Father Lewis Drummond, S.J., is an Irishman, though he lives and works far away, near Lake Winnipeg, in Canada. Some years since he wrote to the editor of the *North-West Review*, which is published at St. Boniface, Manitoba (one of the far-away places now reachable by the penny post):—

"Some three weeks ago I was much struck with this beautiful thought expressed by your bright correspondent at Ste. Rose du Lac: 'No flowers, and our snow-wreaths gone. But if we wait, the flowers will come again, for the world is as sweet as ever to each new soul that comes into it, although it has lasted so many thousand years. The seasons keep it perennially young, each spring renews its youth, and it is never more than a year old. How differently time deals with us! The clock which ticks so noisily in still and solitary places is

like the beating of a heart, the palpitating heart of Time. Ah ! all too soon we spend our little share of it.'

"This passage has suggested to me the following sonnet, which you are at liberty to print, if you like.

How youthful every year is Mother Earth !
 No wrinkled brow, no ashes in her hair ;
 At spring's return she blossoms young and fair
 As when the angels hymned her primal birth.
 Why are we not like her ? Why does the dearth
 Of youth renewed make each spring say : " Beware !
 This vernal joy is harbinger of care ;
 Thy frame is ageing ; sorrow waits on mirth " ?

Mayhap it is because poor Earth knows not
 That all of her must die at last. Our flesh
 May die, our soul we know shall live for aye ;
 Of age we can endure the saddening lot.
 Let earth each passing year bloom green and fresh ;
 She has no soul, she lives but for a day.

* * * *

November 29th, 1878, Denis Florence MacCarthy wrote from London to the Mother Prioress (Clare Elliott) of the Dominican Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock, Dublin, on the anniversary of her profession, thanking her for all her goodness to his daughter, Sister Mary Stanislaus. He sent her a copy of Dr. Newman's Poems. "The volume is small, but I do not know anything in modern literature more worthy of your kind acceptance on this happy occasion." I remember him speaking of the lyrics in "The Dream of Gerontius" as approaching nearer to the Elizabethan standard than anything of our time.

* * * *

"Ah, *she* was brought up by our grandmother, and *I* was always at home with our mother, who was very particular." This was the excuse given by an excellent woman for the shortcomings of her elder sister, who, with the best intentions and the sweetest dispositions, was not quite satisfactory in the management of her not very luxuriously equipped household. Even in such straitened circumstances neatness and a certain amount of comfort are possible, at the cost, I grant, of a good deal of trouble and self-denial. What a difference between cottage and cottage, parlour and parlour, where the husbands earn the same wages and keep back the same percentage from their wives ! But if under our grandmother's easy discipline we have not acquired expertness with the needle and habits of cleanliness and order, can the deficiency never be fully supplied in after life ? So it would seem. Some of us would do

well to make in our hearts at this point a very fervent act of thanksgiving to God for having given us really good mothers—mothers who loved us, not too well or at least not too weakly, but wisely—mothers who showed their love by firmness, by restraint and self-restraint, by denying what would be hurtful to us, by forming us patiently to habits of conscientiousness, punctuality, uprightness, obedience, and sundry other humdrum but solid virtues—by all the loving if sometimes mortifying devices of that “*amoureuse persécution*” which Count Joseph de Maistre says good vigilant mothers exercise over their children. Such mothers keep their children more happy than weak, self-indulgent mothers, who indulge their children in order to spare themselves.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Love, truth, and patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

* * * *

A writer in *Harvest* has an interesting paragraph on the mottoes used by the Catholic Bishops in England upon their seals and on the headings of official documents, etc. The Bishop of Plymouth has retained the family motto of the Grahams, *Ne Oubliez* (“Forget not”). This is the only one of the episcopal mottoes that is not in Latin. Most of them are from the Vulgate of the Bible. When Dr. Vaughan was Bishop of Salford his motto was *Adveniat regnum Tuum* (“Thy kingdom come”), but when he went to Westminster he selected a new one, *Amare et servire* (“To love and serve”). The present Archbishop of Westminster has chosen the Virgilian motto, *Ne cede malis* (“Yield not to ills”); the Bishop of Northampton, *Deus solus auget aristas* (“God alone makes the wheat grow”); the Bishop of Southwark, *Age pro viribus* (“Strive with all thy might”). The Bishop of Birmingham’s *Justus et tenax propositi* is from Horace. The present Bishop of Salford has selected as his motto a sentence of the Lord’s Prayer, following that chosen by Dr. Vaughan, *Fiat voluntas Tua* (“Thy will be done”). There is a personal touch in the words selected by the Bishop of Shrewsbury, *Loquere, Domine, quia servus servus Tuus* (“Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth”). These are the words of Samuel, and the prelate who has adopted them is Dr. Samuel Allen. The motto of Dr. Burton, Bishop of Clifton, is *In silentio et spe*; of Dr. Hedley of Newport, *Fides, Spes, Caritas*; of Dr. Whiteside of Liverpool, *In Fide et Caritate*; of Dr. Mostyn of Menevia, *Auxilium meum a Domino* (“My help is from the Lord”).

Mr. Eustace Miles is, it seems, an authority on athletics and hygiene. He gives this scale of the food value in proteid of various dishes, a descending scale beginning with the highest :

Cheddar, lentils, haricots,
 Chicken, peas; and after those
 Beef, salt-herring, oatmeal, egg,
 Whole-meal flour, some parts of pig;
 Walnuts next, fresh fish, then fig,
 Cabbage, milk, then prunes, then roots
 (Like potatoes), then fresh fruits;
 In butter, arrowroot, and tea
 And sugar, less and less we see
 Of the body-building stuff,
 Of which four ounces are enough
 In daily food for most of you,
 If professors' words are true.

As Cheddar cheese leads the van, it is well to add the qualifying clause that "it must be well masticated and not sent down in lumps upon which the gastric juices may fail to act."

* * * *

Mr. Arthur Symons in the *Saturday Review* calls these lines of Ronsard "lines of gravest pathos and subtlest harmony."

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame;
 Las ! le temps, non, mais nous nous en allons.

We may leave out the lady as irrelevant.

Time is passing, passing, will not stay.
 Ah, not time but *we* are passing away.

* * * *

The President of Maynooth who preceded Dr. C. W. Russell, the Very Rev. and very learned Laurence Renehan, in one of his visits to the Senior Infirmary (a very poor building compared to the fine structure that bears that name at present) noticed a name scribbled on the wall, and, quoting aloud the old hexameter :—

Nomina stultorum semper parietibus hærent,

went over and read out his own name. I have recently heard another version of that saying, in the form of a leonine hexameter :—

Nomina stultorum scribuntur ubique locorum.

The French version keeps closer to this :—

Le nom de fou se trouve partout.

As the last letter of *trouve* is treated as a syllable in

French verse, this can hardly be a rhyming couplet. This habit of scribbling on the walls of public buildings is not a mere modern vulgarity. In the excavations at Thebes a scribble done by an ancient Greek tourist was found on a wall of the tomb of Rameses IV. How long ago that must have been is plain from the fact that Thebes was destroyed by Cambyzes more than five hundred years before the birth of Christ.

A GALWAY MEMORY

By Corrib up to leafy Cong.
(Ah, Cong by Corrib !)
Strangers in vain shall sail along
And marvel at the wooded isles,
The reefs, the shoals, the careful piles
That mark the tortuous track whereby
Their little craft may safely ply :
For ah, when Corrib has been passed
And leafy Cong is reached at last,
(Fair Cong by Corrib !)
And when their pleasure trip is done,
For all their frolic and their fun
They shall know nothing of the grace
That hovered once about that place :
The joy that once in gay July
Lit with new light lake, isles and sky :
So frail it may not live again,
So sweet that it was almost pain ;
So sweet, so frail, that never song
May tell how Corrib and how Cong
(Oh, Cong by Corrib !)
Transfigured once a glory knew,
That shone undimmed a whole day through,
Then passed, and left all as before,
Grey waters lapping a grey shore.

FRANK C. DEVAS, S.J.

THE MILKY WAY

THE road that turns its back to town
And winds a ribbon grey,
Through the sweet country's grass-green gown
He calls the Milky Way.

A little river in and out
Roams restlessly all day,
With all its bubbles in a rout
Beside the Milky Way.

The mist is just the country : there
The sun is shining gay,
Because the weather's always fair
Beyond the Milky Way.

He tracks the heavenly highway here
Where his small feet may stray,
And yet 'tis but the country dear
He calls the Milky Way.

KATHARINE TYNAN

WHITE ROSE

A SUMMER night, and silence everywhere.
The curv'd moon hangs low down in the west,
The palpitating flowers on Nature's breast
Pour out their incense on the perfumed air.

A beetle booms from out his hidden lair,
And a brown bat, a symbol of unrest,
Flaps with hooked wings, and black and woolly crest,
Round a white rose, that glistens, soft and fair.

And, do you know, black thoughts wing round my soul,
That sleeps amid their perils, calm and sure,
As yon white beauty 'mid the things of dusk,
And evermore, while suns and planets roll,
I pray my soul such perils may endure
And spill its perfume, as yon rose its musk.

P. A. S.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Rambles in Eirinn.* By William Bulfin. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd. (Price 6s.)

The title-page of this good book, which was "printed and bound in Ireland"—very well printed and very well bound—gives as its motto the second stanza of John O'Hagan's beautiful song, "Dear Land," and calls attention to the illustrations that adorn the pages and the maps specially made under the author's direction. Mr. Bulfin has spent seventeen years at Buenos Aires, South America. He spent his well-earned holidays last year in cycling and otherwise travelling some three thousand miles, describing what he saw and felt in letters which appeared in two Irish newspapers and in the *New York Daily News*. Mr. Bulfin has a very easy, natural style, and describes his experiences very pleasantly. His maps of special districts—the Westmeath Lakes, from Dublin to the Shannon, the county of "Leo" Casey and Goldsmith, etc., are very useful in letting us understand his wanderings; and a cycling tourist would find them useful on his own wanderings, for they mark distinctly the first-class and second-class roads. The various items in each chapter are mentioned clearly in the table of contents in front, and the alphabetical index at the end guides to any spot in Ireland, about which you want to have Mr. Bulfin's opinion. He has given us a good, genial volume. The publishers append to it a very interesting list of books in the Irish language, published chiefly by themselves. We have counted seventeen by Dr. Douglas Hyde, twenty-three by Father Dinneen, and fifteen by Canon Peter O'Leary, P.P. Many of these are sixpenny pamphlets, separate plays, etc.; but the list shows the literary activity of Irish Ireland. God bless all who love dear old Ireland!

2. The Catholic Defence Society, 11 Lower Dominick Street, Dublin, has published as a penny pamphlet of forty pages the lecture which Monsignor Hallinan, Vicar-General of Limerick, delivered before the Maynooth Union, June 27, 1907, on the need there is for a Catholic Defence Society in Ireland. Very striking statistics are given of the survival of the Protestant Ascendancy in many public enterprises, even where the Catholic majority are the chief supporters of them. This very able

lecture is followed by the remarks made on the occasion by Cardinal Logue, Archbishop Healy, and other speakers.

3. We have always taken an interest in the *Mangalore Magazine* since it was founded some ten or twelve years ago by Father John Moore, S.J. Mangalore was one of the many stations on his rather short life-journey from his cradle at Clondalkin to his grave at Santa Clara. Such enterprises often fall away when their founder is removed; but we rejoice to perceive that the *Mangalore Magazine* fully maintains its standard of solid merit. Besides its minute record of all that concerns St. Aloysius' College, it contains much matter of universal interest, being so fortunate as to command the services of an accomplished naturalist in Father Charles Dawson, S.J., and an excellent Latin poet in Father Zerbinati, S.J. "Motor Car" might be translated into *Currus igneo vapore actus*; but here it means a railway carriage—one of those "currus

Quos secum celeres ignifer unus agit.
Stat primum ille velut vires superante labore,
Fumosisque locum complet anhelitibus :
Mox lympa fusis fervente vaporibus auctus,
Erumpit, cursu certat, et aligeris,
Sed cohibent ferratae axes errare volentem,
Et juss cogunt ire redire via.

"Things Grave and Gay" contain some admirable items, all the better for being borrowed. We are inclined to borrow some from the borrower.

4. The latest threepenny book issued by the Catholic Truth Society (69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.) is *A Parable of a Pilgrim, and other words from the Ladder of Perfection (Scala Perfectionis) of the Reverend Master Walter Hylton of Thurgarton, Canon Regular, chosen by Emily Hickey*. Miss Hickey's choice has been made with great skill and judgment, and her little book will be keenly relished by those who have what might be called a literary or antiquarian taste in piety. The quaint freshness of diction will delight many readers, though others will prefer to have this archaic spirituality translated into modern language.

5. The second number of the second volume of the *Seven Hills Magazine* (edited by the Oliver Plunkett Society in Rome, and published by James Duffy & Co., Dublin), consists of 166 pages of royal octavo very finely printed. This is quite too much for a shilling magazine which cannot command the vast mass of advertisements that support such secular enterprises as *Munsey's Magazine* or the *Windsor*. We fear that it is too good to last. Dr. O'Dwyer, Coadjutor Bishop of Maitland,

gives an excellent account of Catholic Education in Australia, and Archbishop Seton gives the diary of two months' tour in Spain. Perhaps the most interesting article is a collection of unpublished letters from the famous Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston, to Dr. Paul Cullen, while Rector of the Irish College at Rome. They reveal some of the terrible difficulties that the Church has to contend with in some of her world-wide dominions such as Hayti. God's patience is infinite. Most interesting documents, never before printed, are given from Roman archives ; and a very full account of the ecclesiastical and Roman doings since March fills some twenty compact pages at the end of this wonderful shillingsworth.

6. *The Father Mathew Reader on Temperance and Hygiene.* By the Rev. T. Halpin, P.P. Dublin : H. M. Gill and Son, Ltd. (Price, 4d. net.)

Beautifully printed with large, widely spaced type, and with a neat serviceable binding, this book of 120 pages is marvellously cheap for fourpence half-penny ; but the marvel is partly explained by the statement on the title-page that it is "sanctioned for use in National Schools." The pastor of Scariff has made a most effective selection of short articles on all aspects of the Temperance question ; and the prose is relieved now and then by Canon Casey's earnest and simple verses, understood so easily by the people for whom they are intended. Dr. Douglas Hyde has contributed original Irish verse, and Canon O'Leary original Irish prose.

7. We have already recommended very strongly to members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, Father Elder Mullan's *Book of the Children of Mary* (London : Washbourne). But most of the contents of this admirable book would be useful and pleasant for the devout faithful in general. There is hardly any book that treats more fully or in a more interesting and satisfactory manner the Particular Examen, the various kinds of mental prayer, and many other subjects of piety. Though it contains 750 well printed pages, it has somehow been compressed into a very neat and compact form. In this era of cheap books it seems dear for its size ; but paper so strong though so thin, and type so readable though so economical, are costly, and those who become familiar with this newest of prayer-books will not grudge its price.

8. The publishers have not asked our opinion of it, but it is a book of such exceptional worth that we must call attention to *The Holy Eucharist* by Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport (London, Longmans, price 3s. 6d. net). It is the second volume of "The Westminster Library, a series of Manuals for Catholic priests

and students," edited by Monsignor Ward and Father Thurston S.J. It is learned and edifying, and we advise any priest who may read this paragraph to make it the next addition to his library.

9. Now that the movement for the preservation of the Irish Language has reached such remarkable proportions, it is well to remember the pioneers who worked for the cause before it became popular. One of these, David Comyn, has passed away recently without sufficient recognition. Another, Mr. R. J. O'Duffy, has been working earnestly for twenty-five years. The educational works which he edited for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language have reached a sale of 13,500 copies up to the 31st March, 1907, and include, *The Fate of the Children of Lir*, *The Fate of the Sons of Uisneach*, *The Fate of the Sons of Tuircann*, and *The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne* (Parts I. and II.) Their continued circulation in these countries and America is evidence of the increasing favour in which they are held, notwithstanding the increased number of other works in Irish which kindred societies have published. Mr. O'Duffy, as editor, gave his services voluntarily and gratuitously. Some friends and fellow-workers are anxious to present him now with a testimonial that he has well deserved. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Paul O'Byrne, 4 Duke Street, Dublin, who is acting as Treasurer.

10. *Madonna*—not the pious Magazine which issues from the office of the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, but its namesake at the Antipodes, the Home Magazine of the Australian Children of Mary—very judiciously copied from our pages Father O'Leary's "Fairyland Song" of March, and Sister Mary Walburga's "A Word, a Look, a Smile" from our June number; but unfortunately the mistake in the latter, to which we pleaded guilty in our "Book Notes" last month, escaped detection, and "a kindly word" does not (as it ought) "fling sunshine and gladness over dark hours." An oversight in proof-reading does irreparable injury to many a poem and many a dainty bit of prose. Correct, correct, O Reader! at the proper time: *corrigenda* soon become incorrigible.

11. *Letters on Christian Doctrine. Second Series. The Seven Sacraments.* By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. London: R. and T. Washbourne. (Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Father de Zulueta's series of books on the Commandments has found such favour with priests and laity that he has been encouraged to treat in the same way the seven Sacraments in a second series of letters. He has, however, found himself obliged to keep for a third volume the three Sacraments, Extreme

Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony. This is fortunate, as he will thus be able to treat the last of these three Sacraments in accordance with the recent legislation concerning this most important and most practical subject. The author's foreign name might make one suspect that he was using here a foreign language; but no—English is Father de Zulueta's native tongue, and he employs it with excellent effect in the clear, full, and exact treatment of the important subjects discussed in this cheap volume which is sure of wide and permanent use.

12. *Our Lady's Tumbler*. By the Rev. George Cormack, I.C. London: Burns & Oates. (Price 6d. net.)

This is, as the title-page further informs us, "a legend of the Middle Age, versified from Twelfth Century French." The initials appended to Father Cormack's name stand for the Institute of Charity, founded by Father Rosmini, of which Father William Lockhart was the best known English representative. Father Cormack's "foreword" gives an interesting account of the old poem that he has attempted to naturalise among us. We wish he had given some samples of the original, with literal translations, and perhaps a specimen or two of Mr. Wicksteed's prose, and Miss Butler's verse. His own version seems to have much merit, though in many places, even without any reference to the original, it appears to call for further polish in the way of smoothness and simplicity.

13. *The Tale of Tintern. A May Pageant*. By Edward Caswall, of the Oratory. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 1s. net.)

This extremely neat quarto ought to have begun with a brief account of Father Caswall, and of this poem. Have the Publishers issued this beautiful new edition without seeking the co-operation of the poet's brethren at Edgbaston? If so, it is a pity. Those into whose hands this book will fall might have read it with keener appreciation if they knew something of what Father Caswall did for sacred poetry, and if the beautiful poem was quoted which Cardinal Newman addressed to "his Brother and his Friend." The writer of such a prefatory note as we desire for this little volume might well quote the following from a letter of Father Bridgett, printed at page 213 of our twenty-seventh volume: "Did you ever read 'The Tale of Tintern' by the late Father Caswall? If not, ask Father Rector to get it at once. It is one of the most charming poems in the language as a poem, and quite unique as being about our Lady. If you get it at once, it will inspire you with a beautiful article for May. Burns and Oates will of course send you the second edition; but it is a curious fact that the first edition was written in ten

syllable lines. The second is in eight syllables. But though it is entirely rewritten, not one word is said by the author regarding the change. The second edition is greatly improved."

14. *French Eggs in an English Basket*. Translated from the French of Emile Souvestre. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 1s. 6d.)

This pleasant volume is not a bit the worse for having been first published some forty years ago. There is nothing here to imply that it is a reprint. Miss Bowles produced an excellent version of the stories of a clever Frenchman, though the second paragraph of the first story contains an awkward blunder.

15. The Catholic Truth Society of Australia, Nos. 49 and 50 to their penny pamphlets—*Faith Moves Mountains, a Story founded on Fact*, by Benjamin Hoare, and *The House of Obededom, a Tale of the Penal days of the Catholic Church in Australia*, by H. G. Bartlett. Both of these are interesting and very well written tales. Why was not No. 48—*George Leicester, Priest*, by Miss Emily Hickey—credited to the *Ecclesiastical Review*, published at Philadelphia?

16. *A Souvenir of St. Anne's Bazaar, Buxton, August, 1907*, is more than an advertisement for catching money for a holy cause—it is an ingenious piece of literature. Buxton may well be proud of its local printers, and its local men of letters. The history of the Church here shows that it was founded by a sick Irish Priest, Father Edward M'Greevy, of the Diocese of Down and Connor. The quotations chosen from Shakespeare and others are admirably appropriate to the occasion. We hope the Bazaar relieved Father Kind completely from the burden of debt.

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THE HOUSE OF PEACE

THE Monastery stands near the dwellings of men, yet apart: fittingly, indeed, as if it were willing to be in the world, but not of the world. A sanctuary of silence it is, and of fair, celestial musings; a house of holiness, in which, it well might seem, high angels would not disdain to abide. On every hand, the greenwoods are round about it; and long fields that take the sun with a sheen of swaying light upon the gosamers; and tangled hedges where the robins build. Kind, homely things gather together in the shadow of the gables: the byres of the cattle, dark, dry places with stalls and mangers of worn wood: you will fain think of Bethlehem, somehow, and the white-vestured throng of heavenly citizens, and the ox and the ass, and Mary and her Child in the midst. Like enough, none of these are far away, and that old Brother yonder praying half-out-loud over his homely tasks of foddering and milking!

Round about there are ricks of straw and hay; and hard by there rises a row of ancient willows, silver-foliaged. Beside these, the poultry-yard is to be seen, with its cooing flocks, Leghorns, and Buff-Orpingtons, and the fine black Spanish hens with their handsome plumage. All these kindly, comfortable creatures and their dwellings are together in the shadow of the eastern gable, and the ivied tower that once was guard to the summer palace of Alexander de Brecknor, Archbishop of Dublin. Long before stone was laid upon stone to build the house of Dane or Norman, Angus the Culdee, and Maolruan, and many another Celtic mystic, dwelt in the honey-dripping woods here. The long-remembering Gael has his stories of them still—how Angus gave wisdom to the half-witted youth, how Maolruan cured the sick. The place-names keep them in

memory—there is "Killnamanagh," "The Church of the Monks," on your right hand, "Ballymanagh," "The Town of the Monks," on that green hill-bank against the south. To-day, the monks are chanting in the seat of Angus, and under Maolruan's wonder of a tree. But the stranger's house is fallen, and his name is forgotten in the land.

As you draw close to this place, you will hear the sound of water, somewhere: not near, not content to go unheard, nevertheless. There come to your half-listening ears lapsing murmurs, and cool plashings. They tell a story and make a song of little pools hollowed out deep, deep, under cascades that over-sweep their ledges in sheets as thin as one night's ice over a pond. You muse and wonder how it comes to pass that those gleaming falls, which seem but to break in airy bubbles down far in the clear heart of the water, could shape such depths in shelving wells. For, without seeing, you will know that the wells are there; and the rounded beads spring upwards to make a necklace about the wet, green stones: and great boughs bending and leaning fans of leaf upon the water, further down: and you can tell all about that dragon-fly, poising, a blue streak on the golden air yonder where the sunlight is creeping down into the midst of twilight green. Let your picturing and dreaming be what it may, at any rate that sound of the falling and soft-lapsing water, afar-off, meets you on the very threshold, as it were, of the kingdom of peace which is here. And within, whithersoever you go, that murmur is with you, faintly at your ear, sweetly: no more, it well might be, than the heartbeat of the sleeping silence, and telling you, even as the heart-beat of any sleeper, that the silence is not death, but life-in-rest.

We came, one September day, another and myself, to this fair and holy place. Two poor city creatures were we, yet country-born, and pining like caged birds, starving for the good sun and air, which, blessedly, were here for us, and soft among fields and woods and heathery hills over against the south, and very ready for our comforting. There was the town behind us lying by the low river, and the mist of smoke blown eastward, out upon the sea with its promontories. And sometimes there came, in a hush, the sound of bells from some city tower.

Out from the monastery door, one of the Fathers stepped to meet us. A kindly gentleman, this, with the southern Irish sweetness in him, which gives a savor to life. We had met a few days before, and he heard us praise the country round about his monastery, and had bidden us to see what it was within, as to gardens and farmyards, buildings and chapels, pictures and beautiful rarities.

We came, then, K—— and myself, and went in through the hospitable, open gate ; and saw the ivy-mantled walls, and the many windows, row on row, and the chapel on the south side of the court.

" We will see the church first," says our friend.

Within the porch we step, and feel the faint, sweet fragrance of the incense that lingers like a holy thought after prayer. A quaint, rich-hued interior, all carved and coloured, is the church. The eastern windows are storied with the deeds and visions of Catherine of Sienna, and the great Doctor Aquinas, whose only Book, as he himself tells us, was the crucifix. In the body of the church there are the side chapels wrought in gleaming marbles ; and stalls and panels and a rood-screen of satin wood embellish the upper end, where the monks and novices recite Matins and Lauds, Vespers and Compline. In the midst of the rood-screen, the Cross is set up. " And I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all to Myself." Beyond the fair-designed tracery of arch and little altar, white-robed sanctity chants the Holy Hours angelic and apart. But the Saviour is looking out upon His lost sheep, and His sheep that are wandering, it may be. And the best and the worst of us may come here, to find heart-balm and healing under the look of the crucified Redeemer yonder.

Now, we will go abroad, and pace the garden walks awhile ; and see, here and there, in a bower among green glades, young monks discussing their theology one with another. Yonder is Maolruan's walnut-tree, a mighty king among trees, indeed. On the night of the " Big Wind " (not that which our lads and lasses may tell you of, but the " Big Wind " that our fathers hardly remember), on that night, then, this tree was rent in twain (January, 1839). For all, it was not destroyed, but patiently struck forth root and branch anew, and clothed the broken bole with greenest moss, standing in strength and beauty until this day. Here, in another part of the garden, we see the bones of a whale, which, we are told, drifted in upon the wild coasts of western Erris, long ago ; borne hither by some freak of fortune, the great joints and limbs enclose Brother Joachim's begonias and geraniums, now—a better fate, after all, than that ascribed by Hamlet as a likely end for the bones of imperial Cæsar.

Brother Joachim gives us of his roses and geraniums a generous bunch ; and afterwards we seek out that soft stream which slips and falls and treads the silences, all as we had imagined to ourselves. When we have delayed a while, for the murmur stays one to muse and listen, the Father bids us remember we have

much to see within the Monastery, and forthwith takes us thither.

Much to be seen, in truth, upon those pictured walls in the great room where we drank our tea, presently. There, first of all, on the table by us is a big vellum book, inscribed with the Gregorian chants, quaint square notes on a stave of four lines only, and fine, boldly-written Latin words beneath, with coloured capitals like what we see in those wonderful Irish MSS. in Trinity College and elsewhere. This book dates from something like the sixteenth century, I believe, successive scribes doing their share of the work. It should be of no small value to those students of Irish traditional modes who are interested in the question of the connexion between the Gaelic music and the Gregorian.

Dearer to my mind are those fine pictures hanging round about the walls. Yonder is a "Crucifixion" by Holbein, painted on wood, and with protecting panels that open like doors to either side. The figures of this painting are squat and ugly enough to my thinking, but there is a richness of detail, and wealth of tint—the wonderful deep green sky behind the Mount, for one thing—that satisfies the eye. On the inside of the panels, we are shown (it is probable), the patrons for whom the painting was first made—on the right hand, a sleek-haired Elizabethan gentleman with his three sons in broad white collars and black clothes; on the left a lady with her three daughters, in the staid close caps and severe garb of the Tudor period, the inevitable slinky dog cowering in an obscure corner. A sweeter picture is this of Van Dyck's, hanging by the narrow mantel, two soft child-faces peering and laughing out of dusk. I read somewhere, a while ago, how wise those old painters were, who set the head against the dark backgrounds: those two young creatures call to mind ripe fruit in a garden's dim-lit close, mellow, peach-like things, lighting up among shadows. There, again, and most precious fruit of the garden of man's highest thought, is an "Ecce Homo!" from the brush of Guido. A countenance not easily to be put from the mind, this, but like to haunt the memory like a desolate song, heard in darkness.

Here, on another wall, enshrined with care, is a tattered banner that will stir the Irish heart—the banner that was borne before the Pope's Nuncio, Rinuccini, in the procession before the Confederation of Kilkenny. The poor thing is in shreds, like the Irish nation before its time, and after. But the end is not yet. We have heard the word of seer and prophet, and kept our souls. The bread of slavery has not nourished us into

slaves. What sang Maiden Erin in the poet's ear, but this :—

The Shepherd whose sheep are on every steep,
Shall bless my meat !
O merry, they say, is the song by day,
And the feast by night ;
But on poisons I thrive, and in death, survive
Through ghostly night.

And now, what is it that our friend, Father J——, has to show us ? A little brazen cross, in no wise calling for remark, beyond that you will think to yourself that it has been kept for a memory of the Dead. Which, indeed, is no more than the truth, as he will presently show you, when he relates how the unhappy Marie Antoinette bore in her hand this little cross, as she went to execution. It is put about my neck now, and I try to think of that poor, proud Austrian Princess, howled at and mocked by the ravening people. They say how she was carried to the guillotine with cruel indignity ; standing on the floor of the tumbril, without seat or rail to lean by ; her hands bound, her grey hair streaming loose by her cheek ; and how she swayed and tottered under the rough motion, and made piteous, helpless effort to shake back the disordered hair ; and how the French mob, men and women, screamed at her, saying, “ Where, now, are the cushions of your Trianon ? ” How bitter, truly, must be such a going to death !—with no righteous cause of faith or country to keep the heart high ? For all, to her honour be it said, we do not read of any sign of craven fear in this poor Princess slain for the sins of her order. I hold the little brazen cross in my hand, and think upon tumults and wars, and then upon the still peace that is here to-day, in this silent Monastery of Tallaght. The clematis swings its purple clusters by the window yonder ; the sound of the far-off murmuring water and the robin's song come in together very softly. The tumults and the wars of the world are abroad, outside these sunlit lands ; but within, peace, and “ the Sabbath which remaineth for the people of God.”

ALICE FURLONG.

COMFORTED

As down the winding country road
 I went through wind and rain,
 Upon my heart a heavy load
 Of loneliness and pain,
 An old man whom I chanced to know,
 In happier days gone by,
 Came towards me—white his head as snow,
 And dull and dimmed his eye.

Unconscious there a while he stood,
 An alms from me to ask,
 Peering through eyes beshot with blood
 As though to pierce a mask.
 Until swift recognition came
 To light aglow his face ;
 " Mavrone ! and is *he* just the same ?
 We missed him round the place ! "

But when my black and sombre gown
 Its tale all-grievous told,
 The joy from out his face had flown,
 Again 'twas seared and old.
 No word of sorrow he let fall,
 Nor tear of mourning shed,
 Yet in his eyes I plain read all
 He, tongue-tied, would have said.

As sad and bareheaded he went
 Adown the winding road,
 Some message seemed from Heaven sent
 To ease me of my load.
 For well I knew for whom he prayed—
 Who would not come again—
 And I went, strangely comforted,
 Home through the wind and rain.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

THE turning woodbine comes creeping in at my window, laden with memories of springtimes of the past. How much this vine has seen and known of what was to be and has not been! Have I left my springtime behind me? Have I lost with it my power of dreaming? Can I build no more castles in Spain because I never laid foundations?

There was a time when I was so rapturously happy in the future that I saw not the multitudinous blessings of the present. What glorious visions were mine! How far they excelled all earthly realizations! I would be an artist—such a one as earth has not seen. I would portray with old earth's beauties the joy of the heart that beheld them. Wait until I have mastered the technicalities of art, acquired the skill which would enable me to depict my day-dreams, so that others might appreciate their loveliness! But I have seen other springs and summers since, and I know now that I shall never see my wonderful dreams on canvas.

I would be a musician—the musician for whom the world has long been waiting. The melodies which inspire the angels should resound at my touch. My art should give expression to Nature's glories, and the heart's affections; it would voice sentiments hitherto inexpressible. Wait until I had learned the principles of harmony and trained my fingers! But springs and summers have rolled by, and I know now that, if ever the world is rejoiced by such strains, they will come from other hands than mine.

I would be a poet—the poet who would wed celestial thought to ideal rhythm, and send their offspring to ennoble men. Wait until I had practised the literary scales and cadences, and become an adept in the harmony of words. But springs and summers have destroyed youth's illusions, and I know now that, when the poems of which I dreamed have been written, I shall not call them mine.

Yet am I tender towards my abortive offspring. Among my secret treasures, are not the brain-children I craved, but a simple song, a crude picture, some faulty rhymes. I love them so jealously that no one else has ever seen, will ever see them, lest they wound me by smiling at them; for defective as I know them to be, I love them because they are mine.

Ah, Master Workman! Dost Thou love Thy creations?

Nay, I do not question, I need not be told. Art Thou tender towards their defects ? I know ; they are Thine. Thou lovest them with a jealous love ; Thou hast no anger, only loving compassion for the frailties of Thy creatures—because Thou art their Creator. Thou seest in them beauties the world cannot see, Thou lovest them not only for what they are, but for what they might have been and may yet be.

Ah, Master Workman, Master Workman ! There is none so tender as Thou ! Dost Thou smile with gracious commiseration on the dreamer at Thy feet ? Did she wound Thy infinite love when she had other dreams than of Thee ?

Nay, she but dreamt of honour, and Thou art Infinite Glory ; she but dreamt of affection, and Thou art Infinite Love. Thou must look on her with gentle pity, that she should think the flights of her imagination great.

And to-day, when she catches some faint reflection of Thy infinite Beauty in the glories of the autumn day, Thine earth-weary creature feels Thy sanctioning smile, and is encouraged to dream on with the full assurance that all her heart's desires will yet be satisfied.

Master Workman, Master Workman ! All-Beautiful, All-Glorious, All-Loving ! How necessary art Thou to the works of Thy hands ! Throughout all the ages of eternity Thy dreamer shall find in Thee with ever-growing delight an ever ampler fulfilment of her highest, holiest ideals.

M. I. J.

FOR THE DYING

Omnipotens faustam donet morientibus horam.

To those who're drawing now their last faint breath
May God Almighty grant a happy death !

M. R.

LITTLE ESSAYS ON LIFE AND CHARACTER

VI.—IN THE DAYS OF YOUTH

IN the castles of romance there was a room in which I felt, in youth, a special interest. It was the picture gallery, the spot that witnessed the perambulations of the ghost, whose apparition in the deepening shades of the gloaming, or at the dead noon of night, filled the living with awe and terror. Yet not the ghost only, but the pictures themselves, were enough to excite unwonted sensations, and send me into a fit of pleasant musing—pictures of knights in armour, of fair dames and damsels, and representations of scenes or events connected with the family history. With so many heroes and heroines in view, it was not difficult for the imagination to weave a tale of high emprise and of love faithful until death.

Such a gallery is memory, on whose walls hangs many a painting, the undying record of past events, untoward or painful, as well as those that are agreeable. It is said that the memory never loses what has once been lodged in it; and, however obscured or forgotten may be the details of former occurrences, a time will arrive when that gallery shall be rehung with all its pictures, and not even the least or the ugliest but shall be assigned its proper place.

"Of this I feel assured," says De Quincey, "that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind: a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever, just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil; and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn."*

The most pleasant inscriptions on the mind are those which remind us of our youth.

What days were ours when the heart was young, and cherished pure ideals, and beat with the pulse of poesy natural to the springtime of life! Even when we reach the autumn or the winter of our years, the thought of home and of our youth is an unfailing source of pensive pleasure. For youth was a time of sailing clouds and golden sunsets, of flowers and scented

* *Confessions of an Opium Eater.*

meads and forest glades, of singing birds and the other wild things of Nature, of lakes and islands and rushing streams ; a time that rang with the voices (we hear them still) of playmates and true-hearted comrades, and of all we loved ; a time when the merest trifle, the sight of a rainbow or of a bird on the wing, or the breath of perfume from a hill or a moor, thrilled us with joy that broke into a shout or a song, and the wide earth seemed not the rough, material world it is, but " an unsubstantial faëry place," the abode of warmth and light and gladness. One can sympathise with Robert Louis Stevenson, when, recalling a day on which he sailed in his boyhood among the Hebrides, he exclaims, in one of his ballads :—

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone ;
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone.
Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun ;
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone."

It is true that we may regret " the lad that is gone ; " but if we still retain something of his bright and brave spirit, and value the memories of the Eden in which he lived, and keep in view the unselfish aspirations that thrilled his heart in the morning of life, we have not wholly lost him. He still lives on, justifies to some degree the illusion that haunted him in youth that he should never die. For then it seemed to him that, like Nature herself, he was immortal, such was his vitality and vigour. " Life is indeed a strange gift," says Hazlitt " and its privileges are most mysterious. No wonder when it is first granted to us, that our gratitude, our admiration, and our delight should prevent us from reflecting on our own nothingness or from thinking it will ever be recalled. Our first and strongest impressions are borrowed from the mighty scene that is opened to us, and we unconsciously transfer its durability as well as its splendour to ourselves."

The world of Nature is not the only world to which we are introduced in early years ; we are admitted into another, that bestows some of life's keenest pleasures—the world of books. The first books that fell into my hands were cheap copies of *Jack the Giant-Killer*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and some of the tales from *The Arabian Nights*. Those veracious histories glowed with brightly-tinted paper covers, and there was a rough wood-cut on nearly every page. My first acquaintance with an English classic is the subject of

one of memory's earliest pictures, which represents a small boy standing before a bookseller's shelves, in the presence of his schoolmaster and the shopman. The lad had been given, as a school prize, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, but this book his parents had condemned as "too Protestant," and he had returned it to his teacher. The latter now said to him: "Look at the shelves before you; I will give you any book you choose." The youngster hesitated. It was plainly a case of *embarras des richesses*—there were too many volumes to select from. "Is there any book you would like to read?" "Yes; *Robinson Crusoe*." So he was made happy with a small copy of Defoe's famous story. I cannot say how often he read it, probably half a dozen times. How he revelled in the changing scenes and stirring events of the tale! He himself, not Crusoe, he thought, was the hero of the adventures there described; he was in slavery among the Moors; he escaped in the long-boat, with Xury; and, after shooting "the terrible great lion" on the African coast, he was rescued by the Portuguese ship, and landed in the Brazils. Then came the shipwreck and the desert island where he found the print of a man's naked foot in the sea sand, and rescued Friday from the savages. But why go through the details?

The story was to "the lavish heart of youth" a veritable treasure, the source of varied emotions of hope and fear and delight. Yet there was another book which he read even oftener, and which exercised, doubtless, a greater influence upon his character. It was the tale of the early Christian martyrs, which Cardinal Wiseman has given us under the title of *Fabiola*; or, *The Church of the Catacombs*. The character in this story that appealed most strongly to him was the Christian youth, Pancratius, who was trained by a saintly mother to tread the highest paths of faith, fortitude, and charity, and who died by martyrdom in the Roman amphitheatre. A similar work, teaching the same sublime lessons—Cardinal Newman's *Callista*—he also read, but as it is, in treatment and plan, nothing more than a sketch, it did not interest him to the same extent as did Cardinal Wiseman's elaborate and artistic story.

Another of memory's pictures represents the large, gas-lit study hall of a college, where some seventy pupils (boarders) were engaged in the preparation of lessons for the morrow's classes. A few days previously carpenters had been engaged in constructing book-cases, which they set up along one side of the hall, and the shelves had been stocked with a selection of English literary works. The silence which prevailed during the hour of study was broken by the entrance of the president and

the masters. From the prefect's pulpit the president spoke of the new school library, and announced the rules that were to be observed with respect to the books. The distribution of the volumes at once began, and each boy returned to his place with a story, a biography, or a book of poems. *Oliver Twist* and *David Copperfield* were the first of Dickens' masterpieces which I then read, and they have ever remained my favourites among his works; and it was not long until I had won my way into the "realm of gold" which Sir Walter Scott claimed as his own, and I was soon well acquainted with the adventures of *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, *Waverley*, and *Guy Mannering*. One of the boys present on that occasion is now known as Mr. T. P. O'Connor M.P. In the first number of his popular periodical, *T. P.'s Weekly*, he gave a description of the opening of this school library, and said that the first book which he took from its shelves—*Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature*—began his education in the domain of letters. Another of our school-fellows at the college* was the present Under-Secretary for Ireland, Sir Antony MacDonnell.

The new library was instrumental in leading some of us into the goodly states and kingdoms, "that bards in fealty to Apollo hold." Nearly every Irish boy, I suppose, owes his first knowledge of poetry to Moore's *Irish Melodies*, and the songs of the *Spirit of the Nation*. At least, so it was with one Irish lad already referred to, and many a time, by lonely lough or riverside, or on the seashore, he repeated to himself or recited aloud Emmet's address to Ireland, "When he who adores Thee," "Breffni's Lament," "Let Erin Remember," "Rich and Rare were the gems she wore," "She is far from the Land," and "Dear Harp of my Country."

And the *Spirit of the Nation* songs, how they rouse and sway the young Irish heart! Perhaps the best description of the effect they produce is given by Father Tom Burke, O.P., in his lecture on "The National Music of Ireland." I may here be allowed to say that this famous priest was to me, in youth, an object of hero-worship. I had often heard him speak, and his eloquence and striking figure, clothed, as I always saw it, in the Dominican habit, inspired me with admiration, and form now an imperishable memory. The sound of his voice comes to me across the years, and I hear again the lessons which he taught—lessons which inspired hope and courage in striving after what is worthiest and highest in life. Speaking once of the success of the writers of the *Nation*

* The College of the Immaculate Conception, Summerhill, near Athlone

in creating a national literature, he appealed to his own experience, and said : " Under the magic voices and pens of these men, every ancient glory of Ireland again stood forth. I remember it well. I was but a boy at the time, but I remember with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading Davis's poems ; and it would seem to me that, before my young eyes, I saw the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy. It seemed to me that my ears were filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb—the war-cry of the Red Hand—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the sun, melted before the Irish onset."

Sir Walter Scott's poems gave me many a happy hour. There I found magician and goblin page, border trooper and mail-clad knight, fair ladies, moated castles, and brave adventures by field and flood. *The Lay, Marmion, The Lady of the Lake*, were all devoured. Nothing in the shape of a chase could, I thought, beat the stag hunt in the last-named—and who shall say that the opinion was wrong ?

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.
As Chief who hears his warder call,
" To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flank he shook ;
Like crested leader, proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky ;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh ;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

A gallant chase the stag afforded the hunters, till a single horseman and

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,

were all that followed the gasping quarry, which at last escaped

in safety. The hunter's horse fell dead, and the rider sorrowed over him :—

" I little thought, when first thy rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey ! "

It is the fashion nowadays to speak slightly of Scott's *Rokeby* ; but that poem was a favourite of mine, mainly because the hero, Redmond O'Neale, is a young Irishman, and in it I found one of the poet's most stirring battle-pictures—the fight between Bertram's robber band and Rokeby's veterans led on by Redmond :—

Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale,
Then peal'd the shot and clash'd the steel ;
The war-smoke soon with sable breath
Darken'd the scene of blood and death,
While on the few defenders close
The Bandits, with redoubled blows,
And twice, driven back, yet fierce and fell,
Renew the charge with frantic yell.
Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood
Young Redmond, soiled with smoke and blood,
Cheering his mates with heart and hand,
Still to make good their desperate stand.—
" Up, comrades, up ! in Rokeby's halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.
What ! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye ?
These rafters have returned a shout
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout ;
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even :
Stand to it yet ! renew the fight,
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right !
These slaves ! they dare not, hand to hand,
Bide buffet from a true man's brand."
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung,
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent !
Backward they scatter'd as he came,
Like wolves before the levin flame,
When, 'mid their howling conclave driven,
Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.

And so on, until the fight is won by Redmond and his brave men.

Beautiful, doubtless, are the illusions and dreams of youth, fated though they are to be shattered in the collision with the realities of life ; but if the young heart entertains generous aspirations and learns to sympathise with truth and fidelity

and courage, with gentleness and kindliness to friend and foe, it meets with a training that better fits its energies for life's combat than if it were taught to take cynical views and devote itself to the pursuit of selfish ends. In any worthy training books like those mentioned above play an important part, and all who love the young, and seek

The mind to strengthen and anneal,
While on the stithy glows the steel,

act wisely in gaining the help which such books afford. The true preparation for the trials of the future is found in the building up of a strong and generous character. If a man lives practically for mean and sordid views, mean and sordid, too, will be his life and the material success which he gains. For we build a home for our spirit in strict conformity with the ideals which we prize and to which we are faithful.

M. W.

TO A CERTAIN FISHERMAN

You, with your constant love of the cold stream,
Whose great delight it is alone to stand
And cast continually with untiring hand
The long light line : whose clear keen grey eyes gleam
Ever alert and watchful, while they seem
Strangers to all impatience—sky and land,
Bird, flower, and fish your pleasure can command,
With these you take your rest, and roam, and dream.

And I, whose tireless, restless, anxious soul
Innumerable hopes and fears annoy :
Who with vain purposeless pursuits employ
The hours that ever slip from my control,
How do I envy you your placid joy
Whose work and play make one harmonious whole !

F. C. D.

BOARDING-SCHOOL *versus* DAY-SCHOOL

I BELIEVE in the Communion of Saints," which the Catechism explains as signifying that all who belong to the true Church assist each other by their prayers and good works. Among the good works of others in which we hope to have a share is the education of the young. May God support and strengthen all those men and women who, in various parts of the world, by their persevering and self-denying labours are striving to secure for generation after generation the supreme blessing of a sound and religious education.

One of these training places for the young is St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, at Sydney, in Australia. From its pleasantly written and beautifully illustrated periodical, *Our Alma Mater*, we are going to take some pages in which the subject named at the head of this article is treated in a very original manner. It seems that the Third Division consists of very juvenile and small individuals, and that, therefore, the Riverview world was greatly startled to learn that these daring youngsters were getting up a Debating Society like their elders. A report is given in *Our Alma Mater* of July, 1907, of a debate on the relative advantages and disadvantages of education at home and education in a boarding-school. None of the youthful debaters (some of them so small of stature as hardly to be seen above the table) seems to have touched on one point which we heard alluded to in conversation after we had settled to "convey" those Australasian notes to our own pages, namely, that some home-taught people remain unduly shy through all their after-life from not having passed through the ordeal of a boarding-school. Several of the points urged in the notes that we now proceed to extract would need to be modified and developed in various directions. Only a few of the speeches are here summarized.

The debate was conducted in regular parliamentary form, after three weeks' preparation, by a Government and an Opposition, each consisting of seven members. The Premier, Ewart Dinan, opened the debate as follows:—

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—We are assembled here to-night to discuss a subject worthy of the most cultured minds, namely, whether the foundation of a man's life is better laid at a boarding-school or at a day-school. . . . A day-school boy may play what he likes. His parents will not say to him,

'Down to the football field; play up, or come to me afterwards for six.' No, gentlemen, such sternness is out of the question with them, and the boy idles away his free time, and looks forward only to the theatre or some other less healthy amusement. At a boarding-school a boy must join in many games and sports which forms his character, and facilitate his mental labours. Another important thing is a boy's diet. At home he is fed with the most abominable (!) rubbish possible, such as rich cakes, cream puffs, custards, and American sweets. In a boarding-school after a hard game of football he will sit down to a good plain meal, and relish it as much as if it were a king's banquet. The boarder has no nightly outings and trips. He must retire at a reasonable hour, and in the morning the peal of a pitiless bell prevents him leaping in bed till ten o'clock. A day boy may do almost what he chooses, and gratify every extravagant little wish, while the boarder learns obedience and self-control, and becomes an upright gentleman ready to make his way through the world in after life with courage and perseverance."

JULIAN BRYANT (M.P. for Mosman): "A day boy gets on better with his work, as his parents help him with any little thing he does not understand. At a boarding-school the master says something you do not grasp. You ask him again and again to explain. In the end you pretend to understand, because you are afraid he will get angry. Moreover, a day boy learns better manners, for at home visitors are frequent, and you get used to the way of entertaining them. Away at a boarding-school you seldom see visitors, and then when you make mistakes who is there to correct you? Nobody, gentlemen. You are sent down to the parlour, where there is no friend to correct your faults. Again at table, in a college you are among a lot of boys who will not take any notice of what you do, because they do the same things themselves. And so you sing out loud and stretch your arms across the table. As a boarder you become extravagant in your dress, and afterwards you may have to go begging dressed in good clothes and a bell-topper. There was once a boarding-school boy who thought of nothing but dress. In after life he had a different suit for every day in the week. Then he got into debt, and had to sell his house, and go to live in a hut in a valley. When starving there he tore his clothes into rags and smeared them with mud, and went out to ask for work and bread. That is the sort of education you get in a boarding-school."

SENAN RYAN (M.P. for Rockdale): "Boys going to day-schools find it harder to keep good than boarders. On their way home they meet with bad companions, and are liable to be led astray.

On the other hand, the boys at a boarding-school have plenty of cricket and football, which make them forget everything evil. Even if a bad boy does get into a college the vigilant eye of the prefect soon ferrets him out, and he stops at home after the term. . . . Day boys have fond mothers, who give them what they like. Such fellows grow up wanting everything, and nobody likes them. Many of them, too, have a long distance to travel to their homes, and cannot set to work at their lessons till very late. They have not enough time for either play or study or sleep. The boarder has regular hours for meals and studies. He goes to bed and gets up at proper times, and has enough play to keep him in good health and spirits."

EVIE KEENAN (M.P. for Newcastle): "God gave the child to his parents, and they are responsible for his care. They understand their children better than outsiders, and take more interest in them. A boy, too, will confide in his father and mother, he will tell them freely all his little troubles, and be guided by their advice." The honourable member dwelt at some length on the terrors of homesickness, and the evil propensity of boarders to invest in shrewdy boots and double-rimmed hats. "Remember, also, that boys who have one day to take their place in the world should see more of men and things, and will have a better chance of preparing for the great battle if brought up outside the necessarily restricted life of a boarding-school. Therefore, I am confident that the intelligent audience whom I have the honor of addressing will vote for day-schools."

CYPRIAN BRYANT (M.P. for Sydney): "In a day-school the grounds for cricket and football are ridiculously small, and so the day boy remains weak and skinny. It is otherwise at a boarding-school, where you have plenty of room for healthy exercise, and there you grow tall and strong. Moreover, in a boarding-school you have a good stage and fine plays, like 'Iolanthe,' whereas a day boy must be content with a small corner for a song and a few recitations. . . . It is true that a boarder feels lonely at first, but you soon get homesickness and many other things knocked out of you. When you go home for vacation your joy is all the greater, and you have so many grand things to tell your parents that you scarcely know where to begin."

STAN M'DERMOTT (M.P. for Orange). The right honourable but singularly small member for Orange introduced some interesting and original arguments into the discussion: "A boy attending a day-school learns all about the world and its wickedness, and so when he leaves school he knows how to start in life. . . . A boy attending a boarding-school gets a lot of unneces-

sary books charged in the bill. . . . The Government will tell you that at a boarding-school you have more games than at a day-school. I tell you that you have too much, and begin to hate them ; so take my advice and cast your vote in favour of a day-school."

ARTHUR KELLY (Leader of the Opposition) : "As I glance along the Treasury bench my eye naturally falls on the Premier. This gentleman made a good speech, full of wisdom and flowers ; but even he is not infallible. He says that day boys are spoiled by their parents, and have little or no games. Gentlemen, that is not true. Many day-schools have plenty of games, and though an only son may be sometimes over-petted by his parents that does not justify the Premier in saying that day boys in general are spoiled. I came next to the member for Rockdale, who spoke of the bad companions one meets at a day-school, and I ask him cannot there be bad boys also at a boarding-school. Of course, and if so, they can do more damage, for they are ever in your very midst. . . . Nor is true to say that the eye of the prefect will always ferret him out, for that kind of boy is very cunning, and may escape the prefect's notice. . . . The member for North Sydney made a great many statements, which he failed to prove. Among other things, he said there are no plays like 'Iolanthe' at a day-school. Why, I have seen plenty of them myself, and moreover, I had the pleasure of meeting the honourable member himself at one during last holidays. . . . In conclusion, I shall ask you not to vote for the Government who would separate a boy from his parents and friends, but cast your vote instead in favour of those who champion the cause of that home life which is so dear to us all. 'Home, sweet home there is no place like home.' "

EWART DINAN (Premier) : "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I rise with pleasure to defend once more the cause of the boarding-schools, and to begin with, I shall review some of the eccentric statements of our worthy opponents. In his opening speech the Opposition Leader took 'will power' as his motto. A boy's strength of will is sufficient, he says, to secure that his home work will be well done. Then, gentlemen, let us do away with all force. Let the prefect abandon his desk in his study hall and the will power of a hundred boys will keep them hard at work ! Leave the playground unguarded, and what will happen ? Will all the will power of the Opposition be sufficient to control the members for Maoriland and Newcastle ? No ! Give a boy an inch and he will take a yard. Let the masters bow down to their pupils, and we shall produce some beautiful scholars. There are some masters in this very house who try to get their

boys to work by kindness rather than by force—though the latter in the long run is the greater kindness. Is it for the easy master that the best work is done? Whose class comes out on top in the exams? No, gentlemen, will power is not enough. Then the member for Mosman took George Stephenson as the example of a day boy, and he selected an anonymous shrewdy who lived in a hut as the example of a boarder. It would be easy for us to turn the tables. The boarding-schools have sent out even better men than Stephenson, while the day-schools have produced worse men than that bankrupt shrewdy who turned to honest work in the end of his days. The member for Newcastle had to descend to the nursery and make homesickness his argument. Why, the will power of the Opposition ought to make short work of homesickness. We may even admit the homesickness, and add with Tennyson that the joys of home are not fully realized till contrasted by sorrow. The same member told you that when a day boy is sick his mother will keep him at home. Yes, and the day-school loafers would not find it so easy to palm off the sick plea on the prefect of health at a boarding-school. You were all entranced by the eloquence of the member for Orange. He told you of the enormous price of books, and said that at a day-school your parents would stop such a waste of literature. Well, gentlemen, it seems to me that the master of a class is the best judge of the books which his pupil requires. Now the time has come to put the question to a vote. Do not be mesmerized by enormous calculations on the price of books or hypnotized by homesickness and other nursery rot. You are not girls, but boys. Vote, then, for the modern boarding-school, which is best suited to prepare you for the hard struggle of your after years."

The boarding-schools won by a majority of three.

ON THE THRESHOLD

OH, give me back the vision and the splendour !
 My heart is aching for the golden prime,
 The past with all its memories sweet and tender,
 The flower-crowned heights of youth's bright summertime ;
 The faces lit with love that, o'er me bending,
 Soothed my childish sorrows long ago,
 A mother to my lightest need attending—
 Ah, these no longer in the world I know.

A dim mirage is earthly fame that brightened
 And shone before me—like a stormy day
 That up the west in crimson vistas lightened
 And soon in mist and darkness died away.
 The burden and the heat are on me pressing,
 The hate and envy and the scorn of man.
 A thankless world bestows nor boon nor blessing—
 With empty hands I end as I began.

Yet though with empty hands before Thy altar
 I kneel, O Lord, in all my shame and sin—
 The door is shut, my heart begins to falter,
 The banquet's set—wilt Thou not let me in ?
 The beauty of the night in starlight spaces,
 Reflected from the deep blue far above,
 Is shining on me in its shimmering traces—
 I feel Thy presence and I know Thy love.

Methinks I hear an echo answering faintly,
 As if from some far shrine of hidden prayer,
 The assuring accents of some spirit saintly
 In music floating down the quiet air.
 The banquet-hall is shut, but not for ever—
 The tardy comer never knocked in vain.
 Believe, love, pray, be steadfast, and endeavour.
 Go forth in peace. My child, sin not again.*

* These lines were written, a short time before his death, by Robert James Reilly, a gifted young physician, who died a few years ago at Rostrevor, Co. Down.—R.I.P.

HESTER'S HISTORY

A NOVEL

CHAPTER VII

SOME ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BALL

NOTHING outside the covers of a fairy-tale book is so bewitching as the scene on which this company entered. No stage could present so gorgeous and vast a piece of grouping. Mr. Campion the knave of diamonds, conducted Red Ridinghood to an excellent post of observation, where troops of dream people passed by them in the flesh: Cinderella and her godmother, Lady Macbeth and Robin Hood, popes and their cardinals, kings and their jesters. There were summer and winter, the devil and an angel, sylphs and mermaids, a savage and St. Agnes; the three weird sisters (three maidens in their bloom), the graces (three withered old spinsters in their paint). Some with masks and some without: glowing and glittering, laughing and jesting, sneering and ogling, coquetting and love-making; pointing witty speeches and ridiculing dull ones; dragging out bashfulness and tripping up blunders; fanning, blushing, sighing, whispering—so the motley crowd went by. Love jostled hate, and misery joy. Beauty rubbed skirts with ugliness, and security with danger. Youth aped age, and age aped youth. Virtue mimicked wickedness, and wickedness virtue. It was all very fine, yet the Queen of Spades thought but little of the pageant. Hester might have leisure to note the oddities and contrasts, but Lady Humphrey had only eyes for one sober-looking figure.

"Sir Archie Munro here!" said Pierce to his mother. "Surely that is he over yonder. What can bring him to London at such a time?"

Pierce involuntarily doubled up his fist under his ruffles. It was an insult to his faithless Janet that this rival of his should be indifferent to her presence in his home.

"How dared he be there, looking at her every day?" had been the lad's thought, but an hour before; now it was, "How dare he be here, not caring whether she is there or not?"

"Perhaps he has come to London to arrange about the marriage settlements," he said bitterly. "Or perhaps, indeed, he may even now be here in the character of Benedick."

"I think not," said Lady Humphrey. "Why does he not wear a mask, I wonder. It would suit him. Hist, Pierce!

I will tell you—he is here in the character of an Irish rebel; his true character. His proper costume would be a pitchcap, with a pike on the shoulder."

"Nonsense, mother! I beg your pardon. But you know you are a little astray on that subject."

"I am not going to harm him by talking," said Lady Humphrey. "You need not get excited, as you did upon another occasion. But I know why that gentleman is here."

Pierce was silent and uncomfortable. "Why, then, is he here?" he asked presently, unable to control his curiosity.

Lady Humphrey shook her head. "I think it is better to say nothing whatever," she said, a little mournfully. "His family were old friends of mine, Pierce—a truth of which you once reminded me."

The young man was silent again, glanced at his mother's face, once, twice, and hung his head with remorse.

"Forgive me, mother," he said at last. "I remember that other occasion well. I terribly misunderstood you on two points. Your conduct to Hester has delighted me of late. I will never doubt the goodness of your heart again, even for a moment, in passion. If you know aught against Sir Archie Munro, I will never ask you to repeat it."

"It is safer not to talk here, at all events," Lady Humphrey answered drily, and turned away her face; perhaps to look through the crowd after Sir Archie Munro, perhaps to avoid the glance of her son's honest eyes.

"And now," she said, presently, with a sprightly change of manner, "we will leave the gloomy subject of treason. We came here to amuse ourselves, did we not? Let Sir Archie Munro have a care of himself, while you go and take Hester about the rooms. And forget your saucy Janet for a time, if you can, and make yourself agreeable."

Pierce was fain to do as he was bidden, and so Red Riding-hood and the cavalier made a tour of inspection round the brilliant chambers, whilst the Queen of Spades returned to her hand, and was shuffled over and over again with her companions in a stately dance. That was the hour in which Pierce Humphrey unexpectedly found himself telling the story of his love and his troubles to Hester.

"Who is your saucy Janet, Mr. Pierce?" asked Hester, suddenly, as they pushed through the crowd together.

Pierce Humphrey blushed. He felt startled, dismayed, ashamed; and yet on the whole rather pleasantly excited. His vanity half-hoped half-feared that Hester would be grieved to hear the story about Janet.

"Where have you heard? What do you know about her?" he asked evasively.

"Nothing," answered Hester, simply. "But I heard Lady Humphrey speak of her just now; and I thought I should like to know."

Pierce Humphrey sighed, but on the whole was relieved. There was no jealousy, no bitterness, in the young girl's tone. She was only at her old trick of wanting to give help. It was better so, better that little friendless damsels like this should have no hearts to get hurt. And it was pleasant for a man who had vexation on his mind to find ready-made sympathy at his hand.

"You were always willing to share a fellow's troubles, little Hester," he said joyously. "And I should be glad, indeed, to hear your opinion of this one." And he plunged into his story, and told it frankly from beginning to end; how he loved a merry maiden called Janet, how the merry maiden had gold and beauty and a temper of her own; how he had been bound to her by a bright betrothal ring; but now, woe the day! he had happened to offend her, whereupon she had flown across the sea, to bide under the roof of one supposed to be his rival. And lastly, how he was wasting for her sake; though he made efforts to pass the time pretty well.

Hester listened patiently, attentively; weighing his difficulty, believing intensely in his pain, now and again asking a question as he went along; while they two threaded their way up and down through the crowd, he flushed eloquent, gesticulating, so very much in earnest that Lady Humphrey, catching a glimpse of him from a distance, grew uneasy. Had she not gone too far in thus keeping him so constantly with this Hester, who walked by his side, a pale, patient-looking little Red Ridinghood? Was he making an offer of his fickle heart, even now, to this dressmaker, whose work was already cut out for her so many miles across the sea?

"I do not know much about such matters," Hester was saying at the moment, gravely, and with a business-like air; "but I should think the young lady must be true."

"God bless you for that, little Hester," said Pierce Humphrey, squeezing, in the enthusiasm of his gratitude, the hand that was holding on by his arm. "But how have you come to such a happy conclusion?"

"Why, you see," said Hester, earnestly and deliberately, as if explaining a knotty problem, "you are brave and good-natured, Mr. Pierce; and you love her a great deal, and you have told her so. And she had wealth of her own, and rich lovers;

and yet she once promised to marry you. I should think she must be fond of you," said Hester, wagging her head sagely, as if too great a volume of evidence had been summed up to admit of there being doubt upon the matter.

This was the amount of Hester's wisdom and penetration, but it satisfied Pierce to the full. He sighed, and became more humble, more doubtful of himself, in his speech.

"You have not seen my rival, little Hester," he said, deprecatingly; "and you must not imagine him an uncouth mountaineer, with coarse hands, and a brogue. Sir Archie is a travelled gentleman, wiser, better, more clever than I am. He has a castle many hundred years old; he has money at his bankers; and he has fine woods and mountains on his beautiful estate."

"All that makes no matter," said Hester.

"You are the pearl of comforters," said Pierce; "but these things make all the matter in the world. I am ashamed to confess that I have thought of them myself," he said, hesitating, and looking a little sheepish. "I knew that Janet was rich, and that I wanted money. But I would give all the money to you, little Hester, or to anyone else, if she would marry me to-morrow;—and we could do the housekeeping on air," he added, ruefully, as if remembering how little hopes there was of his ever being able to put his genuine feelings to the proof.

Soon after this arrived the very moment when Fate took up that puzzle of Lady Humphrey's, shook it into perfect shape, and dropped it in her lap.

It happened that Hester got separated accidentally from her party. She was thirsty, from the heat of the place, and the intenceness of her listening. Pierce, after gleaning up every atom of sympathy and advice which she could gather for him out of her heart and brain, responded to her complaint by rushing off gratefully to seek lemonade for her refreshment. He placed her in the corner of a small, dimly-lighted room where only a few people were wandering in and out. He ought to have taken her to his mother; but where was his mother at the time? He was too careless, and Hester was too ignorant, to think of the danger of separation in the crowd. He bade her not to move till he should return.

He intended to return with all speed, for Pierce was in the main a true-hearted lad, and he loved little Hester, after a fashion. But the history of his adventures in the meantime is obscure. Did he get into a quarrel with the confectioner? Did he also feel thirsty, after his talking, and drink just one glass of wine too many for his memory, so that he could not find the

room to which he was bound to return ? Or did he stray into a place where they were gaming, and linger a moment, only to see how the play was going ; perhaps to get mixed up in it himself ? Any or all of these escapades were possible to the young man at this time of his life. But that he was humble and contrite for his mistake next day is all that we are permitted to understand.

In the meantime, the rest of the cards having been dealt about the rooms, Lady Humphrey and Mr. Campion followed their own will from place to place, keeping watch over a before-mentioned sober-looking figure. That this person was unconscious of observation Lady Humphrey had the best means of knowing. Had he once recognized her, he would have approached her immediately, and greeted her with outstretched hand. But his thoughts did not seem busy with this company. He was a grave-looking man, about thirty-five years old, tall, slender for his height, but well-built, and stately. One might say, without much extravagance, that there was a sort of majesty in the motions of his figure, as he carried the long gown about his shoulders and limbs. His hair was a very dark red, as if the ruddy tresses of some sanguine ancestor were struggling to shine out through the duskier locks which nature had intended him to wear. His features were of the eagle cast, yet there was nothing hard or sharp in the countenance of Sir Archie Munro. Keen it might be, and bold and firm, for there was mental strength and nerve in every latent expression of his face ; but the brave blue eyes knew well how to break into a smile, and the lips to relax into softness.

Sir Archie, watching for someone with anxiety, waited and was disappointed, waited still and was still disappointed. Lady Humphrey and Mr. Campion followed, and lingered, and wondered, and grew impatient. Was the man really more conscious of their presence and their motives than he would seem ? Was he playing with them, tricking them ; would he presently laugh at the useless cunning with which they had laid their little plan, the feeble effort they had put forth in it, and the hidden irritation with which its failure must harass them ? Even Mr. Campion could not deny that this was possible in a treacherous world. But even while Mr. Campion's face was lengthening, a little black imp came tumbling up the room.

This young monster had flames shooting out of the top of his head, and looked, for the credit of those who had so blackened and bedaubed him, a very worthy little scion of the house of Satan. The crowd parted with laughter as he came whirling along wildly, spinning round and round on his hands and toes,

like a young acrobat. He had the awkwardness, for the ill-luck, or the cleverness, to trip over Sir Archie's feet, and fall. That gentleman immediately bent down, with the impulse of a humane man, alarmed lest the boy should be hurt. The little devil had seemingly a human perception of pain, was not proof against a bruise or a scrape, for he caught the gentleman's arm, and held on by his hand while he groaned, and twisted, and whimpered, and rubbed his legs. And while this absurd scene was going, on Sir Archie's palm became suddenly acquainted with a very slim morsel of folded paper, which his fingers closed upon with care. And no sooner was that strong hand locked upon its secret than the legs of the little devil became fit for further exercise; and with a sudden unearthly shriek, and a spring, he was whirling to the other end of the room. Lady Humphrey's eyes might be sharp, and Mr. Champion's might roll knowingly, but they could not see the writing on that slip of folded paper. They did not resist the natural impulse to turn with the crowd, and look after the tumbling imp; and when their gaze was released from the momentary obligation of following a popular absurdity, and returned to its more serious occupation, Sir Archie Munro had passed out of their ken.

He had taken his way to a quiet room, where he could read his letter unobserved. And here are all its contents:—

"I find that we are watched," said the note, "and so I fail to keep my appointment. Come to me at half-past four. I have made arrangements which will prevent any risk to you. For me it is all risk; but I sail for France to-morrow. I cannot leave without trying my personal influence, without praying you with my voice, in the name of God, to change your mind, and give us your help in the great coming struggle of our country. Eat this when you have read, if there be not a light at hand.

"Yours, full of hope,

"THEOBALD WOLFE TONE."

There was a lamp on a stand close by, and Sir Archie held the paper to the flame. The flash which consumed it made Hester look up, for this was the room in which Hester had been left sitting. It was deserted now by all but herself. One and another came and looked into it now and again, and passed on. Hester glanced up, and saw the stern face and the burning letter. Sir Archie, even before holding the paper to the light, had observed the picture in the corner, and marked it. The shower of golden hair and the quaint little red cloak had first

caught his notice as a matter of colour ; a moment later it was the pale troubled face, and the downward abstracted gaze, the patient shadow of fatigue or sorrow round the eyes, the helpless clinging together of the hands, that had left the impress of a poem upon his mind. He had considered its depth and truth a little, even from under the pressure of his own weighty thoughts ; had been conscious of a latent question under the surface of his own anxiety of the hour—was this sorrow and piteous loneliness of spirit that he had looked upon, or only natural physical fatigue, and the involuntary patience of a minute's enforced waiting ?

And where had Hester's thoughts been in the meantime, all the long hour during which she had sat there, with that grief-struck face ? What simple, half-fledged dove of feeling, that had been wickedly lured to try its unformed wings, was she anxiously bringing back again to the safety of the nest ? What grains of bitter husk was she winnowing in her heart, that sweet wholesome material for the daily bread of life might be found lying at the bottom, for her storing when the folly of the chaff should have blown by ? There are little storms for the very young, which, if their purifying tyranny be but tolerated with meekness, will nip all the buds of selfishness in the garden of the soul. And Hester was getting strengthened for the burden of her future.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT

SIR ARCHIE MUNRO had hardly passed out of the room where Hester sat waiting, when a person of venerable appearance, in the garb of a pilgrim, long grey beard, brown woollen gown, approached her, leaning on his staff, and making a most profound salutation.

"Daughter," said he, in a quavering voice, "thy party awaits thee with impatience upon the last step of the staircase. They have commissioned me to be thy escort to bring thee to them in safety. Place thy fair hand upon my arm, and those grey hairs shall by thy protection through the giddy crowd !"

Now it will doubtless appear that Hester was to the last degree simple and foolish to believe for a moment in such a style of address as above ; and it must be allowed that in the

beginning of her days she was simple in the extreme from many points of view. But then if it had not been in her nature to put faith over much in the well-meaning of others, this history could never have been written. And if we would follow her adventures we must take her as we find her, with all her lack of smartness, her credulity, her untimely attacks of dreaminess, her enthusiasm. If we endure her helpless short-comings with patience, we shall find pretty quickly how Time soon took her roughly into training ; how Experience stepped in, and with a few puffs blew all the golden dust out of her hazy brains, leaving them strong enough and clear enough to do strong and skilful work in the hour which came to put them to the test.

In the meantime, we may say for her that she was at this moment, on this night, in this fantastic unaccustomed scene, utterly weary in body, terrified with loneliness, and almost stupefied by the depression of a new trouble ; a weariness that a night's rest could not cure ; a forlornness which the presence of a friend could put to flight ; a trouble that was the mere wraith of a trouble, made up of the mists of an unwholesome atmosphere, too low for her moral breathing, which must be scattered in sparks of colour by the first ray of the sunrise above those mountain tops towards which her unconscious feet were always tending. Yet the weariness and the loneliness and the trouble were all present in this hour to afflict her ; and how was she to know that they were things feeble than herself, with only a small hour allotted to them wherein to work their will upon her ? She was conscious only, at the moment, that they were with her, forcing her to admit that the gay path of variety down which she had been hurrying of late had ended all abruptly in a hopeless *cul-de-sac*. She could not see yet the little friendly postern, with its arch of benediction hidden under the shadow of the frowning wall, the latch already lifted, the sun shining warmly through the chinks.

It is true, then, that she was dull enough to accept the idea that Lady Humphrey was waiting impatiently for her somewhere on a landing ; that perhaps Mr. Pierce might be ill ; and the fact that a somewhat strange-tongued messenger, picked out of a long past century, had been sent to fetch her, could not reasonably startle in a place where for the last few hours all ages had met together, all tongues had spoken in chorus, all costumes had been worn, and all manners had been practised. The longing for escape and the habit of obedience were both strong ; and Hester rose with relief on the instant and put her hand on her conductor's arm.

Once fairly launched in the great crowd, however, with her strange escort, she was not long left in ignorance of her mistake. It was plain that a group of hare-brained young wags had played her a trick. They had observed her unprotected loneliness, and agreed to make a pastime of her difficulty. He who had so successfully imposed upon Hester had been chosen for the office because of the venerable appearance which his disguise presented. When he emerged from the inner room where he had played his part, with his prize upon his arm, his companions gathered round him, laughing and prating with mischievous delight.

"Oh, pray, sir!" cried Hester, turning to dismay to her supposed protector, "take me back to the room where you found me. I do not know these gentlemen;—I cannot be the person you came to seek!"

Her companion replied on the instant by pulling off his long grey beard, his wig of snowy hair, his mask, and exhibiting the laughing roguish face and curly head of a youth not more than eighteen years old.

"Not so fast, pretty Mistress Simplicity!" he said, gaily. "Nay, you will never cut old friends in such a heartless manner. And when did you come up to town, fair sweetheart? And how are all the charming little cousins in the country—Miss Buttercup and Miss Daisy, and the rest? And how does our champagne taste, after your curds and cream?"

So he rattled on, evidently the wit of the party, whilst his companions pressed close upon his steps, laughing and applauding in ecstasy at the fun. They were only a set of wild thoughtless boys, who had drunk much more wine than they were accustomed to, who ought to have been at home learning their Greek for the tutor, and who probably never should have entered such a place had their mothers been consulted. Perhaps had one of them taken time for thought, and glanced at Hester's frightened face, remembering that he had a sister at home, the merry-making might have ended much sooner than it did. But in the midst of the pleasant glow and hum of such a crowd, the mystery of disguise and general abandonment to shallow wit and mirth, as well as with the fumes of wine and the madness of unusual excitement in their brains, where was there a chance that such wild young scapegraces should pause to think?

.. Some friend must come and rescue Hester. And where was a friend to be found? She looked right and left, but nowhere was any person of her party to be discerned. Numbers of people came crowding to the staircase, to the doors, for it was wearing pretty far into the morning. Her

tormentors bent their steps towards the staircase. What crazy plan, if any, was in their heads, where they meant to take her, or where to leave her, Hester was destined never to learn. The little group, six flushed chattering boys, and one pale speechless girl, were swept into a corner of a landing by sudden pressure from the crowd, and remained there unwillingly, unable to move.

Hester gazed anxiously up the staircase. The great lamps, swinging in mid-air, had grown useless, their flame had waxed dim, for the pale green light of dawn was streaming through an upper window, with pathetic suggestions about anxious mothers and dying children, sickening the gaudy colours on the walls, making the painted beauties hurry on their masks, and the showy gallants of the evening look haggard and dishevelled and uncleanly. But by and by, in the midst of the feverish faces, there appeared one different from these, overtopping most of the crowd, a quiet, brave face, cool brows, eyes suffused, a face going forth, not ashamed to lift itself to look upon the sunrise, accustomed to breathe a breezy atmosphere suggestive of early rides when the first furrow is getting ploughed of a morning. Hester saw this good face coming down the staircase, and, for the first time, the idea sprang up in her mind, that she might appeal to a stranger for protection.

Whether she could ever have summoned courage to do so is not known; does not matter. Sir Archie Munro's wide-awake eye caught the girl's frightened appealing look directed towards him, and responding to it like a true gentleman, he quietly so guided his course through the crowd that the girl soon found him, as if by accident, at her side. Desperation was at her heart then, struggling to her lips. She need not be dragged into the streets of London by these worse than crazy youths. Sir Archie did not fail to see the half-lifted hand and eyelid, that only wanted a little boldness to make a claim on his protection. He met the glance firmly, encouragingly, and a promise of powerful help shone out of his steady eyes.

"You have lost your party?" he said. "These are not your friends? I thought not. Be good enough to put your hand on my arm, and have no uneasiness."

Then he turned to the scapegrace lads, who took different attitudes at his interference, some ready to pick a quarrel, some inclined for a more prudent retreat.

"Come, young sirs," he said, severely, "begone and get you home to your beds. Such youngsters cannot be trusted out of the nursery without mischief. As the friend of this lady, I owe each of you a horsewhipping, but I will let you off

on account of your tender years. When you have slept on this matter, I trust, for the sake of the men you may one day become, that you will have the grace to feel ashamed of your conduct."

No other form of treatment could have punished the delinquents so keenly. Afraid of such terrible words being overheard, as addressed to them, they slunk away; one or two hanging their heads, the rest with a faint attempt at bluster and swagger.

After this was over and they had finally disappeared, Sir Archie and Hester passed half an hour on the staircase, watching in vain for a glimpse of any members of Lady Humphrey's party. At the end of that time Sir Archie became uneasy. He had pressing business of his own on hand, important as life and death, yet how could he desert this trembling girl, whom he had volunteered to protect? At last he said:

"I fear it is useless our waiting here longer. Strange as it may appear, I think your friends must have left the place without you. If you will tell me your address, I will bring you home without further delay."

"Oh!" said Hester, with new dismay; "but it is such a distance—all the way to Hampton Court Palace."

"Hampton Court Palace!" repeated Sir Archie. "Ah! that is far; that is too far, indeed,"

The hands of his watch were wearing towards four, and at half-past that hour it was required of him to be present in a very different place from this, and engaged upon far other affairs than the relief of distressed damsels. Whilst considering what could be done, he brought Hester down the lower stair, into the hall below, into the open air; and then, without further pause, he hailed a waiting vehicle, placed her within it, gave instructions to the driver, and took his place in the coach at her side.

As they drove along, he explained himself. "When you reflect upon this adventure to-morrow," he said, "you will not blame me, I hope. You must excuse me if I have been brusque or stern. I am doing the best I can for you. It would be impossible for me to drive you to Hampton Court to-night, and I could not send you in a hired carriage alone. I have not a moment to lose, and I am going to leave you in the only place of safety I can think of. To-morrow I will call to see you, and we will contrive to send a message to your friends."

The carriage at this moment turned into an old-fashioned square, with a dusty-looking garden in the centre, and tufts

of grass growing up here and there between the paving stones. It stopped before a tall, wide, aged-looking house, with a gateway and windows which suggested that the house might have once been a nobleman's dwelling, perhaps in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. A great lantern hung before the entrance, the flame still burning in the grey daylight. Sir Archie, who had been scribbling in his pocket-book on his knees, sprang out of the coach, and pulled the heavy handle of a bell, which answered immediately with a great voice, that, in the utter silence of this place, they could hear making its sudden startling noise among the passages and chambers within. Sir Archie then assisted Hester from the coach, led her to the still-closed door under the shadow of a great black arch, and placed a written leaf of paper, unfolded in her hand.

"There may be yet some moments' delay about the opening of the door," he said, "and I have not one to spare. But you need not have a shadow of fear. You are safe to gain admittance here," he added, with a latent smile about his eyes and lips as he looked down on her standing with her passport in her hand, full of faith—"as safe to gain admittance, as if you were waiting at the gate of heaven itself."

And then Sir Archie returned to his coach, and gave a fresh instruction to the driver. A moment longer he waited to hear the first bolt withdrawn behind the massive door, and to let his eye dwell with infinite approval on the slim white strip of a figure, the pale rim of a cheek, the little red hood half huddled over the loose golden hair. Truly Sir Archie had the eye of an artist, since, even in a moment like this, he could make pictures for himself out of a masquerading girl, a patch of dawn-streaked sky, and an old black archway with its lantern. A man who had seen all the wonderful sights of the world ought to have been less easily charmed with such simple materials. Yet long years later, it was found that this quaint bit of painting in the deserted old square had held its own in his memory, through light and through shade, against all other experiences of his educated eyes.

Meanwhile, Hester, standing on the grass-grown pavement, under the expiring lamp, and with the daylight brightening all round her, read the words written on the slip of paper in her hand:—

"DEAR MARY,—Take the bearer in, and be kind to her. She is a young lady who has been parted from her friends by accident through no fault of hers. I know nothing of her. She must, of course, communicate with her friends immediately. I will call

to-morrow to see you, and we can talk about this, as well as many other matters.

“ With kind love, your brother,
“ ARCHIE MUNRO.”

“ Archie Munro ! ” cried Hester, aloud, in her amazement, and turned her head quickly over her shoulder to look after the retreating coach. It just passed out of sight, the sound of the wheels died away, and a large old rook, on a morning excursion far from his home in one of the parks, alighted almost at her feet, and hopped round and round her. But at the same moment the last of the bolts was withdrawn inside the queer dingy house, the faint flame of the lamp was suddenly quenched overhead, and the great black door shuddered, groaned, and swung back upon its hinges.

CHAPTER IX

A HOUSE OF PEACE

THE person who opened the door for Hester was a little plump pleasant-looking nun, comely and fresh, with a fair round face under her plaited wimple, most like a pink and white daisy. Her long black rosary clanked against the knee of the little portress from the struggles she had been making with the great chains and bolts of the heavy door. Doubtless in the days when this portal had been fashioned it had been the duty of at least two strong men to manage such ponderous bars upon the gate of their noble master. But a soft-handed young maiden sufficed to deal with them to-day.

She did not look much older than Hester, and the two girls stood gazing before them some moments, each in the most thorough amazement at the unexpected apparition of the other. Hester had never seen anyone in such a garb as this before, and the little nun, if she had ever met with costumes like Hester's during the term of her short acquaintanceship with the world, yet had certainly not looked to see a frightened Red Ridinghood on the threshold of her convent door of a morning.

But before there was time for a word to be spoken, the bright eyes of the little nun had travelled to Hester's weary lids, the look of surprise had passed away, and the paper which Hester carried being read, a glow of sympathy kindled the countenance of the portress.

"This is for Reverend Mother," she said, briskly. "The Sisters are singing matins in the choir. Come in."

So saying, she laid hold of Hester's hand, and led her down the hall, which was long and wide and lofty, as the entrance to such a dwelling should be, but was neither dark nor dingy. A landscape was painted on the ceiling, a little faded and obscured by age, but with colours still rich and soft enough to suit the present character of the place. A very broad staircase appeared in the background, with balustrades and steps of dark-grained oak, over which warm living jewels came dropping with the sunlight, whilst cherubs' heads, laid lovingly together, looked down out of a deeply-stained window from the landing above.

There was a sound of muffled music in the air, lulling and swelling as through closed doors, supplicating strains rising and sustaining their demand, then falling, sinking away softly, with great comfort, as in thanksgiving. The little nun bent her head, and moved her lips while she walked, as though it were her duty to join in the prayer as well as she might be able, being accidentally at a distance from her nook among the singers.

"In a place of pasture He hath set me," she murmured at a breath, like one hasty and hungry, swallowing a good thing. "The Lord ruleth me; and I shall want nothing. He hath set me in a place of pasture."

Then she threw open a door, and smiling, with the gladness of that whisper still lurking about her lips,

"Will you please to step in here," she said, "and wait, and I will go on the instant and give your message to Rev. Mother?"

The room into which Hester was thus shown had been the nobleman's dining-room. It had brown panelled walls, and a brown glittering floor. The two long windows set up high and narrow in the wall had heraldic devices carved over them. There was a large vase of roses and lilies, a full-length statue of Christ blessing little children, an alms-box, with its label, "For the sick and dying poor," a table covered with a plain red cloth, an inkstand, bearing writing materials, a few books. The windows were already open, and there was not a speck of dust about the place. It shone with cleanliness, it smiled with cheerfulness, it gave one good morning out of all sorts of corners. It said, "See what a pleasant place has been prepared for you; sit down and rest." But Hester had no heart to respond to such a greeting. She stood there in this atmosphere of freshness and order, feeling all out of place in her flimsy crushed draperies, her gaudy mantle and dishevelled

hair. She turned her back upon the sunlight, and stood waiting with her eyes upon the floor.

By and by the handle moved, turned ; there was a little rustling as of fresh linen, a little rattling as of heavy beads ; the door opened, and the " mother " appeared.

Sir Archie's sister. One could see that at a glance ; though, upon reflection, nothing could be in better contrast than the masculine boldness of the man's face with the feminine softness of the woman's. Here were sweet, tender, pitiful blue eyes, and a brow smooth and serene under its spotless linen band ; no latent fire ; no lines to show where frowns had been. The face was oval and softly moulded, and very winning in its exquisite freshness and purity. The mouth was mobile, and, though ever quick with a right word, was yet, in its changing expressions, most eloquent of much that it left unspoken. The complexion was so dazzlingly fair, so daintily warmed with vermillion on the cheeks, no paint or powder could mimic it ; only early rising, tender labours, never ceasing and perpetual joy of spirit could have combined to produce it. The quaint black garment, the long floating veil, and narrow gown of serge, were fit and becoming to the wearer. They laid hold of her grace and made their own of it, while she, thinking to disguise herself in their sombre setting, wrapped the unlovely folds around her, and shone out of them, as only the true gem can shine. The shadow that the black veil threw round her face made its purity almost awful, but its bloom and simplicity the more entirely enchanting. Not the satins of a duchess, the jewels of an empress, could have lent half such a fitting lustre to the womanly presence of gentle Mother Augustine, of the daughters of St. Vincent, of the old convent of St. Mark, in Blank Square.

A slight expression of wonder passed over the nun's face at the first glimpse of Hester's apparel. But one quick searching look in the shrinking eyes seemed to satisfy her. She drew the girl to a chair and sat down by her side.

" You have got astray, my poor child," she said, with sympathy. " You shall tell me all about it before you sleep, that I may write to your mother—to your friends."

" I have no mother, no friends," Hester broke out, with a sudden passion. " I am an orphan, and a dressmaker's apprentice. I do not want to trouble anyone, and I will not go back to them. I should have got on very well if they had left me at my sewing."

The nun listened in surprise, with a troubled doubt springing up in her mind at the incoherency of this speech.

But she glanced at Hester's face, which was held away, and saw that the eyes had darkened and swelled, and that two heavy tears were coming dropping down her cheeks. And she knew by her controlled lips that this was sanity in grief.

"You are in trouble, my dear," she said, softly.

"Ah, it is that music!" cried Hester, making a desperate little gesture with her hand. And surely so the music was rolling on within hearing, with its solemn appealing, and its sublime content; enough to make a sore heart break with envy.

"True; the music!" said the mother, comprehending. "Dear child, you must confide in me. What! not afraid, surely! How the old men in the wards, and the children in the schools, would laugh at that original idea! You would be sadly out of fashion to be afraid of Mother Augustine."

Such a speech was too much for Hester. It broke all restraint. Her face dropped down upon her hands, and she sobbed in passion of loneliness and grief.

"There is nothing but rest for this," said the Mother, standing before her, an arm round the bowed shoulders, a hand on the bent head. "A long sleep first, and then—confidence."

And so saying she led, almost carried, the girl to the door, across the hall, and away up that massive brown staircase, through the jewelled sunlight.

"You must not be afraid that I am going to put you into hospital," she said, smiling, as they went along, Hester walking composedly now, but hanging her tear-stained face, and clinging to the Mother's hand. "We have a nice little cell for stray children like you. Sometimes we call it 'the little bower,' and sometimes 'the little harbour,' because we think it so pretty, and find it so useful."

So in the little harbour Hester was moored, and left alone, the nun having possessed herself of the name and address of Lady Humphrey. The prettiness of the room was not in truth made out of the luxury of its appointments; but bright it was, as a brown shining floor, snow white walls, a white little bed, and a vine round the window could make it.

And there was a garden under the window of this little bower. It would seem that the very apple-trees of that so ancient nobleman were still bearing their fruit between its walls. At least there are none but the ghosts of dead gardeners who could tell us to a certainty whether they were the same trees or not. Yet, however, that might be, the sick old men and women in the hospital of St. Mark knew the taste of the ripe fruit in the cup of their cooling drink. Now a long,

gleaming row of white lilies lifted the dew in their chalices to the sunlight, making a line of dazzling fringe along the sombre ivy of the wall. Vagrant boughs of jasmine were swinging upon the air, grasping at the breeze, as if the tough old bricks were not enough for them to cling to. Birds, whose ancestors had made their nests in the same trees, were singing jubilates, perhaps for thanksgiving, that they, having been born city birds, had been so happy in their generation, never fearing what was to become of their posterity when the fair garden should be swept away with another cycle, and a weedy crop of houses should have struck root in the mellow earth, their chimneys higher than even those branches had dared to soar.

This garden was all still, all holy. Neither the noise nor the wickedness of the city seemed to reach it. A few tranquil sickly faces were moving between the ranks of the flower beds, the precious herbs, the fragrant fruits, smiling here and sighing there; mayhap wondering wistfully at the bounty of the good God, who had so brought them to life again out of the throes of anguish, and the travails of death, to bask in a sunny atmosphere of peace and bloom; to rest and be strengthened, to be led hither and thither, to be dealt with, in a sweet providence, by the hands of love. For these were the convalescent patients from the hospital, taking their morning airing while the sun was warm and new.

Hester saw them from between the leaves of her vine; and these, and the ideas they brought with them, she gathered under the pillow of the little white bed, and slept on them; the plaining and exulting of that music still following her slumbers, and taking the guidance of her dreams. When she wakened refreshed, the mid-day sun was hot upon the window.

Two people were walking round the garden, talking, stopping, walking slowly, very earnest. They were Sir Archie Munro and his sister, the Mother Augustine.

"Good God, drop a blessing on those heads!" cried Hester "I will hold by their hands, and they will help me to be independent. I shall not be loved and forgotten, cherished and deserted."

The figures in the garden turned at the moment and came back again down the path, as if responding to her cry; two faces moving through the warm air together; two heads laid together for her good, had she but known it; two pairs of eyes full of promise for her, as she was vaguely aware. And these two people were—the rival of Pierce Humphrey and the sister of the rival. And Hester was in their hands, and she had found the hands strong and kind.

This then was the man held in aversion, of Pierce Humphrey's love-story, the second lover of Janet Golden. And Hester fell to wondering about this rare, remarkable, and heartless Janet Golden. For rare and remarkable Hester had decided she must be, and any woman must be heartless who could endure to have two lovers. Here was a page of romance laid open to Hester's eyes. This grave stately person in the garden, was it possible he could have robbed the jovial Pierce of anything so trifling as a fickle lady's heart? As well might one tax royalty with picking pockets. Thus Hester was inclined to be enthusiastic about her new friends, as well as a little bitter against her old ones, and placed the two men side by side in her thought, and judged them with the simplicity of pure justice. One who should have protected, had abandoned her to loneliness and danger in a crowd, the other, upon whom she had no claim, had rescued her at inconvenience to himself: had brought her here, where she was in a place of safety. She did not say that Pierce was but a baby, while Sir Archie was a man. She did not say that Pierce, her old companion and playfellow, was a person to be comforted, laughed at, piped to, and danced with, never to be wept against, or appealed to; while that Sir Archie might be leaned upon as a staff that would neither bend nor break; yet something of such thoughts must have been present to her mind, though she did not make the effort to give it shape.

And, despite the assurance she had given Mr. Pierce the night before, Hester could not now have a doubt upon her mind as to the faith of Janet Golden in the fealty of her lover. Fate, perhaps, would not be dealing unkindly with that young lady if it should force her to draw her hand from the loose clasp of Pierce Humphrey, and give it into the keeping of Sir Archie Munro.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

TEDDY AND THE PIE

IT certainly was a delicious pie, and the best of it was that Teddy himself had helped to make it. Every cherry that went into it had been stoned by his stubby little fingers; and when the top crust had been laid carefully in place, mamma had allowed him to crimp the edges with a fork before putting it in the big, hot oven.

For the next half-hour Teddy hovered around, waiting for the moment when mother would pronounce the pie "done;" and when it did come out of the oven with its flaky crust baked to a golden brown, and delightful little tricklings of crimson juice escaping from the tiny holes pricked in the top, Teddy thought there had never been another so tempting.

"I hope there will be enough to go round," he said, somewhat anxiously. "It seems as though it wasn't as big as when you put it in the oven."

His mother laughed as she placed it on the pantry shelf to cool, and told him that she thought his appetite had grown, and that there was no danger but that he would get as much as was good for him.

Teddy walked slowly out on the porch, and sat down on the top step. Somehow he didn't feel like going very far away from that pie. He wondered if his cousin Dorothy, who was coming to dine with him, was fond of cherry pie. Perhaps, as she was just getting over the measles, she ought not to have a very big piece. He wondered, too, if it would be polite for him to have two pieces, and he thought that perhaps he would rather have the extra piece and not be quite so polite. Hark! What was that noise? Supposing the cat should get into the pantry. He thought he had better go and see.

Now what do you suppose made him open the door so softly, and tiptoe across the kitchen floor in such a quiet way?

It seemed strange, because Teddy was rather a noisy little boy, and his way through the house was usually marked by a series of bangs and thumps.

Perhaps he wanted to surprise pussy. Do you suppose that was the reason? But no pussy was there, and the pie was safe where mamma had left it.

It surely was a delightful pie. How well he had crimped the crust—almost as well as mamma. But no, stop! There

was a place where the edges were not quite together. Of course mamma would like to have the pie look well, with company to dinner. He tried to press them closer, but they would not meet.

Suddenly a chubby hand reached out, and a little finger disappeared into the pie, and, when it came out, two rosy cherries came with it, and were popped into a mouth as rosy as themselves.

One, two, three times it went in, before Teddy felt sure that the edges would meet, and then he hastily pinched them together and slipped away, with a little guilty feeling tugging at his heart. This was soon forgotten, however, in the bustle caused by the arrival of his aunt and cousin, and not till dessert was served did he think about what he had done.

But, when Molly came in with the pie, he remembered. Somehow, it didn't look quite so tempting.

There was that little guilty feeling tugging at his heart again, and then suddenly he started. What was mamma saying to Aunt Lizzie? Teddy could hardly believe his ears, and yet he had distinctly heard her say, "Teddy had a finger in this pie!" and everyone was looking at him and smiling, and O, how dreadful it was!

Teddy's face grew scarlet, and, sliding down from his chair, before anyone could speak, he ran out of the room and up the stairs to his own little room; where he hid his hot face in the cool pillow, wishing he might never have to take it out again.

How had she found out? Did mothers know everything? And then to tell it right before Aunt Lizzie and Dorothy? He felt that he could never look them in the face again.

When his mother came upstairs in search of him, she found a very much ashamed little boy, who, however, bravely told the whole story; and what do you suppose mamma did? Why, she laughed and laughed at first—she couldn't help it—and then she told him that it was his own little guilty conscience that had put such a meaning into her words, for that she had meant only that he had helped her to make the pie. And then, of course, she forgave him, as mothers always do when little boys are sorry.

THE TOWER OF RELIGIOUS PERFECTION

[After the lapse of thirty years to the very day—September 13, 1877 and 1907—there has come into our hands the autograph note of what Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R. calls “An Exhortation for the Profession” of a Redemptoristine Nun in the Monastery of St. Alphonsus, Dublin. Some faithful readers whose acquaintance with this Magazine does not date from yesterday or the day before, are aware of the affectionate veneration that we cherish for the memory of this great and holy priest; and they will not be surprised that we are anxious to preserve every relic of his rich and beautiful mind.

To enlist the personal interest of some of our readers we will venture to reveal that the very religious family referred to by Father Bridgett in his opening words is that of the Rev. Michael Gavin, S.J., who has laboured for so many years in Farm Street, London. Father Bridgett's text was taken from the concluding verses of the fourteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, where our Divine Redeemer says that His disciple must hate father and mother and brethren and sisters and his own life; and then He asks, “Which of you having a mind to build a tower doth not first sit down and reckon on the charges that are necessary, whether he hath wherewithal to finish it?”]

* * * * *

[I may, perhaps, seem strange, and even cruel, to quote these words, divine though they be, on an occasion like this when a mother, brother, and sister have hastened with loving hearts to share the sacrifice which is about to be offered to God in the oblation of one they love so dearly to the perpetual seclusion of the cloister. But I am not cruel. I know to whom I am speaking. They well understand that the hatred of which our Lord speaks is consistent with the tenderest love. She who bids adieu to mother, sisters, and brothers, and who may be said to hate them with a holy hatred, yet loves them so dearly that one of her greatest joys is that they have come to be present at her profession. And they whose natural love cannot but feel a pang in this ceremony, love her with so pure and high a love, that for her sake they rejoice in their very pain.

These are paradoxes indeed, yet they are the realities of faith. It is recounted to the glory of the mother of the seven youths whose martyrdom is written in the book of Maccabees, that she

not only did not refuse her sons to God, but she encouraged them to die for Him, in the hope of a future resurrection. This was a holy hatred of them, but it was the noblest and the tenderest love. A similar glory in the Christian Church belongs to St. Symphorosa, herself a martyr and the mother of seven martyrs.

And you, dear lady, have a similar grace, to be crowned, I trust, by a similar glory. Of the large family which God has given you, you have already sacrificed seven children, one son and six daughters, to the bloodless martyrdom of the religious life. Though you yield to no mother in affection for your children, you would not wish to withdraw one of them from the holy state to which God has called them, nor diminish the perfect joy of your everlasting meeting in heaven, in order to increase the comfort of a few years on earth. I have not, therefore, shrunk from reminding you of this saying of Jesus Christ : " If any man come to Me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple."

Dear brethren, these words apply to us all, though not precisely in the same sense. God requires of some, as of the martyrs, to surrender the earthly society of their dear ones. He requires of others, as of converts to the faith, to oppose the will, and sometimes to sacrifice the affection of their relatives.* He requires of us all to be ready rather to renounce the company, or the interests, or the affection of parents, than to offend the honour and forfeit the love of our Creator and our Saviour. We must all have this readiness of the will, though God may never require the sacrifice in reality. But there are some whom He calls, as He has done her who is about to pronounce her solemn and final vows, to make a sacrifice of home, though the home is a happy and a holy one, to bid adieu to mother, brothers and sisters for a state of higher perfection than that even of a Christian family. Happy they when their relatives understand the call, and by encouraging them in it share its heroism and its merit.

It is this sublime vocation which our Divine Master is generally understood to signify by the metaphor of building a tower. The words may indeed be understood of the general life of all the disciples of Jesus Christ, but I shall endeavour to show you how peculiarly appropriate they are to the religious and contemplative life.

Metaphors taken from building are so common, both in Holy

* Father Bridgett's brothers followed him into the Church, but, alas! his good mother and sisters did not receive this grace —ED. I. M.

Scripture, and in ordinary language, that we speak of an *edifying* life (i.e., a life which edifies or builds up others) almost without being conscious of the metaphor. It is, therefore, easy to understand how the expression to *build a tower*, should mean to raise our life, or the life of others, to a high state of perfection. Now the religious state is that of those, not who profess to be perfect, far from it, but of those who, acknowledging their present misery, yet *aim* at perfection, or, as our Lord says, "have a mind to build a tower."

A tower has these three qualities amongst others :—(1) It rises above ordinary buildings ; (2) it is an ornament to the city in the midst of which it rises ; (3) it often serves as a defence to the city. So it is with the religious state. First, it *rises or towers* above other states of life. I am not, of course, comparing it with the priesthood, but with the married state, or the state of ordinary Christians engaged in the business of secular life. Our Lord Jesus Christ has enumerated its three great excellencies of chastity, poverty, and obedience, and His words are recorded in the 19th chapter of St. Matthew. In answer to the questions of His Apostles He admitted that the virginal state, embraced for the sake of the Kingdom of God, is better than the state of the married ; and while saying that it is not imposed by God as a command, He asserts that it is a special gift of God, a gift offered indeed to all who are willing to receive it, though such a will is also a gift of God ; and it is a gift which makes those who are faithful to it live already an angelic life on earth, delivered from the cares, the pleasures, and the servitudes of the married state, and free like the angels to do God's bidding and to contemplate His Majesty. When, then, we pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," we pray implicitly that the virginal, the religious state may flourish in the Church of God. •

Our Lord also praised the sublimity of the practice of poverty and obedience when He said to the young man : "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell all, and come and follow Me"—follow Me, that is, not as all My disciples must do by obedience to My commands, "but come follow Me" as My apostles do ; come join yourselves to the little band which forms My bodyguard ; come and follow Me whithersoever I go ; come and share My poverty, study My life, listen to My words ; come imitate Me more minutely and more exactly, and take My desires and My good pleasure for the law of your life.

(2.) Such, dear brethren, is the religious state ; but remember that if it rises higher than other states, it is not in order to throw them into the shade, but to adorn them, and defend them. A

well-built tower does not disfigure the church to which it is added ; on the contrary, it makes it far more beautiful. So the virginal state does not cast a slur upon the married state, but it adorns it. Was not St. Agnes, whose name and memory are renewed by her who to-day makes her religious profession—was not St. Agnes the glory of her pious Christian parents, as the lily is the glory of the parent stem ? Was not the Blessed Virgin Mary the glory of St. Joachim and St. Anne ? So really Christian parents esteem it a joy and an honour when their son devotes himself to the priesthood, or their daughter to the religious state.

And as a virtuous and holy nun is the honour of a Christian family, so are the religious Orders the ornament of the Church of Christ. In the 44th Psalm the Church is compared to a virgin bride, but she is said to have a vesture of gold embroidered around with variety ; and in the Apocalypse of St. John this bride is said to be the holy city. Yes ; a city is adorned by variety. It is not a beautiful city where all houses are of the same exterior aspect, and of a uniform height, but when it is well laid out in streets, in squares, in market places, or in parks ; when there are the modest dwellings of the poor, and the palaces of the rich, the warehouses of the merchant and the public buildings of the government. And nothing gives more beauty to a city than a multitude of towers. The towers themselves are not uniform ; they are round or square, battlemented or crowned with spires ; there is the turret of the convent chapel, the lofty tower of the town-hall, the massive bell-towers of the cathedral, or the watch-towers on the city wall. So is the Christian Church adorned with its religious Orders, some ancient, others modern ; some higher than others ; devoted to different purposes ; but each beautiful in itself, and altogether forming a diadem of glory to the holy city, the bride of Christ.

In the third place, as towers have often served as a defence to a city, so do religious Orders defend the Church of God. In old days not only were cities surrounded by walls, and the walls protected at intervals by towers, but even the towers of churches were battlemented that they might serve for defence in case of need.

Yes, a religious community is a *tower of refuge* for those who dwell within it, and a *tower of defence* to those who remain without. I need not dwell on this, for though you can only guess the sweet sense of joy and security which makes the fervent nun sometimes even kiss the convent walls, yet you can easily understand how the absence of worldly temptation, and the exercises of a religious life make a convent indeed a tower of refuge to those who

dwell within it. This is, indeed, generally admitted, and it is sometimes turned into a reproach, as if the inmates sought a selfish peace and security, and withdrew their good example and their help from those who remain outside. But if this complaint is made by worldly persons, St. John Chrysostom well replies by asking who makes the citizens shut themselves in their strongholds, but the enemy? And what makes men and women retire into religion but the attacks made on them by the impieties and profligacies of the world? Let the world reform itself, let it abolish its scandals and temptations, let it live according to the law of God, and we will pull down our enclosures and take off our religious habits. But while the world is the enemy of God, and lays siege to the city of God, it must not be wondered at if the Church builds her strong towers, and fills them with her garrisons.

If, on the other hand, the complaint is made, not by the enemies of God, but by pious and God-fearing men and women who have not the power or the vocation to enter the tower of refuge themselves, and who do not like to be deserted by those who are still more pious and zealous than themselves; then I would answer that the soldiers who hold the tower in time of siege do not desert the city but protect it. From the battlements of the tower, though unseen, they direct their engines of defence against the enemy, or, as the case may be, they gather their strength to sally out, and attack him, or repel his assaults.

So it is in religious Orders. They may be devoted to a life of prayer and penance, or they may be engaged in teaching or in works of charity, or they give themselves to study, or to missionary works at home or abroad; but certainly there is not one of them which is not a *tower of defence* to the Church of God, and a safeguard and protection even to those who do not enter it.

But now, my dear Sisters, let me say a few words to you, and many words you do not need.

Your divine Spouse has given you a word of warning which you have not neglected. He has told you how the prudent man who has a mind to build a tower, first sits down and reckons the charges. This you have done. One of you during a long postulancy, the other during both postulancy and novitiate, have *sat down*. You have retired into solitude, where you might have quiet and leisure to *count the cost*. You have been striving to know yourselves and to know God, your own weakness and God's strength. You have seen that the tower is indeed high, and that it is beyond human power to begin it, to lay its foundations, much more to finish it. But you count on

the gift of your vocation, you count on the power of prayer, you count on the graces attached to the religious life. Above all, you have understood how alone the tower can be built. Money and materials are necessary to build a material tower. To build the spiritual tower poverty and self-distrust, and self-denial are necessary. Humility is the foundation, the Cross is the scaffolding, acts of virtue are the stones, and every stone must be chiselled by mortification, and cemented in charity. Thus alone will the tower rise whose top is to reach unto heaven.

We are told in the Book of Genesis how when men wished to protect themselves against a second flood, they endeavoured to build a tower whose top should rise above the highest floods, and reach up into the heavens. And God laughed at them, and confounded their speech, and the tower was left unfinished, and called the Tower of Babel or Confusion. This is an image of all the towers built by the world. They would build them in defiance of God and His Church. Sometimes it is a sect they would raise. At the beginning of the Reformation the Anglican bishop Jewel boasted of the unity of his new church founded by Elizabeth. Harding, an exiled priest, answered him that it was only persecution that secured it the little union that it then possessed, and he prophesied that before many years it would be the laughing-stock of men by its disunions and dissensions. We have long since seen the prophecy fulfilled. Or to take a more modern example: I remember when the first International Exhibition was opened in London, and again when the first electric cable was laid between Europe and America, how the papers were jubilant at the thought of the union of nations in a closer and more lasting bond than any which the Catholic Church had ever dreamed, and they talked of a reign of perpetual peace to be brought about by education, and by commerce. God laughed at them. For wars were never more frequent, the spirit of nationality in its bad sense, that is of selfish desire of aggrandisement and hatred of other nations, was never more intense than since these vain boasts.

Such are the towers of Babel built without God, and against God. But it is otherwise when we build for God, and with God. It is not then presumption to build a tower which shall reach to heaven.

You have not, indeed, dear Sisters, yet completed the building; you have, however, laid well its foundations, and you have raised it to a height known to God. I will say to you, then, in the words which St. Paul addressed to the elders at Ephesus: "I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, who is able to build up" (Acts xx. 32). May He who has

enabled you to begin the good work enable you to complete it. It is He who worketh in us both to will and perform—*vells et perficere*—who gives the "*mind* to build the tower" and the "charges wherewithal to finish it."

May you raise the tower of perfection so high, that it will be a watch-tower of contemplation whence you may gaze upon the glories of the heavens; may it be so high that when you look down from it to the vanities of the world they may appear to you as utterly insignificant as they really are. But, at the same time, may you become more and more like to God, *qui in altis habitat et humilia respicit in celo et in terra*—Who, though He dwells in inaccessible heights, yet forgets not, but looks down with love on the little things of earth. So may you dwell aloft with God in heaven, yet forget not those who are creeping on the earth.

And now, dear Sisters, go forward in the name of God. It is written, "The Name of the Lord is a strong tower: the just runneth to it, and shall be exalted" (Prov. xviii. 2). In the Name of God put on the habit of religion, in the Name of God pronounce the holy vows. And may She whose nativity we are still celebrating, who is called the Tower of Ivory, whose foundations were on the mountains, and whose humility raised her even to the throne of God—may she be with you in this great act, and with us who rejoice with you.

RICH AND POOR

God help the poor in hamlet and in city—
To *them* give patience, to the rich give pity.

M. R.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

THE paragraph which follows this was written several years ago by an American journalist, perhaps of Scottish extraction, if we may conjecture from the curious combination of names. Where else could "Calvin" be considered a Christian name? And now we have forgotten his surname.

* * * *

"We have somewhere read a fanciful idea that the coral islands are constructed of the dead bodies of insects. A tiny organism dies at the bottom of the sea; another takes its place; and, after a while expiring, adds its poor remains to those of its predecessor; and so the process of submarine architecture goes on, millions of millions contributing to the funeral pile, until at length an island is discovered by some stray navigator, covered with palm and plantain trees and tropical flowers, and peopled by a strange race of mankind. In like manner the Catholic priest may be said to contribute his whole being to the building up of one great structure, the Church of Rome. A man-child is born, perhaps in some thatched cottage of Ireland and, like Samuel, is dedicated to God from his birth by some mother who in her girlish prime had been the Colleen Bawn of the Emerald Slope; and, having patiently and faithfully performed his part in the apostolic drama, dies after awhile, a thousand miles in the depths of the wilderness, under the burden of Salvation. Another takes his place, and so the work goes on uninterruptedly for a thousand years; these human sparrows falling by the ground, one by one, unseen by the great world, but, as we well believe, full in the sight of God, until at length the conquering sign of the Holy Cross is descried from eminence to eminence all around the circumference of the globe."

* * * *

Thanks be to God, He Himself will be our Judge, not any even the most merciful of our fellow-men, and He is infinite in all His attributes, especially His mercy. I do not believe that any sane man can really consider himself to be his own sovereign Lord and Master, irresponsible, independent of His Creator. If any human being has such notions—and many act as if they had—he is so far mad, an idiot, a raging lunatic, intellectually and morally lower than the poor innocent bird or beast to whom God has not given the tremendous gifts of reason and free-will.

There is a great deal of truth in these simple lines :—

If you have a grey-haired mother
 In the old home far away,
 Sit down and write the letter
 You put off day by day.
 Don't wait until her tired steps
 Reach heaven's pearly gate,
 But show her that you think of her
 Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message,
 Or a loving word to say,
 Don't wait till you forget it,
 But whisper it to-day.
 Who knows what bitter memories
 May haunt you if you wait ?
 So make your loved ones happy
 Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
 The letter never sent,
 The long-forgotten messages,
 The wealth of love unspent—
 For these some hearts are breaking,
 For these some loved ones wait ;
 So show them that you care for them
 Before it is too late.

* * * *

If " the tangled dusks of a garden-bloom " is an allowable expression, why not " the tangled darks " ? This change would perfect the rhyme of this dainty little vignette contributed by Helen Gladys Emery to *Donahoe's Magazine* last summer :—

See the dainty fire-flies
 Dancing in the gloom,
 A tangled web of flashing sparks,
 Flying through the tangled dusks
 Of a garden-bloom.

Tumbling helter-skelter,
 Flitting here and there,
 Little, sparkling, glowing jewels,
 Witching beetles, fighting duels,
 Singing in the air !

* * * *

That brilliant writer, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, in the *Illustrated London News*, about April 20, 1907, made these remarks :—

" It is assumed that the sceptic has no bias ; whereas he has a very obvious bias in favour of scepticism. I remember once arguing with an honest young atheist, who was very much shocked at my disputing some of the assumptions which were

absolute certainties to him (such as the quite unproved proposition of the independence of matter and the quite improbable proposition of its power to originate mind), and he at length fell back upon this question, which he delivered with an honourable heat of defiance and indignation: 'Well, can you tell me any man of intellect, great in science or philosophy, who accepted the miraculous?' I said, 'With pleasure. Descartes, Newton, Dr. Johnson, Faraday, Newman, Gladstone, Pasteur, Browning, Brunetière—as many more as you please.' To which that quite admirable and idealistic young man made this astonishing reply: 'Oh, but of course they had to say that; they were Christians.' First he challenged me to find a black swan and then he ruled out all my swans because they were black. The fact that all these great intellects had come to the Christian view was somehow or other a proof either that they were not great intellects or that they had not really come to that view. The argument thus stood in a charmingly convenient form: 'All men that count have come to my conclusion; for if they come to your conclusion they do not count.'"

* * *

Among the "Good Things Well Said" of our May number was this from *Francis Apricot*: "A child's day is longer than a man's week." The author of *Francis Apricot* has since written to me: "It is a curious fact that on the very day I saw this quoted in the IRISH MONTHLY I came upon the following in a poem by Campbell—one that I ought to have known, but I do not remember to have seen before:—

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year.
And years like passing ages.

But literature is full of such coincidences."

* * *

Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York, preparing one of his entertaining and edifying books, which aim chiefly at showing the union between true Religion and true Science, asked for some particulars about the great Irish physician, Sir Dominick Corrigan. Among more important details I mentioned how, on his deathbed the priest who attended read for him an act of resignation to God's will. When the priest had retired, the dying man said to someone: "That was a foolish prayer. Resigned to God's will! Why, we *must* be resigned." Dr. Walsh's letter of acknowledgment contained this passage: "I wished to be sure that he had remained a devoted Catholic

before committing myself to that statement. Your little anecdote is characteristic, I think, of the spirit that comes to the physician after a time. He sees so clearly the hopelessness of things and the necessity of resignation whether or no, that he realizes very poignantly that a virtue must be made out of necessity. Fortunately I believe there are those who do not hesitate to say that the most sublime of all virtues may be, under certain circumstances, the virtue that is made of necessity."

* * * *

The description that Cardinal Newman gives somewhere of the consolations of the Sacrament of Penance, is verified chiefly in certain special crises of a soul's history; but it is substantially true of every due reception of the Blessed Sacrament—to share with it a name that we reserve for the most divine of all the sacraments. We may repeat the great convert's words in the next paragraph:—

"How many are the souls in distress, anxiety, or loneliness, where the one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world. Tell them out they must. They cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour; they want to tell them, and not to tell them. And they want to tell out, and yet be as if they were not told; they wish to tell them, yet are not strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and sympathise with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load in order to gain a solace; to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom in thought they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world.

"How many a Protestant heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all ideas of sacramental ordinances altogether! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church—looking at it simply as an idea—surely next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is such. And such it is ever found, in fact; the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross, hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low—and the words of peace and blessing, declare it. Oh, what a soothing charm is there which the world can neither give nor take away! Oh, what a piercing, heart-subduing tranquillity, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul—the oil of gladness, as the Scripture calls it—when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away for ever! This is confession as it is in fact, as those who bear witness to it know by experience."

ANNIVERSARY

THE common's purple with heather,
Heather and ling.
Dear, when we were together,
Life was a pleasant thing.

Gathered the hay and the clover,
Ripe is the wheat.
Dear, in the days that are over
The sad Autumn was sweet.

I take the path by the coppice
Dark with its trees.
Other fields, other poppies,
Rise and wither in these.

Other trees, other meadows,
Call me to come
Back to the long hill-shadows
And the kind winds of home.

Sure, why would I be coming ?
There is such change.
Dear, in the dew and the gloaming,
Your fields, are they not strange ?

Now for your dear sake only
Coppice and brake,
The fields of the Autumn are lonely,
Lonely and sad for your sake.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Story of Ellen*. By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). London : Burns and Oates. (Price 5s.)

The Autumn publishing season has added two to the long list of pure and beautiful tales with which Lady Gilbert has for many years entertained and instructed a wide circle of readers. *The Return of Mary O'Murrough* (London : Sands & Co.) has not yet come into our hands. The thick, handsome volume named at the beginning of this paragraph has been brought out by the publishers in a very agreeable form, with large, clear type. By the way, we notice that on the title-page they link with the author's name, only those three novels of which they are themselves the publishers—namely, *The Wicked Woods*, *The Squire's Grand-daughters*, and *The Wild Birds of Killeevy*—three delightful books, indeed, with which *The Story of Ellen* is worthy of being joined. It is a most interesting story, very eloquent at times and full of enthusiasm for art and for everything high and good. Many readers will be puzzled by the dedication, "To the Memory of my Mother, my First Book;" but those who have seen *The Story of Ellen* under another name will read it with renewed pleasure in its new form.

2. *Lisheen; or, The Test of the Spirits*. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D. London, New York, Bombay, and Calcutta : Longmans, Green & Co. (Price 6s.)

Besides Lady Gilbert's two volumes we have new novels from "M. E. Francis" (whose comedy "Fiander's Widow" is having a brilliant run at the Garrick Theatre), and from Mrs. Hinkson, who is also beginning a serial in the Weekly Edition of the *London Times*. Both of these gifted Irishwomen have such uncommon versatility and fertility that it must be hard for the most diligent novel-reader to keep pace with them. Canon Sheehan has not yet gone far beyond the half dozen. His new novel turns chiefly on the characteristics of the Irish nature as contrasted with that of certain typical Englishmen. It is a novel with a purpose, but the purpose is sufficiently hidden by an interesting plot, a little vivid description, and a great deal of lively conversation. We shall be curious to see what rank the critics will assign to *Lisheen* in the hierarchy of Canon Sheehan's works. It will hardly be translated into as many languages as *My New Curate*; but there is the same charm

of style, with many a flash of wit and burst of eloquence. We shall watch with interest and duly report the estimates of the reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic.

3. *For Christ and His Kingdom. Lyrics and Sonnets.* By Michael Watson, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. (Price 1s. net.)

This particularly neat volume is divided (like *omnis Gallia*) into three parts, "The King," "The King's Mother," "Some of the King's Friends"—that is, Jesus, His Mother, and His Saints. Every line might be read as a prayer before the altar; but Father Watson, unlike some writers of devotional verse, has thought it right to be as careful about rhyme and rhythm as the most sensitive of secular poets. The Marian section is perhaps the most poetical of the three. The only saints commemorated in Part 3 are The Baptist, St. Agnes, St. Pancras, St. Polycarp, St. Francis Xavier, and Father Damien. The book ends with three poems about that Apostle of Molokai, whose life and death are true themes for poetry. We hope it may find its way into very many convents and pious homes.

4. *The Fathers of the Desert.* Translated from the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn by Emily F. Bowden. London: Burns and Oates.

It has taken forty years to bring this fine work to a second edition. More shame for our Catholic public! It would have been a pity to let it remain out of print. The Countess Hahn-Hahn was a brilliant writer, and her accounts of St. Simon Stylites and many others of those old saints are fuller and more interesting than any to be found elsewhere in English. Her work was admirably translated by Miss Emily Bowden; and it was made much more valuable by an introduction of some eighty pages on the spiritual life of the first six centuries by the Oratorian Father Dalgairns, who was, of all the famous converts of the middle nineteenth century the most gifted writer after Newman and Faber. Eight shillings is a moderate price for two such large volumes as these.

5. *Back Slum Idylls.* By Olive Katharine Parr. London: R. & T. Washbourne. (Price 2s.)

This is a clever and good book, written from actual experience in the slums and prisons of London. God bless all such brave and devoted ladies as the one who seems to have got her title from the Acts of the Apostles—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Perhaps the picture would be the better for a few brighter and tenderer touches such as even this grade of London social life must furnish. The "Saviour of Souls" seems to have deferred his own conversion to the very last—too like

Prince Talleyrand. The IRISH MONTHLY claims as its own what is called at page 61 "that short, absolutely comprehensive prayer which embraces all, reaches all, wherever, whoever, and however they may be."

All sins forgiving,
All wants supplying.
All graces shed :
God bless the living,
God help the dying,
God rest the dead.

For an illustrated book of 140 pages, so well printed and so well bound, a florin is a very moderate price.

6. *Leading Events in the History of the Church.* Part II. Written for Children by the Sisters of Notre Dame. London: R. & T. Washbourne. (Price 1s. net.)

This second part is concerned with the early Middle Ages, which it calls "the period of formation." We hope that all this clear writing, good printing, and good pictures will interest young readers in ecclesiastical history; but we are not very sanguine. Has this laboriously ingenious title-page a charm for anyone? The convent to which we owe this work is doing much for the education of the young, and the publishers are contributing their share to Catholic literature.

7. We trust that a cordial welcome will be given to the First Number of the *Irish Educational Review*, edited by the Rev. Andrew Murphy (President of St. Munchin's College, Limerick), and published by Messrs. Browne and Nolan, whose name is followed on the title-page by "Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Waterford." The price is 6d. net, by post 8d. The editor, who is well known in the educational world, has secured for his opening number articles from the Bishop of Limerick, from the President of the Irish College, Rome, and from the President of Queen's College, Cork, with whom we may join the Head Mistress of Alexandra School, Miss Mulvany, on whom Trinity College conferred lately the degree of Doctor of Laws. The pages also which do not bear these distinguished names are very interesting and instructive; the brief notices of books are extremely good, and altogether the *Irish Educational Review* has made an admirable beginning. We trust it will receive the support it deserves from the special world to which it appeals.

8. Out of a large batch of new pennyworths sent out by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin) we read first No. 5 of the Emerald Library of Short Stories. The four tales given here for a penny are by one writer, Sister Mary Gertrude, an Irish Loretto Nun. They are all

beautiful, but we should not put them in the order given here, unless it is meant as an ascending climax. We never cared much for fairies. The three other tales are founded on fact, and very touching and good they are. The Rev. J. A. Dowling writes fully and judiciously of *St. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr, the Thaumaturga of Modern Times*. A writer who does not give even his initials but who dates his brief preface from Rome, treats of *The Martyrs of Rome, Part I. The First and Second General Persecutions*. Miss Jane Martyn gives the history of *The Poor Clares in Ireland, from their early Annals preserved in their Convent of Galway*. Another excellent pennyworth is the third part of *Popular and Patriotic Poetry*, compiled by Mr. Richard J. Kelly, Barrister-at-Law. Yet another is Part III. of *Lough Erne and Its Shrines*, by the Rev. J. E. M'Kenna, M.R.I.A. A subject of practical interest is treated in *Secularism in Education*, the inaugural address delivered by Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, at the Catholic Truth Conference in Dublin, October, 1906. And finally, we have an uncommon story in *Savedi, a Tale of St. Francis Xavier*, by "Phesdo," who ought to have given his real name or at least initials. Incidentally we are told that he visited Goa twenty-three years ago; and he makes the following strange statement: "At the time of the Phoenix Park tragedy I was in the mountains of Western India fifty miles from anywhere; yet I heard the news on Sunday morning, by Irish time. How did it get to that mountain-top? There were no trains, no telegraph, no messengers. No one ever knew." The crime was committed late on Saturday evening, and we here in Dublin heard it first on Sunday morning, when "Phesdo" says he heard it in the mountains of Western India fifty miles away from railway or telegraph. The story that he tells of one of the converts of St. Francis Xavier is striking and very interesting.

9. *Mary M'Hardy's Elocutionist*. Fourth Edition. London: George Philip and Son. (Price 1s. net.)

Quite apart from its special purpose as a collection of pieces adapted for recitation, this is a very pleasant anthology in itself, marked by a great deal of originality. Among the best are the pieces for which the compiler is herself responsible. Mrs. M'Hardy Flint's great experience has enabled her to throw some of her longer selections into the form that suits the amateur reciter and to bring into manageable limits for two or three actors some of Shakespeare's plays and Scott's stories. The many humorous pieces are generally very good.

10. The Office of the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (5 Great Denmark Street, Dublin) has begun a new series of

penny books, "Epochs of Irish History." It begins with sketches of the life and times of Art M'Morrough Kavanagh and of Owen Roe O'Neill, two of the greatest names in Irish history. The story of each is told very vividly by Miss E. Leahy, who has contrived to crush almost all the necessary particulars into less than thirty pages. These little books will prepare many readers to be intelligently interested in the general history of Ireland as told (for instance) by the latest and best, Father D'Alton.

11. We have seen lately a catalogue of the books in the Public Library, Rathkeale. Of the writings of one Irish novelist—Rosa Mulholland—it contains the following: *Banshee Castle*, *The Fair Emigrant*, *Four Little Mischiefs*, *Gems for the Young*, *Giannetta* (6 copies), *Some Stories*, *A Girl's Ideal*, *The Wild Birds of Killeevy* (2 copies), *The Squire's Grand-daughters*, *The Tragedy of Chris*. We doubt if our Dublin Libraries are as well furnished in this item of home manufacture.

12. Several of the chief Publishers disguise their announcements of new books very successfully as pamphlets issued periodically with a magazine form and name. One of the best of these is the *Periodical*, which is the herald of the Oxford University Press. It is really a good piece of literature, so skilfully are forthcoming publications described and sampled. Mr. Henry Frowde, Amen Corner, London, sends it free to any one who wants it; and it is cheap at the price—which could not be said of a great many things that are offered gratuitously, such as advice.

13. *Boys of Baltimore*. By A. A. Stavert. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 2s. 6d.)

When this title is repeated above the title of the first chapter, we get the additional information that this book chronicles "the Irish Adventures of Jerry and Terry Wentworth in the reign of Charles I." The story is laid in the district and time of Thomas Davis's "Sack of Baltimore," and "Hacket of Dungarvan" is one of the characters. We do not feel quite confident of Mr. Stavert's archæology or general acquaintance with the scenes and people and times that he sets himself to deal with. Benediction, we fear, would not be given in Dunmore Castle at that period. The brogue, of which fortunately there is little, is not the real thing. "A mane thafe"—but by some mysterious instinct those who cannot read can distinguish between the diphthongs *ea* and *ie*—they say *mane* for *mean*, but never *thafe* for *thief*. There is plenty of action and variety in the story, and boys like Willie, Leslie, Harry, and Robin (to whom it is dedicated) will be interested in these well printed pages.

14. The very latest accession to the ranks of school magazines whose name is legion, seems to have no distinctive name of its own. The tasteful cover of Number One bears only the arms of the Order of St. Dominick, and the words "Dominican Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. Summer, 1907." It begins with "Some Thoughts about the Past with a Look into the Present"—or, rather this is given as a general title to the miscellany, but it would never serve for this purpose. "Adsum," who ought to have signed with her initials at least, describes pleasantly in "Landmarks Old and New," the changes that have taken place in various parts of the Convent. Mrs. Hogan (once Kathleen Murphy, M.A.) follows with an exquisite character-sketch of Mother Mary Stanislaus, the gifted daughter of Denis Florence MacCarthy. Miss Eileen Kingston sends all the way from Prague—"golden hundred-towered Prague"—a beautiful little account of "Sion Hill Revisited;" and here, too, S. M. S. is most feelingly remembered. Mrs. Maher of Moyvoughley contributes a very wise and useful paper, "The Crucial Year," which might have been a chapter in *Home for Good*, the latest book by Mother Loyola of York—who, by the way, quotes Mother Stanislaus MacCarthy's "Mother of Good Counsel," without naming her as she ought to have done. *Apropos* of quotations, Mrs. Maher alters the wording of a stanza quoted frequently—we know not from whom. *Our* version of it runs thus:—

A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has changed the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak for ever.

And so some seemingly slight thing in childhood may influence greatly, for good or evil, our after life. Eiblin de Buitleur contributes a page and a half in Irish, which looks very nice, and Miss M. Agnes Ryan recommends the adoption of Mr. Dooley's hobby "Thinkin' uv me thoughts." M. D.'s lively chronicle of contemporary happenings is followed by a suggestive paper by Miss May Dwyer, "Education and Examinations," to which is appended this editorial note, "Discussion on this subject is cordially invited for our next Number." May it come soon!

15. One of the finest of all the college magazines that we have ever seen is the *Spring Hill Review*, which is the organ of the great college near Mobile, the chief Catholic institution in the Southern States. It begins with a fervent and musical "Song for the South," which bears no signature of any kind; or rather it begins with an admirable portrait of the new Rector,

Father Twellmeyer, S.J. No indication also is given of the authorship of "Shamrock Dear," another very winsome piece of verse. They print at Mobile as well as they do at Oxford or Aberdeen, or at the Arden Press. Another estimable periodical is the number of the *Child of Mary* which completes its first volume. This comes from the great Convent of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana. The volume thus completed in September is a noble tribute of Devotion to our Blessed Lady.

16. *Hermes* (University College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin) is as clever and as lively as ever. "Crom" makes a mistake in attributing to Alfred de Musset the famous little poem that he translates. "Some Modern Irish Verse Forms" is so admirable a paper that one is glad to find the signature *Monsieur Chose* translated at page 91 into "Mr. Doyle." Does "Thurles," signed to the beautiful paper on "Homer's Insight into Child Life," stand for the bearer of an illustrious name who is no longer at Thurles? To the conductors of *Hermes* and those whom they represent we should wish to address the concluding stanza of Samuel Ferguson's elegy on Thomas Davis.

One last word of praise for the unflagging energy and inexhaustible antiquarian lore of the conductors of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*.

WISE ADVICE

Some readers may never have seen the ten "rules" of Jefferson, the American statesman:—

- Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.
- Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
- Never spend your money before you have earned it.
- Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
- Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
- We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
- Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
- How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!
- Take things always by the smooth handle.
- When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1907

A VISIT TO ST. ETHELREDA'S

THE distinction between solitude and loneliness is never, perhaps, so keenly realized as when one finds oneself a stranger in a crowd. The feeling then experienced amounts to desolation almost. To wander lonely through a crowded London thoroughfare is quite painful; and one is guided by an instinct in retreating from the full fire of life into the peaceful regions of a by-street. It was thus, not many years since, an Irish youth in London felt; and thus in seeking to avoid the loneliness of the crowd, he came into a knowledge of London's by-ways, full of pleasant surprises and joyous moments for those who find delight in quaint and historic incidents and things.

One experience stands out clear. He was sailing by a sea of faces stretching along Cornhill, Leadenhall Street, Cheapside, Newgate Street, on to Holborn and beyond, without having sighted a single friendly sail to signal a good luck to him. At Holborn Circus he left the main thoroughfare, and turned into one of its offshoots. Not many yards down on the left-hand side a watchman quaintly dressed arrested his attention. He presided over a little unfrequented by-street, and wore the look of a man who felt the responsibility of his position and knew a great deal more than he ever intended to tell. His sentry box was in the centre of the road outside a famous firm of solicitors, to whom are known, it is said, all the secrets of social England. So profound and important is the look of the watchman that one might be pardoned for fancying that the clients of this firm first poured their secrets into his ear and sought his advice. His manner to an inquirer, however, is courteous, tempered with a certain amount of suspicion. From him the youth learned he

was in Ely Place. It is a short lonely street, which impresses one as being very old and almost worn out. For this youth, however, it possessed enough interest to impel him to spend that afternoon and many another, finding out its history, and the history of its chief attraction—the old Church of St. Ethelreda.*

It is surprising that this Church of St. Ethelreda is so little known. For students of history and literature the whole place teems with interest; but it is to Catholics that it must always make its strongest appeal. With that ready sympathy which their faith gives them, they can appreciate its peculiar charms best, and best understand the vicissitudes of its fortunes.

Away back in the thirteenth century, Ely Place was a street of great note and importance. Then and for centuries afterwards it was the London seat of the Bishops of Ely, who lived there while Parliament was sitting. By virtue of an ancient charter, taxes could not be levied there, nor could those inside its walls, who had committed certain offences against the law, be arrested by the civil authorities. Even in Elizabeth's reign it was a safe sanctuary for persecuted and hunted priests and laymen. At that time portion of the Bishop's Palace was held under lease by Gondamar, the Spanish Ambassador; and without fear of penalty or arrest, the faithful assisted at the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. John of Gaunt, father of Henry IV, took up residence in Ely Place when the rioters had burned down his palace of the Savoy. He remained there till his death, in 1399. According to an old tradition it was in Ely Place, too, that Henry VIII first met Cranmer. In the angry hour of Henry's apostasy from the Faith, the property was confiscated. Eventually portion of it was handed over by Elizabeth to a favourite of her court, Sir Christopher Hatton. When he was ill, it is on record, that she visited him there. Students of Shakespeare, too, will remember that in the play of "Richard III" the Duke of Gloucester asks John Morton, Bishop of Ely, to send for strawberries to his Palace Gardens at Ely Place. The scene occurs in the Tower of London, the morning that Hastings is accused of treason and put to death.

* St. Ethelreda was born about the year 630. She was the daughter of St. Hereswyda, wife of the king of East Anglia. She had three sisters, all of whom have been canonized—St. Sexburga, St. Ethelburga, and St. Withburga. Ethelreda was baptized by St. Felix, first Bishop of Dunwick. She was married twice; first to Tonbert, Prince of East Anglia, and on his death to Ecgfrid, King of Northumbria. Both contracts were marriages of convenience, into which she was forced against her will; but in each case she obtained the formal consent of her husband to keep her vow of virginity. With Ecgfrid's consent she took the veil at Coldingham at the hands of St. Wilfrid. Subsequently she founded the famous Abbey of Ely, where she died in June, 679.

The close of the thirteenth century is the beginning of the history of Ely Place. The chapel of St. Ethelreda was built about that time. At any rate there is positive proof of its existence in 1303. From then until Henry's spoliation of Church property it was the London seat of the Bishop of Ely. The Protestant prelates who took the place of the old Catholic Bishops, were unable to maintain its ancient splendour. Under their rule even the vaults where the dead lay buried were converted into gaming houses and drinking saloons. Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign portion of the property was leased to Gondamar. Then the Mass bell was again heard. By a special Act of Parliament, in 1642, the place was converted into a prison. Later it served as a hospital for soldiers. The Bishop of Ely, in 1772, induced the Crown to buy up his interest. Subsequently it was purchased by an architect, Mr. Charles Cole. In 1844 it fell into the hands of Welsh Episcopalians. To end a protracted law suit, by an order of the Court of Chancery, it was put up for public sale. The agent of the Welsh Congregation was authorized to bid up to £5,000. The Congregation was apparently of opinion that if a higher sum than this were bid—the highest it was prepared to give—a Welsh magnate, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, would step into the breach. Curiously enough, the Congregation's agent mistook the Catholic agent for Sir Watkin's. Looking across the room to him, he said: "I suppose it is all right in your hands." "Certainly," was the laconic reply of the agent of the Fathers of Charity, to whom the property was knocked down at his next bid of £5,400. It was not till the sale was completed that it became known that the old Church of St. Ethelreda's had once again fallen into the hands of Catholics. The Church was formally reopened for Catholic worship on the 23rd of June, 1879. On that morning in the crypt, Cardinal Manning offered up the first Mass that had been celebrated there since the days of Gondamar. It was a thrilling moment.

In passing from the street a small flight of steps leads into a short corridor. The walls of the corridor are built of large blocks of stone, and one wonders why walls were ever built so thick. The thickness of the south wall is certainly eight or nine feet. This wall is pierced by several small peculiarly-shaped windows which admit light, tempered by stained glass, into the crypt. The crypt is entered through a door at the end of the corridor. Descending a few stone steps, one is suddenly translated from the light of the corridor into a darkness Cimmerian almost in its denseness, broken only by a shaft of light from the red lamp that lights up the golden gates of the Taber-

nacle. Gradually, as the eyes become accustomed to the gloom, two or three other lamps show themselves ; and after a little while one sees the whole building clearly. Huge beams, black with age, stretch across the ceiling and support the floor of the upper chapel. A curious smell of burning oil, and of what one can call nothing else than antiquity, pervades the atmosphere. The crypt is divided into two aisles. At the end of each there is an altar. In the sanctuary between these two altars there stands a statue of St. Bridget. This statue together with the statues of our Blessed Lady and of St. Joseph were brought hither from the old chapel in Baldwin's Gardens, which has long since been demolished. The Holy Mass is offered up in the crypt daily. No doubt in the congregation that assist at it, the Irish race is well represented, and it is mainly Irish men and women that compose the Sacred Heart Sodality which meets here regularly : else why does St. Patrick, staff in hand, look down so benignly from his niche inside the door ?

Leaving the crypt, half a dozen steps lead to the upper chapel. Between it and the crypt the beautiful construction and carving of the arches and columns of the building enable one to form a mental picture of what a glorious shrine it must have been. In the porch outside the upper chapel there is a fine piece of oak carving representing the royal arms. When the church was devoted to Protestant service it hung over the Communion table, but, as may be seen from the inscription underneath it, "This Emblem of Royal Supremacy was removed from the Church of St. Ethelreda when it was restored to the Roman obedience."

An obliging charwoman kindly moves her pail aside and with a smiling word of thanks on one's lips, one enters the upper chapel. The beauty of the Gothic screen inside the door attracts one's attention immediately. It was presented by Mr. Edward Bellasis. On one side his arms are emblazoned, on the other side are emblazoned the arms of Leo XIII, of the first Bishop of London and Ely, of Cardinal Vaughan, of Rosmini, the founder of the Institute of Charity, of Father Lockhart, the restorer of the Church, and also the Royal Arms of England. Behind this there is, perhaps, the largest church window in London. It is of stained glass, erected in commemoration of the martyrs who died under Henry VIII and Elizabeth. It is in an unfinished state. On either side of our Lady of Martyrs, are the figures of two Carthusian monks from the old Carthusian monastery of Charterhouse, not a stone's throw away. Below our Lady Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More fill the centre lights. There are eight side windows, all of stained glass,

each representing some incident or lesson of the Old Testament. At the eastern end of the upper chapel there is another magnificent stained glass window, nearly as large as the window of the English Martyrs at the opposite end of the chapel. It is the gift of the Duke of Norfolk, in memory of his sister, Ethelreda. The upper tracery of the window is filled with the imagery of angels. Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph occupy places at either side of our Divine Lord crowned as a king. The outer lights are appropriately filled with the figures of St. Bridget and St. Ethelreda. The high altar in front of this window is of chaste and simple design, and composed altogether of alabaster. Beneath the high altar there is a jewelled reliquary containing among the relics of many other saints, portion of the incorrupt hand of St. Ethelreda. In leaving the sanctuary the eye is attracted by a brass tablet, erected in memory of Father Lockhart. Its inscription runs thus : " William Lockhart, B.A. (Oxon.), Priest of the Order of Charity, founded by Rosmini, Rector of this mission, a man of great kindness of judgment and loyalty to truth. Friend and disciple of Manning and Newman, he preceded both in the great act of their lives. By his instrumentality this ancient chapel of the Bishops of Ely, wherein later in times of persecution, as a Catholic Embassy chapel, the Holy Mass found for a while an inviolable sanctuary, was, in A.D. 1876, restored to the old religion of an undivided Christendom. Born 22 Aug., 1819 ; died May, 1892. On whose soul, Sweet Jesus have mercy."

The general impression which the architecture of the upper chapel leaves on the memory is pleasing. The harmony of the different points is exquisite. One cannot withhold one's admiration from the genius of the architect who planned

This immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence.

A visit to St. Ethelreda's is an experience not easily forgotten. A sense of awe and reverence fills one's soul. The spirit of antiquity broods over the place, On its stones lies the dust of six hundred years. What sights of splendour it must have witnessed ! Could its old walls speak, what tales they could tell ! Many a time, no doubt, have they heard whispered intrigues affecting maybe the lives of men and women in high stations—affecting, perhaps, the life of the kingdom itself. Often have they heard the blare of trumpets ringing out on the air to announce the approach of a king. Often have they seen the place lit up by the flash of swords leaping from their scabbards to salute majesty. Many a saint has knelt on this floor,

aye, and many a martyr, too. It was past St. Ethelreda's that the Carthusian monks were dragged on hurdles on their way to execution at Tyburn. King Richard III, King Henry VII, Queen Katharine, Queen Elizabeth, many other kings and queens, have walked here, and all of them have gone the way of flesh. One thing only is unchanged. Even as it glowed over six hundred years ago, so the little red lamp of the sanctuary keeps guard of honour to-day before the Prisoner of Love in the Tabernacle. With a steady flame that puts one to shame when one recollects one's own capriciousness, it burns brightly now as then. What a triumph for the ancient Faith of Rome! Kneeling at the altar rails of this hallowed shrine of St. Ethelreda, one tells one's beads with a joyous sense of privilege. To linger in this holy spot were surely a most natural inclination. But one may not follow it; the shadows of evening are growing deeper; night is creeping steadily on; and the janitor, keys in hand, is waiting patiently in the cloister to lock the gates.

VINCENT M. MACMAHON.

THE RIVER

O RIVER, flowing out and in
 'Twixt moss-grown banks all golden-green,
 You'll pass by many a sylvan scene
 Of beauty, ere the sea you win.

Yet that is not the way I'd go
 If I might fare along with you,
 But to the mountains dim and blue,
 From which your babbling waters flow.

I rather fear than love the sea
 With its unfathomed depth and force;
 'Twere pleasanter to seek your source
 With one who was good company;

To hear the music of your song,
That sweeter is than any bird,
To feel the grass and rushes stirred
And quivering as you pass along :

Where stately purples, tall and bold,
Lift up their heads with kingly mien
Above the flaunting flaggers green
Of Iris, guarding crowns of gold.

Forget-me-nots with eyes all blue,
And scented spearmint wondrous sweet,
Lean out and seek to hold your feet—
They may not go along with you !

A silvery minnow flashes by,
And in your quiet reaches deep,
As though they feigned to be asleep,
The speckled trout all wary lie.

The fern its tender frond unfolds,
A hundred sweet and lovely things
Lie lurking where the river sings,
With cresses cool, and marigolds.

O River, singing to the sea,
I love you, and my heart is sore
For one who'll never see you more,
Nor bear me pleasant company.

NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

I REMEMBER once telling her I would swim the Hellespont for her sake ; also that I would rescue her from the mouth of Vesuvius in eruption. If I don't mistake, I think I told her I would allow wild lions to tear me limb from limb ere one tinge of annoyance should cross her dear face. All for her sake ! That was in the happy courting days, and she, dear girl, only smiled at it all and said, "Charlie, dear, you're too profuse !"

Bless her ! bless her ! bless her ! And here I am, at 2 a.m., pacing the cold linoleum ; my feet bare ; there's a tack somewhere, and it has caught me neatly. I should howl or give vent to strong language, but in my arms is little Golly, otherwise Elinor, a wee bundle of femininity ; the compressed essence of joys, hopes, fears, anxieties, and the whole gamut of the emotions.

Golly is teething. She knows there's something wrong. I know it. She is howling and has been, for the past hour. I am tired, and can't help wondering if Napoleon ever felt like this on the eve of one of his great battles. Up and down, down and up ! I rather fancy I must have walked about a hundred miles, and Phyllis is sleeping so soundly.

"Do, Golly, have a sleep for a few minutes," I say to the poor kiddie, "come, now, there's a dear !" My tone is soothing, persuasive, gentle, alluring. In reply, Golly raises one little fist, and, catching hold of my moustache, pulls it fiercely. How I didn't drop her on the floor is a mystery ! I sit at the end of the bed to rest for a moment. Has Golly discovered the secret of perpetual motion, I wonder ? or, am I to become like that individual, "doomed for a certain term to walk the night."

Suddenly Golly's head droops ; the crying ceases ; the breathing comes slowly ; she is asleep.

Poor little kid, how she has suffered ! What a brute I have been to utter a word of complaint, when I ought to know that children's ailments are torturing and severe ! I take her little pink hand and kiss the little fingers. I stroke the little fluffy curls, golden, beautiful, pure gold, and look at the little eye-lashes bedewed with tears.

"Little Golly," I whisper to her, "sleep on, dear ; daddy will take care of you !"

And here I am, very much in *negligé* ; cold, tired, and, shall I confess it ? in bad temper.

The little clock on the mantelpiece ticks softly ; the hand points to three. And for the life of me I can't prevent my thoughts going back to my bachelor days and thinking of many a little jovial evening at a club where a small circle of musical enthusiasts would "steal a few hours from the night," and stretch the time with song and story until often the approach of dawn warned us that it was certainly time for all respectable people to be at home.

Ah ! but that was before Phyllis came on the scene. She, whose dainty little ways took my heart captive ; whose sense of humour was delightful, whose love of music was only exceeded by my enthusiasm, and whose womanliness and girlishness were altogether bewildering and fascinating.

And how I wondered whether I should speak to her, and tell her I loved her ! I had nothing to offer her ; what was enough for one was certainly not able to go round for two. My stock of hope was enormous, but the world is essentially practical and Phyllis was practical, too, though adorably poetic and musical.

Her brother and I were great friends, and many times I found myself welcomed at their little home, and found my heart gradually becoming more and more engaged, as I saw her in her home life, sweet, simple, charming, unaffected.

The struggle was a fierce one. Prudence said : " Pull back, don't be a fool ; " the voice of the world rang in my ears : " You've no right to ask her to engage herself. Coward ! pass out of her life, and lose yourself ! " And my heart spoke in no uncertain tone : " Let Phyllis decide. It is for her to speak."

My heart won the day. I am looking at Golly now ; her curls, her chubby fingers, her pink cheeks, her perfect mouth.

And again the picture of the old bachelor haunt comes before me. There is Stodgers at the card-table ; how he sneered when I told him it was the parting of the ways ; that I was embarking on a new life. Dodson, handsome, dashing, but cynical ; what horrible views he held on life ! Ascher, doubting, combative, pugnacious ; why, I wonder now, how I ever came to chum with such a lot. But there was one—Darnell ; he to whom my heart warmed from the very first moment ; musical, literary, poetical, humorous, dramatic ; what friends we became and how he wrung my hands when I told him I was getting married ! " The best of good wishes to you both," he said. I understood.

I am thinking of it all now, whilst poor little Golly lies asleep in my arms. The words Phyllis spoke, " Sure, dear, I'm nothing greater in this world than yourself, if it comes to that ; I don't

want a fortune. We love each other, and that will be a great help to us."

That love was a great help ; it meant everything. Phyllis was so good and such a housekeeper, and what a knack she had of making the house pretty, and turning every little corner to advantage. She brought the sunshine with her into that little house ; it was very tiny, but Phyllis said we'd make it so happy that no millionaire's palace would be equal to it. God bless her. She did her share. How I looked forward to the evening, returning from the City ; there was the piano open after tea, and Phyllis was singing and playing all the music she knew I loved.

Happy ! The thoughts of the bachelor days and the bachelor club vanished ; where Phyllis was, happiness existed as it had never been before.

The clock is ticking softly. Four o'clock ! I put Golly very gently by Phyllis's side. How sweet they look, mother and daughter ! How I wonder ! and can only wonder ! Phyllis so gentle, true, faithful, uncomplaining. Her hand I place gently round Golly's neck ; that hand with the little rings ; tokens of affection and plighted troth.

The little engagement ring ! How I smile when I think of the superb gifts of millionaires ; this little ring, so poor, so unworthy of the sweet hand that was to wear it ! How poor it was, and yet to buy it, to show the dear girl that my affection was real and honourable, what stinting, what husbanding of resources !

How happy, how proud she looked when I placed it on her finger ! That was nearly seven years ago ; our engagement was to be a long one ; for the means were not forthcoming, all at once, to enable us to get married.

I have put the clothes round them comfortably, kissed them both, and taking the lamp go down stairs to the little parlour. I am going to have a smoke for a few minutes.

The bad temper was gone ! What a selfish wretch to think of myself, when she, the dearest creature who had ever come into a man's life to make him happy, had sacrificed herself for my sake. Given up, perhaps, better prospects, for a tiny home ; so small, but yet, made by her so happy.

So happy ! And then the coming of Golly ! Golly with her blue eyes, those wonderful depths that seemed to reflect the mysteries of eternity ; her lovely curls ; her pink fingers and toes. Ah ! If Golly only knew ! My Phyllis was very nearly leaving me ! What an anxious time it was ! How my heart nearly ceased beating at the doctor's grave face that seemed to prepare me for the worst !

How pale my darling was ! Would the roses ever return to

those wan cheeks ? Would those eyes ever greet me again with their wonted brilliancy ?

She mustn't die ! Dear God ! Phyllis mustn't leave me, after all the happiness she has brought into my life !

And the good God heard my prayer. The anxious time passed ; the crisis was over ; Phyllis was herself again, and soon able to come out in the little garden whilst I worked at the roses to prepare for the golden summer.

The house is very quiet now. I have opened the window ; the first glimpse of the morning sun comes into the room.

On the table is the Noah's Ark with which Golly had been playing last night, the little figures tossed here and there ; here Mrs. Noah ; there, a ba-lamb, for Golly has acquired a whimsical fancy of making incongruous groups. And in the little corner, the little piano. I seem to see Phyllis seated, whilst she turns to me and asks me what I would like her to play ?

What a sympathetic heart, and marvellously responsive temperament ! If I wanted my favourite " Tannhauser "—there I seemed to see the tremendous struggle of the angels and demons for the immortal soul ; if I were in a lighter vein, then Schubert or Mendelssohn delighted me, and, if, on an " off night " I wanted something very simple, very homely, and, shall I say it ? something very " catching," why, then there was " My Irish Molly," or " The Little Wooden Hut," or one of the myriads of tunes which seem to haunt the memory.

And over the piano are some photographs of Phyllis at different times ; a sweet girl with long plaits ; then a little later, with her hair up—that wonderful day when a girl thinks the whole world is looking at her ; and then as I know her so well, my Phyllis !

And I sit opposite the piano, so that I can gaze on her picture, and my thoughts go back with pity to the fellows at the club, who have missed all this happiness and who are still wearing out their lives and frittering away the glorious years of existence.

The sun is now brilliant ; it lights up the whole room. I am not in the mood for turning in, so I go out to the garden and start working at my beloved flowers.

Our garden—I say ours, for Phyllis has her share in this lovely work—isn't very ambitious, but I pride myself that it has been laid out to advantage ; roses, creepers, and a little plot that is a perfect bit of Nature, for this is Golly's special corner, and she has brought her Noah's Ark and sometimes her box of soldiers, sometimes her little kitten with his pink ribbon and tiny bell, and played about for hours together.

Our garden ! Phyllis has worked here, too, and I wouldn't

be surprised if the flowers were jealous of her sometimes ; ah ! but she is gentle, sweet, true, and faithful.

And I wonder to myself, now, what she could have seen in me to win the love of that beautiful heart.

Still, I am anxious. She has not been so well ; the anxiety, sometimes the worry over money matters has weighed, I fear, heavily. I should love to take her away to the country for a month ; shut up our little bandbox ; get into the midst of rich, smiling landscapes ; settle in a dear old farm house, where we should be miles from anywhere ; surrounded by glorious flowers, delicious hawthorn, fuchsias, lilac ; with the cows grazing meditatively ; and Golly should scamper all day in the brilliant sunshine, amidst the daisies, the buttercups, watching the butterflies, listening to the drowsy hum of the bees, and then rushing to her mother's arms to rest after the tremendous activity of the morning.

And,—happy thought !—I would get down the little piano for the month, and Phyllis should play, as in the happy days of yore, until twilight deepened into the evening shadows, and our thoughts would go back to the happy incidents of those most happy days.

And my Phyllis would wear the roses in her cheeks again, and her eyes would regain their lovely softness, and Golly would become so strong !

Seven o'clock ! I must come down from the clouds ; the world has to be thought of. I must face the day. So I go up stairs to "brush up," whilst the maid, who is accustomed to my early hours, prepares the breakfast.

Before descending, I look again at Phyllis and Golly. Still sleeping ! I sit by their sides for a moment. Dear, dear Phyllis ! sweetheart, wife, mother ! Oh, it's all too wonderful to dwell on !

Golly, lovely now, in all the sweet unconsciousness and innocence of babyhood. She will be growing up presently, to be, I hope, such a joy and comfort to that mother who idolises her with an idolatry that only mothers know of—and yet not idolatry, for has not that God, from Whose hands those little people have come, over and over again spoken of His love for little children ?

I am well through my breakfast ; the window is open ; the birds are singing in the trees ; the sun bathes the room in a flood of golden light ; the flowers exhale delicious perfume ; it is good to be alive at all, leaving aside every thought of wealth, position, luxury, friendship, love—my thoughts are broken by the sound of the postman's knock ; the maid answers the

door ; there is a slight delay, and presently she enters with a green slip of paper : " A registered letter for you, sir."

I sign the slip, and she hands me a letter with the Transvaal postmark.

For a few minutes I turn the envelope over and over in my hand. The handwriting is unfamiliar, and the letter is addressed to my old bachelor quarters.

I won't open it for a few moments. Whom do I know in South Africa ? Several of my chums have gone to America, Australia, but—South Africa ?

I put the letter aside for a moment, finish my breakfast, and then feeling at peace with myself and the whole world, light my pipe and sit at the open window. The letter ? Why, I am forgetting that a registered letter is at my elbow. I have no rich uncle, and my expectations are certainly far from great.

So, here goes. I cut the envelope, and a letter written in a clear, bold hand meets my view. Something else ; a cheque for—Good God ! I'm not dreaming ! This is not the first of April ! I am sitting at the window ; there is the garden, there is the piano, there Golly's toys ; shall I rush up and call Phyllis or roar at the top of my voice or throw the furniture about in the wildness of my excitement ?

Let me read :—

" Dear old chap——" Who in South Africa knows me so familiarly ? I turn to the end of the letter—" Your old chum, Harry Ferrars."

Harry Ferrars ! How wonderful, and I had nearly forgotten him, he had so long passed out of my life. We had been such friends, and then one fine day he went away ; never wrote, and so I imagined that he must be dead, or that, like so many others, he must have forgotten me completely.

Harry Ferrars ! Let me hear what he has to say.

" DEAR OLD CHAP,—Of course by this time you'll have forgotten me teetotally. I deserve your forgetfulness, for I have been an ungrateful wretch, but believe me, though I have experienced every phase of sadness and suffering, since last I saw you, now, I think, almost ten years ago, I have never ceased to think of you and of your kindness in helping me at a time when I was in a terrible corner. Perhaps you've forgotten the circumstances. I don't, for they are branded into my memory.

" I was in a tight corner ; tight, terrible. I wanted money to help me, not much, but I did not know to whom to turn for assistance. My father would have shown me the door if he thought I was so strapped up. Drink had nothing to do with

it, and somehow I thought of you, who, though my senior, had been my kindest and truest friend.

"Shall I forget your action? You told me you had a little cash lying by, doing no good, and offered it to me, telling me to repay it when I was in a position to do so. Dear old chap, you didn't tell me, but I knew you had drawn on your own resources to provide me with the means of getting out of my difficulty.

"Somehow, the gov'nor heard of my trouble; we had a tremendous row, and I left the old home, joined some fellows who were making for South Africa, and commenced a new life on the veldt and on the ranches. What a dog's life I had—hunger, thirst, starvation, rags; and all the time there was one thought before my mind—the generous fellow at home who had lent me the money and the horrible thought that I had sunk in your estimation for not repaying what I had asked you to consider as a loan.

"I shall not weary you with details of what seemed to me to be a God-forsaken existence; no home, no friends; a wanderer whom no one knew or cared for. Then, I made a last effort. All the time I had shunned drink, and all the racketty crowds. I went further inland; a stroke of luck put a few pounds in my way. I got a small patch of ground and set to work when—God Almighty, what saved me from losing my reason! I struck gold—think of it, gold enough to make me rich beyond the dreams of avarice!

"When I recovered from my delirium, my thoughts flashed home to those whom I had left; the old people; how I could repay them for all the trouble I had caused them; and then—a friend, a true, staunch friend—you, dear old chap—who had in your possession an I.O.U. from a worthless scapegrace. I want to redeem that I.O.U.—I want to redeem my own character. I want you to forget my seeming ingratitude; my apparent lack of thoughtfulness of your great kindness, so have added interest at, say, 100 per cent. for the ten years. It works out at about the figure for which I enclose cheque for my devoted friend.

"Here I am, in a way, as rich as Croesus, a stranger in a strange country, and my heart thirsts for a sight of the old home and the old faces. I suppose you are married, old chap; if so, I wish you have all the happiness that life can give you. There was a sweet girl I knew, before I left; I think she cared for me, but I was poor and proud, so I never spoke of love to her.

"This story of my wealth is a great secret, and I trust you to keep it so. I shall be in Pretoria in two weeks; address reply to Post Office with all news that you know will interest me. In two months, please God, I shall leave for home, and then I shall

seek out that dear, sweet girl, and if she cared for me when I was poor, I shall still be a poor man, and find if she can give me a place in her heart. If she can, how I shall repay her love!

"Best regards, old fellow,

"Ever sincerely,

"HARRY FERRARS."

The pet robin had come through the window, and was hopping about the table picking up the crumbs.

I hadn't been dozing after my morning pipe; I had not fallen asleep last evening, and remained in the chair all night, and now woke up with strange dreams?

The open letter; the foreign postmark:—"Pay Charles Parker, Esq., or order, one thousand pounds!" Aladdin and the wonderful lamp, and all the fairy stories vanish at one moment.

Then—Phyllis and Golly! Now I could put all my schemes and thoughts into execution. Dear wife and sweetheart, your patience, your uncomplaining, your generous sacrifice, your devotion, your love shall be repaid with generous interest.

That little farm house! Before the week is over, she shall be there with Golly. Already it appears before my view. The simple thatch roof; the trees forming a natural bower; the well trimmed hedges; the beehives; the little flower garden; and then away the glorious ocean.

And then, my Phyllis will regain her health, surrounded by the roses and the dear wild flowers; and Golly will play all day with the dog and the cat and the kittens.

And the piano! Phyllis shall play in the evening time all the sweet songs she sings with such art and taste.

Happy! We are going to be happier than princes.

I go upstairs with a bunch of flowers to place on the table beside Phyllis.

Neither she nor Golly has yet waked. I stand at the side of the bed and place the flowers near them. I can't wake them, they look so beautiful in that perfect unconsciousness. I will not wake them. I take the letter and writing across the envelope the words "To my darling," place it in Phyllis's hand, and placing the hand round little Golly's neck, kiss the dear lips. I look at each once more. The sleep of the good, the pure, the innocent!

I go to the door, but return to take another look at those dear creatures. Phyllis and Golly! Once more I kiss them and then leave the little house to start for the City and the battle of life.

STEPHANIE DE MAISTRE.

ROBIN

WHEN the red leaf, breaking tether,
 Yet sighs and clings,
 Robin sings
 First word of the sweet things
 Said by the little folk of feather
 For cheer of wintry weather.

Thrush will follow,
 Midway 'twixt flight and coming home of swallow :
 Then, the peal of bells golden
 From some ash-tree olden !—
 Or, as it might be, winds astir
 Where golden daffodillies are ;
 Till they all ring together,
 As the winds take
 Them by the rushy lake,
 In the March weather !

But Robin is
 Like violet, I wis :
 Coming with good cheer
 In the Cold-of-year.

Sing, pretty sprite,
 Thy song, wistful and wise,
 In withering leaf's despite !
 I listen, with wet eyes,
 Yet not sad because of dying things,
 While Robin sings ;
 But with heart uplifted,
 As I behold, amid drifted,
 Dead February grasses, set
 A violet !

Then prosper, and be strong,
 First Flower in the wreath o' the Year's Song !

ALICE FURLONG.

IN THE CEMETERY OF PÈRE LACHAISE

THE French were, I believe, the first who idealized and embellished with flowers, wreaths, gardens, and vestiges of this world's luxuries, the place where the dead rest after the troubles and cares and the sordid interests of this life. In France, as soon, as the remains have been consigned to the earth, the survivors seek by every means in their power to link the loved ones, now hidden from their sight, with the family which once was theirs. They treat the grave tenderly—as though the silent tenant beneath could hear a harsh or unkind word. They cover it with the flowers he most loved. They remember the various epochs of his life—his birth-day, his bridal-day, and the day on which he died; and on their anniversaries fresh garlands are woven round the monuments, and crowns of *immortelles* hang on the stone that bears his name. And, that none may be uncared for—even those who went down silent and alone to untended graves and quick oblivion—there has been one day set apart in France—a day sacred not exclusively to the dead still linked by kindred to the world, but sacred to all now mouldering into dust. "*Le Jour des Morts*" it is emphatically called. The scoffings of "philosophy," the storms of revolutions, the coldness of scepticism, have never obliterated this day from the memories of the French people. On the second day of November—which is for the universal Church *Commemoratio omnium Fidelium Defunctorum*—every cemetery in Paris is crowded all day with one long and ever-changing procession, in every grade of life, and all dressed in mourning. Last year upwards of two hundred thousand persons passed through the gates of the *Cimetière du Père Lachaise*, in Paris, on the second of November, between sunrise and sunset.

Père Lachaise Cemetery is the largest and most interesting of the many burial grounds in Paris. Here are the dead whose names are still, in the living world, heard above all others—as, in this city of the dead, their imposing monuments tower above the humbler and unnoted tombs.

Many visitors to Paris find no sight better worth seeing than "Père Lachaise." To "do" the great cemetery faithfully is as laborious a day's work as the most enthusiastic sight-seer need crave. No maze was ever half so perplexing as Père Lachaise's two hundred acres of winding paths and lengthy avenues. If the visitor starts with a map, as soon as the gates

open at seven in the morning, and succeeds in seeing all the tombs and monuments of the illustrious dead before the custodian's warning cry of "*On ferme les portes*" is sounded at sunset, without being exhausted, he may consider himself good for all the museums, churches, and chateaux in the whole country.

It would take days to see all you would like to see here—almost as many as to visit those monuments whose domes and spires are rising in the distance amidst the living Paris. The site of the cemetery was well chosen. It is named after François Lachaise, a Jesuit father, who was born of a noble family, in the year 1624, in Aix. He was chosen by Louis XIV to be his confessor, and the Grand Monarque built for him a charming country house to the east of Paris, where he lived for thirty years. This house occupied the site of the present cemetery chapel, and the beautiful gardens belonging to it were converted into a public burial place in 1804.

Like all semi-rural resorts, Père Lachaise looks its best in the early summer and late autumn. Those who have seen it in the autumn can never forget the beautiful picture it presents. The trees are all in leaf, and the perfumes are wafted about the grounds. The grassy paths are flanked on either side by borders of pinks whose blooms have passed away, but whose silvery foliage remains. Here and there among the chestnut and cypress trees are the magnolia and the ash. About the low white stones are rhododendron, lilac in white masses, and the purple lilac, while daisies, candytuft, and tulips cluster around the graves. But the tulip, even in pure white, is too gaudy a flower for a grave; clad in grey colours, it seems strangely incongruous. The softly-coloured, velvet-cheeked pansy, cheerful but modest, is better, and it is omnipresent. The pansies, in their profusion and beauty of size and colour, are alone worth a visit to Père Lachaise. Their bright faces shine up at the sun as though death were not, or they were promised a share in the eternal life with the dear ones they keep in memory. Daisies twinkle in the grass here and there; butter-cups, over-brimming with sunshine, nod contentedly as the breeze rocks them; dandelions, weighed to earth by their gold, gaze vainly up at the freed spirits of their kindred, who hover a moment around their old homes, then disappear at a breath; tiny blue violets, pure and unguarded, look shyly out of green hollows at the carefully sheltered bluebells and the myrtle in its glossy leaves. Here and there a little fir bush, or a big tree with heavy dark-red foliage, warms the scene; or a tall standing honeysuckle, with its delicate pink and buff flowers, scents the air.

The names of the avenues and paths add not a little to the idyllic beauty of this garden of the dead. The occasional glimpses of the Seine which open unexpectedly are one of the delights of a stroll along the Avenue de la Chapelle, the Grand Rond, and the Chemin Casimir-Delavigne. As we pass up the Avenue Principale, we cannot fail to notice one of the most remarkable as well as the most touching inspirations of modern sculpture—the *Monument aux Morts*. It was carved by A. Bartholomé out of an enormous block of limestone. It represents a tomb, towards the broad entrance of which suffering humanity is passing. A young couple has already crossed the threshold of the tomb, which is being held open by the Angel of Immortality, while within reposes a family whom death has joined together. The inscription over it is from Isaiah ix. 2, and St. Matthew iv. 16.

Close by, off the Avenue de Puits, is the very remarkable and unforgettable tomb of Abelard and Heloise. The statues we see further on, making the avenue look like a gallery of sculpture, are mostly those of military warriors—Marshal Masséna, General Gobert, Count de Valence, Marshal Lefebvre, Desèze, General Foy, and Marshal Grouchy, who arrived too late at Waterloo. Then other tombs, the fame of whose tenants unlike that of some heroes of the battle-field, lives in their work—children, not of the sword, but of heaven-born genius. Here sleeps La Fontaine, surrounded by the heroes of his vivid fables, here Béranger, the best of song writers,* here the kindly composer, Auber, and his learned master, Cherubini; also the Polish Chopin, and the Italian Bellini, and Bizet, of opera fame; they all sleep here side by side. So, too, Talma, the renowned tragedian, and Garcia, the father of Malibran, and Tamberlick, the prince of tenors, above whose grave is a beautiful statue of an angel strewing flowers. The great French statesman, Thiers, has an imposing monument as well as a chapel erected to his memory. Not far off is the great artist, Rosa Bonheur's tomb; also Gustave Doré, Daubigny, Gros, and the greatest of landscape painters, Corot. The statues and monuments to these illustrious men and women are the work of David D'Angers, Cartellier, Pradier, and Eugene Delaplanche, famous sculptors in their day, who likewise sleep in Père Lachaise's beautiful garden.

* But alas, he wasted his genius too often upon unworthy themes, so much so that, when this Magazine many years ago admitted a generous appreciation of his gifts, one of his countrymen wrote to us to remonstrate against the too unstinted praise bestowed on "notre misérable Béranger qu'on ne saurait trop déprécier de toute manière."—ED., *I. M.*

What famous names we see engraved on cross and headstone as we continue our walk! Molière, Beaumarchais, Chénier, Scribe, Alfred de Musset, Auguste Comte, Emile Souvestre, Balzac, Rossini, Michelet, Rachel, Stéphanie de Genlis, Brillat-Savarin, General Hugo, the father of the author of *Les Misérables*, and Bernardine St. Pierre, the author of *Paul and Virginia*.

There are many handsome monuments erected by public subscriptions; such as the one to the victims of a fire at the Opera House, in 1887; an obelisk in memory of Parisian workmen killed in accidents; and a pyramid of granite commemorates the soldiers who fell at the siege of Paris, in 1870.

There are graves, too, marked not by marble, but common stone, and even wood, with simple inscriptions that tell whole histories, stir your imagination, and send it wandering into the regions of poetry and romance. There are many graves here which appeal more strongly to the imagination and the heart than those more celebrated and elaborate which we have passed in our walk. Here is a tiny grave, scarce two feet long—its grassy plot and marble slab all covered with glass, as if the mother would still shield her child from the winds and storms of heaven, as heaven has for ever shielded it from those of earth. Many graves of children have childish playthings—some broken, just as the little hand last left them—amidst the flowers. On many humble graves I noticed lowly crowns—not of roses and camelias, but of common field flowers and holly. The pale china-rose, the wall-flower, and the fragrant mignonette, are scattered here and there. Flowers are always plentiful in Paris. All classes are fond of them; and there is not an event in which they are not a commemoration—from the christening, to that baptism of tears, the grave.

Many are the curious inscriptions on the headstones. One near the entrance says to the passer-by: "*Dieu vous benisse.*" On another, an Italian tomb: "*Implora eterna quiete.*" Could anything be more full of pathos? Those three words say all that can be said: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore*! But why go on? The imagination of a most imaginative people has, through more than a hundred years, inscribed their annals on the tombs in this cemetery. We will leave them now. A strange silence falls upon the place as we look back from without the gate; the sun still shows through the mass of tender green; it warms the cold white stones, and smiles a cheerful *adieu*.

R. M. SILLARD.

UNMANAGEABLE THOUGHTS

But, O dear friend,
 The Poet, gentle creature as he is,
 Hath, like the lover, his unruly times ;
 His fits, when he is neither sick nor well,
 Though no distress be near him but his own
 Unmanageable thoughts.

The Prelude, Book I.

How men would laugh—
 Nay, I can hear the mocking sneers that fall
 From wise oracular lips—that one should plead
 So lame and halting an excuse, and own
 To sickness of “unmanageable thoughts !”
 Has not the poet learnt in all these years
 The lesson that the Scholars of the World
 Learn with such ease ! To bury out of sight
 All vague desires, and banish from the mind
 That old unhappy hunger of the soul,
 First felt when first the mystery of life,
 Of love and hope and fear, and conscious strength
 Baffled by conscious impotence, began
 With ceaseless importunity to claim
 Immediate answer. Let him put away
 From his cold heart, as others put away,
 The burden of unnecessary pain !
 Let him draw back his useless yearning eyes
 From an horizon he shall never pierce,
 To the immediate instances of life :
 There feast on trivial incidents, and fill
 His empty hands with easy-gotten goods.

So they : but all unmoved, upon their course
 The Poets hasten, to their own great joy
 And to their own great sorrow, faithful still.

FRANK C. DEVAS, S.J.

HESTER'S HISTORY

A NOVEL

CHAPTER X

A COLLOQUY

"I AM uneasy about you, Archie," the Mother was saying, as those two were walking up and down the garden path. "My mother writes me that she fears that you are entangled, even against your will, in these schemes of rebellion that are on foot."

Sir Archie's face grew clouded. "That was indiscreet of my mother," he said. "If others suspect me, as I have been led to think they do—if my letters should be opened——"

"But it is not true—it is not true?" appealed the Mother with her blue eyes distended, and anguish on her lips.

"Dear Mary," said Sir Archie, tenderly, taking her hands and holding them between his own. "It is not true, not exactly true, at least, though certain it is that I am in a difficulty and trouble about these matters, as every Irishman, with a head to think or a heart to feel, must be. Now I will tell you all about it, if you will be patient, that is, and strong. Why, Mary, to think of a courageous woman like you, who can dress a bad wound, who can go with a dying sinner to the very brink of eternity, who never quailed at fever, who is not afraid of the very plague itself!" he said, smiling; "to think of you turning nervous on my hands, and fading your cheeks at a moment's notice—all for a great brawny mountaineer like me—a strong fellow, who never felt a pain or ache."

"This is not a case of pain or ache," said the Mother, sadly. "If it were I might help you. But if this be treason, rebellion, why, you would melt away like snow from among our hands. We could do nothing for you."

And the Mother's voice broke, and she trembled with great fear.

"Mary, Mary, Mary," said Sir Archie, lifting her face, and looking in it with smiling rebuke, "what would all your large family in yonder think of you if they saw you breaking down like this? It is enough to tempt a fellow like me to turn the tables and quote texts to you. Indeed, my darling, this distress is without cause. There, I knew you would be reasonable; and now you shall hear the whole story."

The Mother recovered herself quickly, drew her veil around her face, and bowed her head to endure the listening to what she dreaded to hear. And the two walked on together as before.

"There is not much to say after all," said Sir Archie. "I need not tell you that my own little corner of the world has always been peaceful and happy; but neither need I tell you that I have mourned over the misery of the country at large. My heart has bled for it; bleeds for it. One would need to have lead in one's veins, instead of blood, to endure to see the things that are done in the name of justice in the open face of day."

"But you cannot cure them," broke in Mother Augustine. "It is impossible that you can cure them."

"Impossible, I believe, by the attempt that will be made," said Sir Archie, "and, therefore, so help me God, I will guard my little flock from the destruction that must follow such an attempt. I will not lead them out to death, nor invite desolation to their thresholds, well knowing that not the shadow of an advantage will be reaped by their children nor their children's children from the horrible sufferings they must be made to endure. Were they already in torture, like the unfortunates of many other parts of the country, and did they call upon me to lead them to battle, I would do it were it only a forlorn hope, and I were to fall among their feet at the first shot from an English gun. But we have always lived apart from the rest of the world; our mountains have shut us in, and I pray God that they may shut out from us the horrors that are impending. I tell you, Mary, I never ride up the glen of an evening and see the wee toddling babies come peeping to the door to see me go by without swearing to myself that I will never make a sign that will be the cause of dabbling their helpless feet in the bloodshed of their kin. Let the sun rise and go down upon our peace so long as it pleases Heaven to leave the peace upon our thresholds. I have been placed over a few, and for the welfare of that few I am accountable. As for the many, God pity them! They will not succeed. Their leaders have been surprised, are in prison; they who could arrange and command, who carried the longest heads, if not the stoutest hearts. The informers are abroad, and the rulers of the land are urging on a rebellion that they may crush it with the greatest ease. I will guard my happy glens from the wreck. But what folly to talk in this way!" he added, lightly, catching a glimpse of the Mother's white averted cheek. "It will never come to that I trust. The Government will relent, will grow wise in

time, and treat the country more kindly than it has done. Statesmen will see at last, though late, the mistakes of many ages. They will try redress of grievances instead of pitch caps and hanging. Come, cheer up, Mary, and let us talk of some thing pleasant."

But the Mother was not ready to leave the subject. "Who is it that suspects you?" she asked. "If you declare yourself for peace, who can say a word against you?"

"No one but an enemy," said Sir Archie. "I did not know I had an enemy, but it seems I have one in ambush somewhere. No matter; let them do their worst. The only thing they can say is that since the first opening of the society I have belonged to the United Irishmen. Like all other young men who had a throe of feeling or a spark of hope in their hearts, I rushed into it, eagerly insisting that we must wring attention from the King to the desperation of the country. That chimera faded."

"And this enemy, Archie? Who is there who should be at enmity with you?"

"That I cannot tell," said Sir Archie; "but there are few men so fortunate as not to have an enemy somewhere. I was not aware that anyone was busy with my concerns until late last night, or rather early this morning. I had then an interview with Wolfe Tone, who has put me on my guard."

The Mother Augustine groaned. "Wolfe Tone," she repeated. "Oh, Archie!"

"Well, Mary? Is he a terrible 'old bogie' to your fears?"

"I know what he is, well," said the Mother, energetically. "He is a brave, daring enthusiast, but he will die in his cause. And you shall not die with him—no, Archie, no, Archie!"

"I am not going to die with anyone, little sister, till my appointed day has been lived till the last minute," said Sir Archie, tenderly. "I agreed to meet Tone for the purpose of explaining to him clearly the conduct which I intended to pursue, and the motives which have determined me to persist in that conduct, in spite of many strong feelings of my own, and unbounded sympathy with the misery which is the main-spring of the attempt that may be made. I have tried to assure him that if such attempt be made it will be done clumsily, and must end in failure. I have implored him to use his influence in holding back the catastrophe, as the time is not ripe, as the leaders are in prison. He says that were impossible. The madness of the people is getting stimulated every day. They will have a leader of some kind; or, if necessary, they will act without a leader. We parted as we met, he deploring

that I should insist on remaining neutral, I more and more resolved to follow the light of my own judgment and experience. I believe, however, that I have succeeded in convincing him, at least, that I am in no respect actuated by cowardice or want of patriotism in my decision."

"Cowardice!" said the Mother, amazed, and blushing at the word. "Who could venture to accuse you of such a vice?"

"Yet it may be that I have left myself open to the charge," said Sir Archie, "from those whose disappointment or anger may blind them for the moment, so that they cannot look my position in the face. It is known that I feel strongly for the affliction of my country, and those who know it may not all be aware that I believe myself more far-seeing than themselves, that perhaps I have more means, more leisure for looking onward than they have, that I find myself responsible for the well-being of my little clan, who look to me out of their peaceful doors for counsel and guidance. Yet," continued Sir Archie, thoughtfully, "did they but consider the matter thoroughly, they would see that, in the event of a struggle, by refusing to side with one or other party, I should leave myself at the mercy of the fury of both, and deprive myself of all hope of the protection of either—a position which it requires some little nerve to face. But come, Mary," he added, "we have enough of this. You must ask for your old friends, or there will be woful disappointment when I go home. The old women will be bobbing curtsies along the roads, and will think something is sadly amiss indeed if his honour cannot give them a message from 'Miss Mary, God love her.'"

The Mother Augustine, thus admonished, made an effort to dismiss her fears, and became, in outward appearance at least, her tranquil self again.

"There is much home news that I want to hear," she said, turning her voice to its ordinary tone of steady sweet contentment with all things. "What is this that my mother writes me about Janet Golden, dear Archie? Are we likely to have a wedding soon, if all go well among our mountains?"

Sir Archie started slightly at this question, as if it were one he had neither wished for nor expected. A shade of pained perplexity was on his face as he made answer.

"My mother can tell you more of this affair than I can," he said. "I really can hardly explain how it has grown up. If you ask me do I wish to marry Janet Golden, I say frankly, I do not. I have no wish to marry any woman at present; neither is Janet the kind of woman I should select. She is too

fond of gay life in the cities to love a happy country home. She has no interest in my interests, no concern with my concerns. She is—let me see—well, I believe I am not good at drawing nice definitions; but she is not my ideal of a wife, sister Mary. You will wonder, then, how I have been weak enough to become so entangled, well knowing that I am not versed in the art of love-making for pastime. But of course you have heard it all before now; that silly old story of an engagement made by two mothers when Janet was a baby and I a mere boy. I own I have been hearing of it and laughing at it for years, and not troubling myself to realise my position or to interfere and declare that I had no intention of acting up to such a ridiculous arrangement. And now suddenly of late, when I had forgotten the whole affair, the young lady is introduced under my roof, and I am presented to her by my mother as her fiancé. And she seems quite content: takes it as a matter of course. How else should she take it, says my mother, when she has looked forward to the prospect of it all her life? And I have never summoned courage to undeceive her as yet. And so the matter stands, while every day assures me she is not the woman I could love. I cannot feel any wish for her perpetual presence at my fireside, any impulse to share with her my most intimate feelings; therefore, I find it hard to wed my wishes to her whims, as I find her constantly expecting me to do."

"I am sorry to hear this," said the Mother Augustine. "I had hoped it might all have been so different. I remember Janet a merry arch little girl, and I had hoped that she might be very fit to bring new life into the old home."

"Do not let me underrate pretty Janet," said Sir Archie. "She has indeed all those points which are said to make up a charming woman, to wit, bright eyes, saucy words, a very tiny satin slipper, and a more than ordinary share of caprice. But I am afraid there are some things which are sadly thrown away upon me, Mary, some superexcellent enchantments which the modern poets rave about. Now, if her soul were but as deep as her eyes, her sympathies as keen as her wits—I am afraid I am a very old-fashioned fellow in my tastes. But then you see, if a man lives in an old-fashioned castle, among old-fashioned hills, overseeing the lives of old-fashioned people, it seems naturally to follow that he should allow himself to be moulded by his circumstances, or else always live at war with his fate. And so I suppose he may be excused for feeling rather doubtful about the propriety of taking a new-fashioned wife, at the risk of poisoning her with his uncongenial atmosphere."

"My mother should have had an eye to the antique in her

search," said the nun, smiling; "I should not wonder if you had set your heart on Cousin Madge on the sly."

Sir Archie laughed. "Poor Madge!" he said. "How indignant and shocked she would be to hear you! But I did not make any mention of the antique. Old-fashioned is a word which is applied oftenest to children."

"Yes; and my mother's Janet is neither simple enough nor wise enough to suit you. It is a pity—a pity; and her wealth would have been so useful in your hands, dear Archie."

"What is the world coming to when even you are turning mercenary," said Sir Archie, smiling.

"I mean useful to the world," said the Mother, gravely. "If I did not know you fitted for such a stewardship, I should pray that you might remain untempted by the trial of over plentiful possessions. But you are not a boy now, Archie, and the years of your early youth have proved you. I would make you guardian of the poor over untold gold. The blessing that is settled on your glens must extend beyond their limits, so far as wealth can carry your power. If our poor Janet marry some worldly man of fashion, for instance, will not her many thousands be swallowed up in the whirlpool of folly, of selfish luxury and neglect of her fellow-creatures? If you have their management, they will be sown deep in the very heart of nature, to come up again in peace and security, in love and enlightenment, for the future generations of at least one happy corner of the earth."

"Maybe so, Mary, maybe so," said Sir Archie. "But you do not know how I might change my ways if it happened that I turned out a millionaire. I could indeed enjoy the freedom of action which enormous wealth can give. But in the meantime I have always had enough for myself and my people."

"And Janet?" asked the Mother, after some uneasy reflection. "What attitude does she take in these arrangements? It seems to me, Archie, judging from the tone of this confidence, that you must play the part of lover in a lukewarm manner. And it strikes me, as I remember the little Janet of old times, that she was of rather an exacting disposition."

"I can vouch for her that she has not lost that trait in her character," said Sir Archie, smiling. "But as I have said before, my mother assures me that she is satisfied. And that being so, she points out to me that I cannot draw back from this engagement with honour."

"Then you mean me to understand that you and Janet have never spoken on the subject?"

"I do," said Sir Archie. "She seems to avoid it, and so

do I. Indeed, I hardly know what we could say if we tried."

"That may change, if you are wise and kind, Archie; but it would be terrible for you to marry while things are thus."

"I do not believe we shall ever marry," said Sir Archie. "In the meantime I leave the chances of my release in the hands of time and a capricious lady, and have many other matters to think of."

"Yes," said the Mother, thoughtfully. "And I had almost forgotten," she added, after a pause, "that I too have another matter to think of and speak of. That poor child whom you sent here this morning."

"Well," said Sir Archie, with interest, "what of her?"

"I have written to her friends," said the Mother. "Though indeed, I question if they be much her friends either, so reluctant does she seem to return to them. And, Archie, is it not strange——?"

"Well, Mary, what is strange?"

"How oddly people turn up again in the world. Do you remember the name of Judith Blake, the heroine of so many of our old nurse's strange stories? Judith Blake, who became afterwards Lady Humphrey?"

"I remember."

"This girl in some way belongs to a Lady Humphrey, whom I believe to be that identical Judith Blake. It is to her I have written—to Hampton Court, where she lives. And this girl does not love her, no more than did the people of Glenluce, long ago."

CHAPTER XI

IN THE HOSPITAL

"I know Lady Humphrey," said Sir Archie, "I have met her and her son in London. The son is a good-natured young fellow enough. He informed me on one occasion that our mothers had been friends. From the way in which her name was received at home when I mentioned it—never connecting it in my mind with any person of whom I had heard—I should have thought that not likely to be true. The recollection of the woman is not pleasant to my mother."

"All bitter feeling has had time to be forgotten," said Mother Augustine. "Judith Blake was poor and proud, handsome and a dependant, and there are many excuses to be made

for such people. Stories will be exaggerated, and reputations whispered away upon very little. We will hope she is not a bad woman, but it is plain she has not the gift of winning affection. And that may be truly called a misfortune in itself."

"And this girl is dependent upon her, you say?" asked Sir Archie.

"From the few words I have gathered from her I should think so," said the Mother; "that she is bound to her in some way and would be glad to escape. How much is the girl's own fault, I do not know, but that the lady has been foolish with her, and neglectful of her, we can guess from the circumstances which have led to her coming here."

"If all we have heard be true, or even half of it," said Sir Archie, "the girl is to be pitied. And she looks like a young creature who would need delicate handling. You must see to it, Mary. Take my word for it, she is worthy of your notice. I never met an eye more pure and simple, and there is much patience as well as energy in the habit of the features."

"It is true," said the Mother; "though I did not think you could have observed so much in your haste."

"I do not often see a face like that," said Sir Archie; "and when I do it pains me to see such a face in trouble. I think you may safely take yonder little maid under your wing, sister Mary. The whole character of her bearing is true. She endures fear without losing self-possession, and she takes a favour in good faith and with all simplicity."

"It is pleasant to hear you say so," said the Mother, "for I have thought much the same myself. I will take care not to lose sight of our *protégée*. And we will make ourselves her guardians: as far as Providence permits us."

In the mean time Hester lingered amongst her vines up so high, till the brother and sister passed out of sight, from the paths of the garden down below. The next thing of interest she saw was a Sister in her white veil and apron, with a basket of new-laid eggs, coming down the long green alleys from some unseen home of hens. It did not occur to Hester's mind that this vision had any significance with regard to her own coming breakfast. But it was dinner-time with the inmates of St. Mark's.

The Mother Augustine had a little corner of her own in her convent, a place where she transacted her business, where she had a right to sit in private when she liked; which the novices kept dressed with fresh flowers for her sake; which was called among the Sisters the Mother's Room. It had no adornments but those flowers, and a statuette of St. Vincent,

the guardian of poor children. One sole strip of carpet relieved the barrenness of the shining floor. There was no lack of papers and books, of sunshine when it was to be had, and there was generally a heap of pears somewhere on a dish of leaves; encouragement at hand for timid little ones, to whom the Mother might find it necessary to talk on occasion.

Hester was not, certainly, a child; yet the sweet fruits found their way to her plate. And the Mother Augustine herself poured the coffee into her cup, and dealt to her cream and butter, plums and apricots, with as much lavish nicety as if the furnishing and attendance upon delicate repasts were the most important concern of her life.

When the meal was over the Mother Augustine drew some sewing from a basket and fell to working in her sunny window. One might guess from appearances that she was making flannel night caps to cover rheumatic jaws. A stool was found for Hester, who sat quietly at her knee. What was now to be said? The Mother desired a confidence. Every stitch that she put in her flannel was aware of that. But Hester was not accustomed to being questioned about her circumstances, to making descriptions of her feelings. The Mother had written to her friends at Hampton Court. Well, that had been said before. Still, the saying it again was better than silence; and, besides, such a common-place repetition might lead to other and more original remarks.

"It was kind to take the trouble," said Hester, "and I know that it was necessary to be done. But I will not go back to Hampton Court again. Help me, dear madam, that I may be able to keep away!"

"Have you other friends, my child?" said the Mother.

"No other friends," admitted Hester; "but I am better without any."

"That is far too sad a speech," said the Mother, "too sad, and not likely to be true." And she put her hand on the girl's shoulder, and looked searchingly and pityingly in her eyes.

"Don't!" said Hester, quickly, fairly turning her head away. "That is like your music. I cannot bear it. I do not know it, and it hurts me." The Mother withdrew her gaze, and dropped her hand to her side with a sigh.

"I must ask you to tell me something of your story," she said, "of your relations with these people, before I can make the venture to give you counsel."

So it all came forth at last, with reservations and hesitations it is true, for had not Lady Humphrey, after all mishaps, been a bountiful protector? And Hester was abashed at her own

ingratitude, even as she felt herself begin to speak. Still the story of her childhood, her youth, her dressmaking experiences, and later young ladyhood, gathered shape out of the confusion of the telling, and made itself known somehow to the ear, or at least the mind, of the listener. Hester had hardly herself known before how well she had weighed each novelty, each event, each excitement of her life; being conscious of its unwholesomeness, weary of its unlastingness, indignant at, and oppressed by, the injustice that had forced it on her. The restless dissatisfaction had all been lying aching at the bottom of her heart. She had been patient with it, angry with it; had humoured it, and suffered from it; but she had never given it a voice before. The nun was amazed hearing her, that, being young, she had already so learned to think and speak. Hester was amazed hearing herself, that, being old, as she felt herself, she had never spoken so her thoughts before.

"I am tired," she said, "of changes and shocks. I want to know how to think of myself. Every other person in the world has some place, but I am one thing to-day, and another to-morrow. If I am not to be a lady, I would rather be left alone to get accustomed to my level among tradespeople. And if I cannot be loved long, as I know I have no right, being so low, then neither have those people who are higher the right to insist upon loving me for a little while. Perhaps the peace of my life is as valuable to me as their whim of an hour is to them."

So the nun tried no further endearments. The girl in her present humour was not ready to put her trust in them; in her present excitement was, perhaps, not equal to the labour of fighting them off, according to the habit that had been trained in her. And the Mother said, quietly, by and by: "We will return to all this another time. Now, if you please, you can come and see my hospital."

And the Mother had a meaning in this abrupt diversion. Who, in sound health and the strength of youth, passing down those long rows of quiet beds, looking on the wasted forms, the shivelled hands lying here and there listless on the coverlet, the marks of pain upon the weary faces, and detecting only now and then a half-checked groan or sigh, could help feeling confounded at the thought of his own impatience, his fretfulness about the shortcomings of his fate? He must forget his own sorrow; he must hang his head and feel ashamed, as old Jeremy Taylor puts it, "to sit down on his little handful of thorns."

Just once did the Mother lead Hester round the wards where

the patients lay in mortal pain, that her young restlessness might be abashed by the presence of real agony. It was also a sort of test to which she thought of putting this girl in whom she had found a new interest. If Hester shrank and retreated in a weak fear, she should know how to deal with her in pity. If the sympathy at heart, and the awe and appreciation suddenly widening her mind, kept her foot unflinchingly on the sad track of pain to the end, then she should know how to deal with her in honour and in joy.

The Mother passed softly up and down the little alleys between the beds, now wiping a poor moist face, now bathing a burning head, now holding the grateful cup between thirsty lips. And a broken word followed her here and there; sometimes it was "God——" and there was breath for no more: yet such crude beginnings of prayers as even this may find a listening angel at hand to take them up and put a finish to them in Heaven. Or perhaps it was only the living eloquent eyes that tried to speak while the tongue was already paralysed by the swift approach of death. And Hester, all the while, stood just a little way off, not afraid to be in such presence, but not daring to draw too near. The Mother looked up at her sometimes with a smile of indescribable sweetness and approval, as she stood pale but strong, fixed in a sort of terrible rapture at what was passing.

"This is her daily work," thought Hester, her eyes filled with the graceful figure of the nun, taking in all the refinement and dignity of person and bearing which even the folds of her harsh serge had obeyed so lovingly that they themselves had become beautiful in clothing her; following the slim satin hand as it flitted to and fro over wild shaggy heads, laying hold of rough horny other hands, reducing all things around to a sort of order in peace, leaving hush and comfort in its track, as with the influence of a holy magnetism. "This is her daily work," said Hester, "and I——? I have been thinking about whether or not I was to live a lady!"

One dying woman, with the very print of death upon her face, was raving meekly about her home and her children, her husband, who was trying to keep things together till such time as she might be cured and come back to laugh over his troubles, his makeshifts, his helplessness, in her absence; about the baby who badly wanted the tender hands about his little body, who wailed now through the nights and would not let the neighbours sleep, but who would coo and be comforted when next she chirruped in his face; about the tender little daughter of few years, who had a burden upon her shoulders, too much even for a woman to bear.

"And, Mother!" she said, "won't the good man be right glad to see me? And won't he be surprised to see me walking in to him? And now he'll be going to his work in the morning without the house and the children on his back as well as the hod of mortar. I'll be there some evening before him when he comes home. And won't the lonesome look go off his face? And won't he give me a kiss?"

So spoke the dying heart; with its little hopes so green and flourishing on the earth, while their root was already torn from them and shrivelling into dust.

"Oh, yes!" she said, in answer to the nun, "I'll be willing enough to go, when so happen the Lord may want me. But sure I am he doesn't want me yet. I couldn't go to heaven till I rear my little baby."

In another corner a candle was burning, two nuns were praying, and a soul was passing away. Hester and the mother knelt also at a distance, till the supreme moment of a fellow-creature was over. And a few minutes after, in a quiet passage leading from the ward, with a door closed between them and the dead and dying, Hester was weeping with wild sobs in the Mother's arms.

"Let me stay with you," she whispered. "I am not much use now, but I might learn, and I could help."

"No, no, my dear; not for always, at least," said the nun. "You do not know what you are asking."

"I could make these black robes, dear madam," pleaded Hester. "And I could sit up at nights."

"Could you?" said the Mother, smiling. "We will find you some more suitable work, perhaps."

"Suitable for you, then why not suitable for me?" persisted Hester.

"People do not come here so rashly," said the Mother, gravely. "They think about it long. They lay their case before God for years, and only make up their minds when they feel assured by long trial that He wants them to do His work in this way. Your call, I have little doubt, is elsewhere. Yet never fear but we will love you and protect you all we can. And you shall always be our sister, wherever may be your place, whatever may be your work."

The next ward visited was a pleasant room upstairs, a place in which the sick people were getting better. In one bed near a window a woman was propped up, with some needlework in her fingers; a white happy face, only newly rid of pain, newly enraptured with peace; two bony hands stitching feebly, the hair banded with smooth care, the head crowned with a snowy

cap, the whole figure arranged with festive joy, and raised up out of prostrate weakness to give a grateful welcome to the return of life. A friend had come to see her; had brought flowers. A child sat between them, reading aloud from a book. In another bed a fragile-looking girl was lying dreaming about her mother in the country, dreaming with wide-open eyes that followed curiously all the gambols of the flies upon the ceiling. She wanted a letter written to her home. And Hester undertook to write the letter.

While that letter was getting written, the Mother was called away, and Hester remained sitting by the sick girl's bed; who told her about the hills amongst which she had lived, about the pleasant wooded valley where her mother's cottage stood, about her hens, and her dairy, her churning and her gardening.

"And nothing would do for me," she said, "but I must come up to London to be a milliner. And my mother cried sore. And the town air choked me after the wind that goes blowing through our hills. But now I am getting stout and well, and I will go back to the green fields. The Sister gives me a bit of lavender sometimes, and I sniff it on my pillow here when my eyes are shut. And it has just the old smell of mother's parlour."

Meanwhile the Mother Augustine sat over her desk, in her little room.

A letter was unfolded before her, with the Munro arms at the top; and the date showed it written from the Castle of Glenluce, a full month before that present hour.

"Our dear Janet is a very sunbeam under our roof—so brilliant—so piquante—"

"Ah, that is not the place," said the Mother Augustine, and turned a page.

"It is a want we really find in our seclusion"—yes, this was the part that the Mother wanted to refer to—"in our seclusion." And she unfolded and straightened out the paper.

"Now that we go so very seldom to London, it is most desirable to have a person at hand, who will really be accomplished at her needle. You know I like my gowns to fit nicely—a wrinkle annoys me. Then it is so difficult to wear out one's handsome dresses here, and one reads of the changes in the fashions—more frequent than ever—and it is vexatious to sit down to dinner with fringe around one's shoulders, when one knows it is out of date, and one ought to have puffings, or falls of lace. I have talked upon the subject to your aunt Margaret Hazeldean, but it is of no use asking her advice upon such matters. She only laughs in a provoking way, and says

the dressmaker in the village—the same who makes stuff gowns and petticoats for the farmers' wives—is quite good enough for her. Poor Madge has been the only person to sympathise with me till lately—and you know I never like to take an important step without support—but even she is so very odd, has so many fantastic ideas about embroideries and furbelows that we never could come to agree in our desires on the subject. But now that our dear Janet is with us—and likely, I trust, to remain with us for life—I think it is high time I set to work to supply this deficiency in our domestic resources. The dear girl has such exquisite taste, is so fastidious about everything she will wear—she is quite after my own heart in this; as indeed I may say in everything else. And apropos——”

But the Mother went on further. She joined her hands above the desk, and leaned her brow upon them thoughtfully,

“I wonder how it would do,” she said, softly to herself. “I wonder if they would be tender and kind to her, if I sent them a stray lamb to be folded at Glenluce!”

After pondering thus a little longer, she drew forth a sheet of paper, with a sudden impulse and wrote a letter of consultation to that very Aunt Margaret who could laugh so provokingly over the troubles of wrinkles in a dress, and who was simple enough to wear gowns made by village hands.

A letter about a Red Ridinghood who was flying from a wolf, about a young spirit that had been tried, a young heart that had known the danger of growing embittered, a young will that was resolved to do work. She said: “The case is an exceptional one. The girl would do her part, I believe, but I should in all respects require that she should be treated like a lady.” The pith of the letter was, “Think, observe, question, and let me have your advice; by which I shall act, if that be possible.”

And so it happened, that on an evening soon after this, in a far distant house near the village of Glenluce, a face that was soon to shine on Hester's path, a bright dark face full of strength and sweetness, was bending over this letter with interested attention; considering the matter of its contents—which was the fate of Hester—wisely, sympathisingly, with all the earnestness and generous zeal of a strong fervent heart.

ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

(To be continued.)

A BROKEN PEN

UNTO a child a glorious gift was given ;—
 He felt he could prolong
 The echoes of the angel choirs of heaven
 In wondrous earthly song.
 But, when his facile pen would fain interpret,
 That all might understand
 The heavenly mystery hinted in his music,
 An angel stayed his hand ;
 The guardian spirit who was ever shielding
 His life from vain regret,
 Caressed the child, but firmly checked his ardour.
 And gently said, " Not yet."

The boy delved in the lore of all the ancients,
 The myths of Greece and Rome ;
 Familiar grew with history and traditions,
 And legends of his home.
 He found a meaning in each deed of valour,
 Unknown to common ken,
 He thrilled with longing to retell each story,
 To kindle man in men.
 Again his hand was stayed ; again he heeded,
 And stifled all regret,
 With prompt obedience to that angel spirit,
 Who firmly bade, " Not yet."

When life maturer had a richer meaning,
 A fuller depth of tone,
 Celestial trills now ran through all his music,
 With beauty all their own.
 His heart responded to the wind-harp's whispers,
 He heard and understood
 The heart-communion of all God's creatures,
 Of vale, or hill, or wood.
 His soul grew sweeter, tenderer, stronger,—feeling
 That heaven and earth had met ;
 He seized his pen, again the angel stayed him,
 Again he bade, " Not yet."

Then Sorrow came. Each fine chord of his nature
Quivered with keenest pain ;
Each nerve was torn, each tender spot bled freely,
He solace sought in vain.
But in his agony his soul expanded,
Pain did by gifts atone ;
And when his every hope was blighted,
He lived for God alone.
His pure heart bowed before his guardian spirit,—
He would not break his plight,
But pleaded still for the long-sought permission—
“ O Angel ! let me write.”

Unto the Cross the angel led the poet,
Whose songs were all unsung,
The Crucified looked down with utmost yearning,
His heart with anguish wrung.
A God asked alms,—and there were few to give them
In answer to His call :
The poet had one worthy gift to offer,
A perfect gift—his all.
Christ understood ; it was enough. 'Twas over—
That strife unguessed by men,—
And they who threw the Lord unvalued treasures
Smiled at *a broken pen*.

M. I. J.

APHORISMS AND WINGED WORDS

IN the series of the yearly volumes of this Magazine, of which the present number completes the thirty-fifth, a great many pages have been from the first given to detached thoughts gathered from all sorts of quarters. These were for a long time called "Winged Words," which title has of late been changed, perhaps unwisely, into "Good Things Well Said." Our own taste would have led us to have been even more generous than we have been in serving up these "elegant extracts;" for we hold strongly that it is useful and pleasant to have the pithy thought detached from its surroundings in which we probably should never be able to find it for ourselves.

All do not share this taste. They profess to despise such snippets of thought, and call for a full and coherent discussion of every subject. An able writer in the Literary Supplement of *The Times* writes on St. Matthew's Day, 1906 (not known as such in Printinghouse Square): "There are those who despise fragments, and there seems, as Mr. George Saintsbury has written, 'as if there were something generous in such a prejudice.' It has a touch of nobility to say, 'Thank you; I do not want shreds and patches; I will have the whole; I will read and select for myself.'" But perhaps the answer, "Yes; but do you?" is a little uncomfortable, a little damaging.' 'The reading of most people is like a wardrobe of old clothes that are seldom used,' says Lord Halifax. Indeed we are few of us aware how little we read; how much less we read oftener than once; and this is particularly the case with poetry. Yet the habit of reading some verse every morning should be like a religious rite. It opens the windows, it sweetens the air, and 'maketh daylight in the understanding;' it touches daily life with a reassuring gleam from the invisible."

What is here said of poetry holds true also of good and wise thoughts expressed clearly and perhaps vividly in prose; and this will oftenest be realized in some happy sentence, rather than in a whole book or a whole chapter.

A great many excellent things were said on this subject in an essay in the *Lyceum* (Vol. IV., page 175), one of the most interesting and thoughtful periodicals we have ever seen, whose vacant place is to a great extent filled by the *New Ireland Review*. We have taken a good deal of pains to ascertain the writer of the paper we have referred to, but unsuccessfully. We think it

was disowned by the late William Coyne. It was suggested by Mr. John Morley's lecture on Aphorisms, which is one of his "Studies in Literature." What follows is from the extinct and inaccessible *Lyceum*.

* * * *

"Nurture your mind with great thoughts," says Disraeli in *Coningsby*. The counsel is repeated by Mr. Morley in his lecture on Aphorisms. If anyone should inquire : Wherefore ? there are two answers ; one is Schopenhauer's, the other St. Bernard's. That German pessimist's, however, is not so much a reply to the query, as an assertion of the utter inanity of effort towards human betterment by the giving of advice : "The wise men of all times have always *said* the same, and the fools—that is the immense majority—at all times have always *done* the same ; that is to say, the opposite of what wise men have said. And that is why Voltaire tells us that we shall leave this world just as stupid and as bad as we found it when we came here." The Abbot of Clairvaux naturally takes no such despairing tone. "Some there are," he says, "who desire to know in order that they may know, and that is an ignoble quest ; some that they may be known, and that is ostentation ; some that they may make merchandise of their knowledge, and that is a base traffic ; some that they may help and edify others, and that is goodness ; some that they may themselves be edified, and that is wisdom."

Schopenhauer, it is but fair to say, more or less agrees with St. Bernard's view, in so far as regard the individual thinker who learns, reflects, and philosophises for himself. Reading, with him, should be the *succedaneum* for one's own thinking. His general view—the opposite of Socrates'—was something like that expressed by Lord Foppington in *The Relapse* : "To mind the inside of a book is to entertain oneself with the forced product of another man's brain. Now, I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own." And yet, though he cared so little for the oracular wisdom—or professed to care so little for the oracular wisdom—of literature, he was not above launching on the world an argosy of his own mind's "forced products," in the manner of "Detached Thoughts." It might be better, then, to accept his practice, and ignore his theory. This is what Mr. Morley does. He has full faith in the power which the great thoughts of master minds wield over others, and he recommends the study less of whole works than of their cream. Julius Hare, one of the famous "Two Brothers," who "guessed at Truth" so admirably, has delivered himself of a pithy sentence which expresses Mr. Morley's idea to a nicety : "Much of this world's wisdom"—

somewhat thus it runs—"it is even yet acquired by necromancy, it is gained by consulting the oracular dead."

Macaulay, in his Essay on Addison, makes it an evidence of Blackmore's scanty attainment in classical learning that he confounds an aphorism with an apophthegm; and to his mind, most probably, the distinction appeared one that every fourth-form schoolboy knows, or ought to know. Aphorism, apophthegm, adage, maxim, proverb, they are all near akin; and it may be questioned whether to attempt the differentiation is not to emulate Bacon's *Cymini Sectores*, and whether it is of any advantage when made. Mr. Morley seems to lay it down as a criterion of a maxim that in addition to being the enunciation of a broad truth—that which an aphorism also is—it should contain within it the suggestion of a rule of conduct. Judged by this standard, we should style that saying of St. Bernard's a maxim; for, though it wears the aspect of a statement, it has the subaudition of advice to make spiritual advancement the ultimate end in one's pursuit of knowledge. Mr. Morley, however, does not constrain himself by his own doctrine that where there is reference to action as well as thought, the terse, concise, and sententious saw is rather maxim than aphorism. His chapter admits every moral sentence that concerns itself with life and man; with manners, society, act, aim and endeavour, all the utterances of good sense applied to public and to private conduct. And though he has not like Erasmus, in his great folios of *Adages*, attempted an exhaustive collection of those "scrolls that teach us to live and die," he has indicated where one may best seek for them in literature.

Some German has pronounced an aphorism to be a form of words wherein what is plain and well-known, becomes obscure, tortuous, and subtle. The essence of caricature is to accentuate unduly the more striking features of what is caricatured. And the basis of that charge is, on this principle, that the Aphorist strives after sententious brevity. The critic's countrymen have afforded perhaps the worst example of what excessive straining after this effect can produce in the way of mystification. And on the other hand some of them, like the erratic Rousseau-worshipping Klinger, have contributed the clumsiest and most awkward essays. Aphorism resembles epigram in that one respect, both require to be direct and pointed. And to comply with the demand there is needed on the part of the Aphorist, an intellect like Goethe's—"free from mists, and sane and clear." So, just as few can bend the bow of Hercules, few can compose those luminous sentences that glow in his *Sprüche* and his *Tasso*. The power of observing life, as Mr. Morley remarks, is rare; the

power of drawing new lessons from it is rarer still, and the power of condensing the lesson into a telling phrase is rarest of all. Laboured condensation, unless with the keen, acute, alert, and clarifying mind, simply means elaborated obscurity. What Hamlet says of the over zealous clown's struggle to set on "some quantity of barren spectators to laugh," applies well to the effort—"That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

Apart from the "strong, much-toiling sage," and his rival Schiller, the aphoristic literature of German is very poor. Nor is English very rich in this special form of writing—above all in recent days, notwithstanding the immortal Tupper and his imperishable *Proverbial Philosophy*, destined to be the butt of ridicule for after ages. George Eliot, indeed, tried her hand at the composition of the pithy *sententia* in *Theophrastus Such*; but it was only to leave behind her the record of a failure. The ranks of contemporary novelists include, however, one writer who unmistakably has the genius for their creation, the man whom Mr. R. Louis Stevenson declares "out and away the greatest force in English letters." Mr. Morley, though practically his pupil, appears not so enthusiastic; he merely mentions George Meredith, without quoting from him, which is rather strange, considering that his novels are so rich in exquisite examples. Take *Richard Feverel*, with its "Pilgrim's Scrip" of incomparable wise saws:—

"Expediency is a man's wisdom. Doing right is God's."

"Life, an ironic procession, with laughter of gods in the background."

"Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered."

"The compensation for injustice is, that in that dark ordeal we gather the worthiest around us."

Or again, take a few from his masterpiece, *Diana of the Crossways*:—

"History without philosophy is the skeleton map of events; fiction, a picture of figures, modelled on no skeleton anatomy."

"What a woman thinks of a woman is the test of her nature."

"Palliation of a sin is the hunted creature's refuge and final temptation."

Not a few, too, might be culled from Matthew Arnold; one presents itself as most appropriate in connection with remarks on aphorisms—"Culture is to know the best that has been said

and thought in the world." He insists, in his criticism on Restoration writers, that the qualities requisite for good prose are the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance; and he conforms so excellently to his own expressed rules, that it would be very strange if aphorisms were wanting from his pages. One other of his in particular is well worthy to be quoted in any collection—partly because it is such a telling stricture on his own religious theorizings, and chiefly because of its intrinsic worth: A man "may observe rules and ceremonies, hate idolatry, abstain from murder, and theft, and false witness, and yet have his inward thoughts bad, callous, and disordered." Wordsworth—eloquently bepraised both of Arnold and Mr. Morley*—would yield by far a richer harvest. But it may be that Mr. Morley, not inadvertently, passed him over, inasmuch as the poet was not designedly a coiner of pregnant phrases, meant for separate existence—meant, in fact, to be their own contexts. Obviously, it is only on such a view as this that it could be said English literature is, like the German, poor in detachable great thoughts. But then, it cannot after all be Mr. Morley's view, for we find him devoting some two pages to the inimitable history-portraits of Clarendon, and character-paintings of Burnet. If it were permissible to draw on such as these, Burton, and Fuller, and Brown would furnish forth a goodly number. And so, too, would Young, who, in a later age, it might not unfairly be maintained, deliberately sought after the sententious; his *Night Thoughts* are little more than a chaplet of aphorisms strung together by a very slender thread. Mr. Morley seems oblivious of his claims to notice, and yet he has enriched the store of proverbial wealth with many gems that would have delighted Montaigne who so hugely delighted in the pregnant suggestiveness of Plutarch:—

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

"A man of pleasure is a man of pain."

"Wishing, of all employments, is the worst."

"He mourns the dead who lives as they'd desire."

"Our thoughts are heard in heaven."

Outside of Bacon, it is the great novels chiefly, Mr. Morley remarks—the novel not of romance or adventure, but of character and manners—which cover the field that in France is held, and successfully held against all comers, by her maxim-writers. Now here it might be advisable to recollect a distinction ably drawn between the English mind and the French

* *Vide* first paper of *Studies in Literature*.

mind by a critic of unrivalled observation and perspicacity.* M. Taine dwells upon the Englishman's clinging to the individual facts, his limited range, and the Frenchman's love of generalisation—what Matthew Arnold would call his application of ideas.

France easily takes the lead both in the form and in the matter of aphorisms. The explanation of this superior excellence, Mr. Morley sees in the fact that there the arts of polished society were relatively at an early date the objects of a serious and deliberate cultivation, such as was and is unknown in the rest of Europe; he apparently ignores the considerations of race and the circumstances of their language's development. Certainly the keen relish of Society for piquant, vivacious, and brilliant conversation—typified in Molière's *Misanthrope*—must have contributed to foster the natural bent for aesthetic expression of ideas. The fruit of this cultivation is seen in the almost mysterious life and grace, the subtle, delicate, natural magic of style in which French writers are pre-eminent. Their literature can boast a department practically unique. Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Vauvenargues are essentially French; they could have been produced under no other sky. Someone has said we can best judge of a man's inner self by noting what he most praises. Apply that test to Mr. Morley, remembering that he singles out for special praise that best known of tender, cheerful, and unfortunate Vauvenargues: "Great thoughts come from the heart." Few men have ever displayed more sunny serenity in the face of an adverse lot; he might aptly be described in the words of Browning's *Epilogue*, as

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

The little body of maxims which he has bequeathed as a rich legacy to posterity, makes a curious contrast with the affected cynicism of Rochefoucauld; they are all lofty, hopeful, and inspiring—here are some of the few which Mr. Morley has favoured with quotation:—

"Magnanimity owes no account of its motives to prudence."

"You must rouse in men a consciousness of their own prudence and strength if you would raise their character."

"To do great things a man must live as though he had never to die."

Mr. Morley's sympathies clearly are for the sunnier moral

* Taine: *Notes on England*, chap. xxix.

climate of this writer, rather than for the man-contemning railing of the Swifts and Byrons, or the worldly-wise shrewdness of Bacon ; and, that being so, it is somewhat inexplicable that he should have passed over Fénelon with all but the mere mention of his name.

One of the greatest elements of charm in this lecture is the amount of self-revelation it conveys. Mr. Morley's appearance gives the impression of severe austerity ; yet, he singles out for praise from the melancholy-making aridity of Chamfort, the wholesome saying that " The most wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed." He refuses to look on the darker, gloomier side of life with Pascal, preferring to the theory—which, by the way, Pope has brilliantly versified in the *Essay on Man*—that man is a chimera, a mere huddle of uncertainty, the glory and the scandal of the universe, that magnificent rhapsody of Shakespeare who can discern under the quintessence of dust, " What a piece of work is man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god ! "

TO KITTY IN HEAVEN

DEAR girl, the earth was all too poor a place,
Though fair it seem in sunny hours like these,
To hold thee long apart from His embrace
Whose favour blessed thee with such power to please.
And yet, and yet, for us one little nook,
When thou wert there, put on a heavenly look,
And surely angels watched thy ways and smiled,
Won by the goodness beaming from a child.

J. W. A.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Return of Mary O'Murrough.* By Rosa Mulholland. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co. (Price 3s 6d net.)

This is the very latest of the wonderful series of stories, chiefly of Irish life, that we owe to the genius and patriotism of Lady Gilbert. It will take high rank in that series. It is thoroughly up to date, or, as the French phrase puts it, palpitating with actuality. It is a fixed rule in these book-notes not to give the slightest hint as to the plot of any novel that comes on the table. We can only say that the changes of Mary O'Murrough's fortunes form a deeply interesting and instructive drama which is worked out with lifelike reality. Bess Dermody interests the reader almost as much as the heroine; and many others, especially the fatherly Father Fahy, contribute their share to make us understand thoroughly the feelings of the good people of Killelagh, and to see almost with our eyes the cottages they live in and the fields they till. Here indeed great help is given by twelve pictures which (unlike most illustrations) really illustrate the story. Even at the cheap rates that at present prevail in the publishing world, one would guess that this is another of the six-shilling novels of the day, whereas it is only sixpence more than half that price.

2. *New Guide to the Holy Land, with 23 coloured Maps and 110 Plans of towns and monuments.* By Father Barnabas Meistermann, O.F.M. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Pilgrimages to Jerusalem and Palestine have become very common, especially well-organized pilgrimages of many together, those of "English Catholics" being five-sixths Irish, as Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., remarked in a very eloquent article contributed lately to the *Westminster Gazette*. Such pilgrims will derive great pleasure and profit from a study of the Guide just published in English. Father Meistermann's book has the highest authority, being the only Guide sanctioned by Father Razzoli, the Custodian of the Holy Land. An immense quantity of information is given about all the sacred spots mentioned in Scripture; and the numerous maps and plans place the country clearly before our eyes. Students at home will find the book very useful as a help to the knowledge of Scripture; and the traveller will find much practical information of the more ordinary guide-book kind which will be of service to him on the spot.

This authorized Handbook has already been translated into German, Italian, Spanish, and other languages. The English version is very well done.

3. *The Quiet Hour and Other Verses*. By Emily Logue. Philadelphia : Peter Reilly. Dublin : Browne and Nolan, Ltd.

The writer of these notes has been allowed to stand as sponsor for this slender and elegant volume within its own pages. Those pages are sixty-nine in number, while the poems number sixty-two ; and they are often even shorter than this piece of arithmetic implies. But in the shortest of them there is a great deal of well expressed thought and restrained feeling ; and a certain austerity of grace and refinement lifts this very tastefully printed volume above the ordinary run of books of verse. We doubt, however, the claim of "The Quiet Hour" to the place of honour that has been assigned to it over its peers.

4. Denis Florence MacCarthy sixty years ago sung in very musical and spirited stanzas the power wielded by writers and orators. "Hurrah for the Voice and Pen !" The Scriptural precept, *Taceant mulieres in ecclesia*, closes one vent for zeal to religious women ; but the other is well availed of by Mother Loyola of York, Madame Cecilia of Streatham, an unnamed Sister of Notre Dame, and now by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, who seems not to be working at Mayfield or St. Leonard's, but on the other side of the Atlantic. She will soon complete her first dozen of volumes. We have introduced before to our readers her *Five o'clock Stories*, *The Queen's Festivals*, *Talks with the Little Ones about the Apostle's Creed*, and others ; and now three volumes come together, each priced half-a-crown, and admirably printed by the indefatigable Publishers, Benziger Brothers, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago—*The Gift of the King*, *The Story of the Friends of Jesus*, and *The Stories of the Miracles of Our Lord*. Why this difference between "Story" and "Stories" ? "The Gift of the King" is the Blessed Eucharist, the sub-title of the book being "A Simple Explanation of the Doctrines and Ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." "The doctrines of the Mass" is hardly the proper phrase, but it is not easy to mend it. There are several good pictures representing various stages of the holy rites, with chalices, vestments, etc. *The Friends of Jesus* are confined to those who are mentioned in the Gospels. This and *The Miracles of Jesus* have a few good pictures also. As we have said, the paper and printing are exceptionally good.

5. *The Curé's Brother. A Laumant Story*. By David Bearne, S.J. London : Messenger Office, Wimbledon, S.W. (Price 1s. 6d. free by post.)

Anthony Trollope's novels group themselves into sets—the Irish series, the Mrs. Proudie series, etc. It is the same with Father Bearne: he has three or four series of tales running abreast, and he makes additions now to one and now to another. Though each of his volumes is complete in itself and independent, many of them are linked together, like the famous Ridgingdale series. *The Curé's Brother*, as its name implies, has its scene laid on French soil, where Father Bearne is as much at home as in Ridgingdale itself. It is needless to say that this addition to the series of stories of Catholic life in France, is full of charm, as interesting as if it were not edifying; and the excellent paper and type make the reading of it still pleasanter. We advise the reader also to read the criticisms passed on the thirteen volumes mentioned at the end of the book, which are sent post free from the *Messenger* Office, Wimbledon, London, S.W.

6. *Rosette. A Tale of Paris and Dublin.* By Mrs. William O'Brien. London: Burns and Oates. (Price 3s. 6d. net.)

There is often a certain sadness about stories whose young heroines must be old ladies, if alive at all, at the time we are reading about them. Not so with *Rosette*, for she was only nineteen on the second of March, 1898. Her story begins with that interesting date in her diary. As page 127 contains nothing but these words, "Part Two—in Ireland," why is there not a white leaf in front also with the label, "Part One—in Paris"? Both in Paris and in Dublin we are made intimately acquainted with many people whom we are glad to know. The fair Diarist herself is the most interesting of them all, and, next to her, Cecilia. By the way, why is that English form of the name marked throughout with an accent? Indeed the proof-reading has not been vigilant enough. The printers have been allowed to make *milieu* feminine and to print a couplet of *Athalie* as four lines. The charm of Mrs. O'Brien's style is already known to us from her delightful book *Under Croagh Patrick*; but that was a collection of sketches, things the author had seen, persons she had conversed with, whereas *Rosette* is a regular work of fiction, and a very effective and thoroughly delightful specimen of its kind. Is the educational establishment, with which much of the action of Part II is linked, in Eccles Street or in St. Stephen's Green? It is sure to be read with special interest in such places. It ought to be added at once to all Convent circulating libraries, though uneducated readers will be puzzled by many expressions. Has it appeared in Mrs. O'Brien's native tongue, as *Under Croagh Patrick* did? An expert has said that the French and the English of that book are so perfect that it is impossible to tell which of them is the original and which the translation.

7. *Her Ladyship*. By Katharine Tynan. London : Smith, Elder & Co. (Price 6s.)

It is a pity that novelists do not number their books as composers number their musical compositions, "Op. 17," etc. The present novel would have a very remarkable figure attached to it. On its title-page the only stories tacked on to her name are *The Honourable Molly*, *That Sweet Enemy*, *A Daughter of the Fields*, etc. ; but that "etc." covers a great many six-shilling volumes. For instance, four additional novels figure on the opposite page, each of which has reached a second or third edition. The *Standard* thinks that *The Story of Bawn* is "full of sweetness, romance and pathos, a very real and tender story of a young girl's heart," and the *Daily Telegraph* says that it is "clear, fresh, well constructed, admirably written, and the characters all human." The *Spectator*, the *Academy*, and the *Morning Post* speak just as favourably of *Dick Pentreath* and *Julia*, while the *Westminster Gazette* says of another of her novels, "Decidedly a more charming Irish story there could not be than *Love of Sisters*, and we say this with full knowledge of all the sweet and gracious Tynanian sisterhood that have thus far visited our undeserving world." All these praises might be repeated in favour of Mrs. Hinkson's newest novel. The charm of her style is everywhere, clever phrases abound, there is a pleasant stream of easy, natural talk kept skilfully within bounds, and we come to be thoroughly acquainted with a great many persons whom we are glad to know, and in whose fortunes we take a great interest. And all this without an allusion to the unwholesome problems discussed in too many novels of the day, even those that are written by reputable women. Blessed are they who manage to amuse innocently various sections of their fellow-men.

8. Messrs. Sealy, Bryers and Walker, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, have published many books about which we should have been glad to express our good opinion ; but almost the first of their publications that has been submitted to our notice is *Paddy, the Story of a Little Irish Boy*, by Dorothea Preston (price one shilling). The publishers have given it the advantage of particularly neat printing and binding, and abundance of effective little coloured pictures. We wish this setting enshrined more sense and truth and feeling than we can find in these adventures of Paddy and Bidy and the little Good People.

9. R. & T. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London, have brought out in a book of 150 pages of the best paper and printing, price 2s. 6d., *Told Round the Nursery Fire*, written and illustrated by Mrs. Innes-Browne. It consists of three stories about

swallows, mice, and pigs respectively. We have read the swallow tale through, and it is ingenious and interesting. The illustrations will be enjoyed greatly by the youthful readers that are here catered for.

10. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have published in English and Irish a new *Life of St. Columkille* by a Redemptorist Father, of which the price is only sixpence. The margin of profit, if any, must be very narrow. The same publishers send us, *Our Boycotting* by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) and two short plays of Sister Mary Gertrude, Loretto College, Stephen's Green, Dublin. These are *Diana or Christ*, and *Ethne's Love*. These little dramas are far above the ordinary run of plays that are more or less amateur.

11. The *Messenger Office*, 5, Great Denmark Street, Dublin, has issued an excellent penny *Life of St. Francis Xavier*, whose feast is the 3rd of December. It is similar to the beautiful *Life of St. Stanislaus Kostka*, issued lately in the same series. From the same busy press comes a new number of the *Epochs of Irish History*, namely a sketch of the life and times of Brian Boru, by E. Leahy. These penny tracts will interest many for the first time in the general course of Irish history. They are extremely well done.

12. Burns and Oates have issued for 3s. 6d. a sumptuous edition of *Tales of the Angels*, by Father Faber. It is beautifully printed and illustrated, and would be a fine Christmas box for a good child.

13. Benziger of New York has published the *Catholic Home Annual* for more than twenty years. The issue for 1908 is admirable. Beside all the usual almanac matter there is a fine collection of original stories, the two first being by Grace Keon and Maude Regan, and worthy of them.

14. Messrs. Cary & Co., Oxford Circus Avenue, 231 Oxford Street, London, W., are very active and enterprising publishers of sacred music. For one shilling net they give the Mass of St. Bruno, a short unison Mass in B Flat, with organ accompaniment, composed by Richard R. Terry, Organist and Director of the choir in Westminster Cathedral. Mr. Terry's reputation is well established in his own section of the musical world. Another of his works is the Mass of St. Gregory for four mixed voices and organ, price 1s. 6d. net. And yet another is a Short and Easy Requiem Mass for four mixed voices, with music also for the Absolution. The same publishers have sent us *Catholic Hymns and Benediction Services*, by S. B. Bamford, price 1s. 6d. These forty pages contain ten settings of the *O Salutaris*, twenty-five settings of the Litany of Loretto, thirteen settings of the *Tantum*

Ergo, and five settings of the *Adoremus in Eternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum*, which ought to be sung as an antiphon both before and after the little psalm *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*. Indeed this direction is given here, "Repeat *Adoremus*." Then follow thirty hymns set to original tunes. The 30th of these is founded upon a French hymn, and the words are by Father Atkinson, S.J. This hymn is called *Magnificat*, and some words of our Lady's Canticle are appended in Latin to each stanza as a chorus. In every one of the four there is a blunder. But the whole is excellent value for 1s. 6d.

15. Messrs. Burns and Oates have published recently (but why is there no date on the title-page?) *The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi* (price 2s. 6d. net), newly translated into English from the original texts by Constance, Countess de la Warr. Father Ubald d'Alençon O.S.F.C., whose edition she has followed, prefixes a brief preface in which he says that Father Paschal Robinson has published a fine translation in the United States, but that it is fitting that England should possess a translation of its own. This does not seem quite evident. The interest of the work is not so much devotional as literary, and in certain parts antiquarian.

16. *Delecta Biblica*, compiled from the Vulgate Edition of the Old Testament arranged for the use of beginners in Latin. By a Sister of Notre Dame. London: Longmans, Green & Co. (Price 1s.)

This is an ingenious and clever school-book, and any boy going through it carefully would have learned a good deal of Latin. But we are not sanguine that those for whom it is intended would be able to follow the system or to draw as much assistance from etymology as they are here supposed to do. This book will certainly teach those who adopt it a great deal more of what is worth remembering than is to be got from an ordinary Latin *Delectus*.

17. The most beautiful *Servers' Manual* that we have ever seen is the one just published by Burns and Oates. It has been compiled with great care by a priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster, and costs a shilling. The same publishers have issued the official translation of the recent Encyclical of Pius X, *Pascludi Gregis*, price twopence. It is made more convenient for study by an index and sub-titles of paragraphs, which are carefully marked off as non-official.

18. There is nothing better in the whole legion of school magazines than the debates so cleverly reported in *Silver Leaves*, the *Springfield Magazine*, which comes from the Dominican Convent of Wynberg in Cape Colony, South Africa. But we must

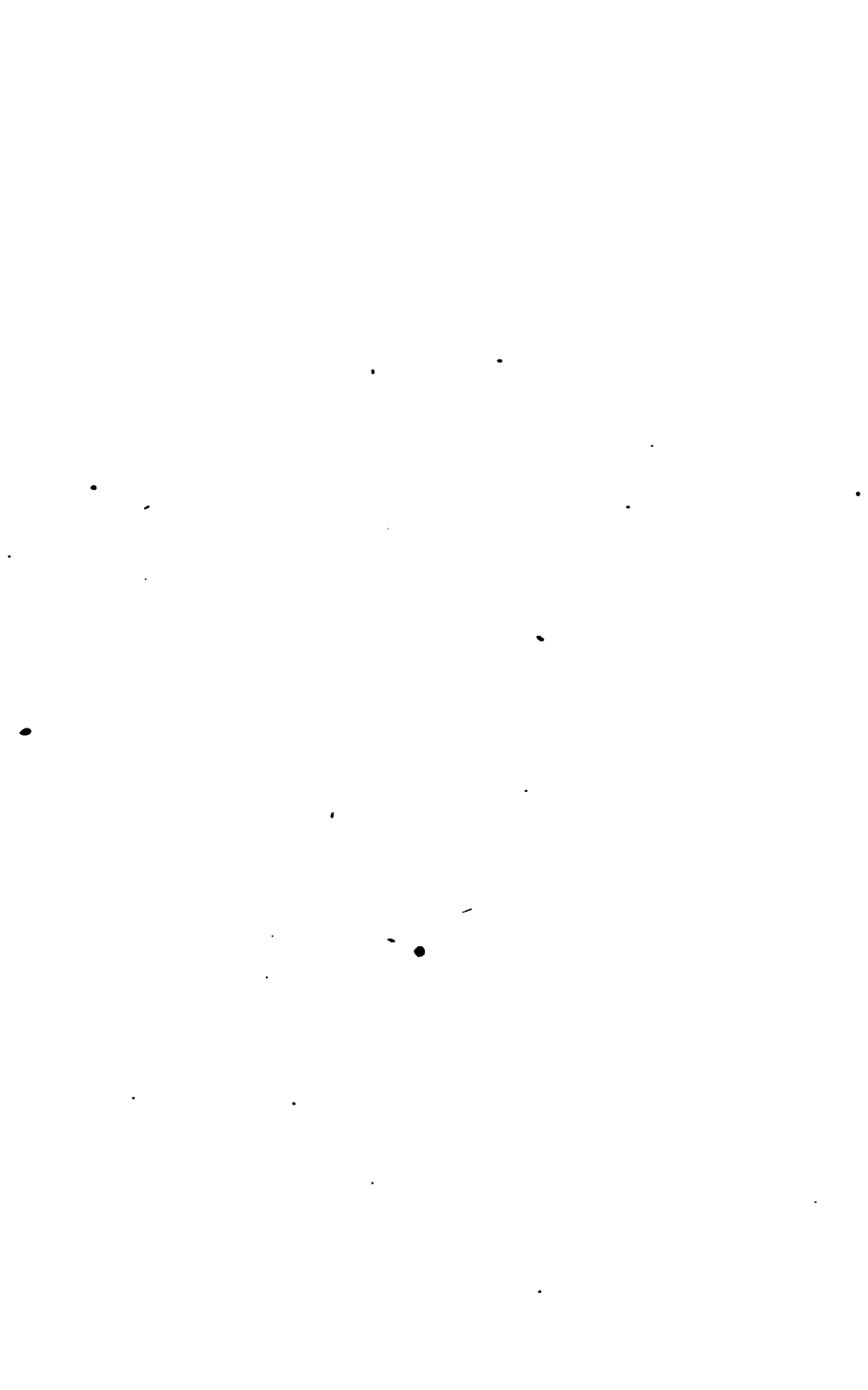
end this month by giving our heartiest welcome to a new Catholic Magazine conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, Manchester, New Hampshire, U.S.A. The first number of *The Magnificat, an Illustrated Monthly*, dated November, 1907, is admirable in every respect. Canon Sheehan contributes a striking story, and the author of *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy* has an interesting sketch of a great and public-spirited citizen of New Orleans when its Spanish story was just coming to an end. There is an exceedingly able and well-informed article on "The French Crisis and French Literature." It refers in one place to Henri Rochfort as "the most obstreperous revolutionist of modern France." Yet an earlier page gives the exquisite and pious sonnet for which in 1855 young Rochefort was crowned at the Jeux Floraux of Toulouse. It is here translated most skilfully by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. Mr. H. F. Aylward introduces to us a New Hampshire poet, Sam Walker Foss, whose poetry is really fresh and true. The other stories and poems have, each of them in its own way, very considerable merit. The last sheet is given to *Mount St. Mary's Record*, which is completely ignored in the table of contents. The pupils of Mount St. Mary's contribute several good stories, such as Miss Ruth Cheney's "Cyrus." "Judith, Daughter of Jairus," is a very ingenious expansion of the Scripture narrative. But the items are too numerous to specify further. If *The Magnificat* continues as it has begun, its success is secure. The fine array of advertisements partly explains how so stately a periodical can be produced for the modest subscription of a dollar a year.

19. We had almost overlooked a little green pennyworth from Messrs. Browne & Nolan, 24, Nassau Street, Dublin, of which alas! no further account can be given than that it is a collection of Irish songs with the music given in Tonic Sol-fa notation.

20. Children of Mary—and we are all her children—could not desire any prettier Christmas gift than *Regina Poetarum, Our Lady's Anthology*, by the Hon. Alison Stourton (R. & T. Washbourne, London, price 3s. 6d. net). This dainty volume contains the tributes of some fifty poets to the Blessed Virgin. The frontispiece is Lippo Lippi's Annunciation in the National Gallery, London.

GOOD THINGS WELL SAID

1. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.—*Anon.*
2. The answer to most of life's riddles and perplexities is simply, wait.—*Christian Reid.*
3. There is a great deal of theology in the idea of the little girl who said, it was easy enough to read her Bible and pray, but it was pretty hard to mind grandmother.—*Anon.*
4. Many might go to Heaven with half the labour they go to Hell, if they would venture their industry the right way.—*Ben Jonson.*
5. I have no affection for freethinkers ; they are no better than fools who bid defiance to the unknown.—*Napoleon I.*
6. Time is the great healer, and silence is Time's greatest helpmate.—*Grace Keon.*
7. Sufferings must be borne till the great day when the secret of all suffering will be laid bare.—*The Same.*
8. They who lack energy of goodness and drop into a languid neutrality between the antagonist spiritual forces of this world must serve the devil as slaves if they will not decide to serve God as freemen.—*Professor Dowden.*
9. I feel more and more how vain all our efforts are to improve either ourselves or others without very great graces from God, and how useless it is to expect great graces without much and persevering prayer.—*Father Frederick Hathaway, S.J.*
10. Everything becomes very easy when one has said once *Fiat* from his heart.—*J. K. Huysmans.*
11. A great man knows that the greatest men owe much to those who work with them and under them.—*Saturday Review.*
12. Wrongheadedness can hardly be cured. It is a sort of mitigated insanity.—*Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J.*
13. Half the pains which some men take to be damned would have compassed their salvation.—*Jonathan Swift.*

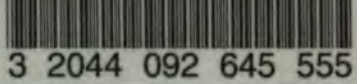




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